

THE
MEMOIRS
OF
PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

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PERCIVAL STOCKDALE

OF

MEMOIRS

THE

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THE
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE, AND WRITINGS
OF
PERCIVAL STOCKDALE;
CONTAINING
MANY INTERESTING ANECDOTES
OF THE
ILLUSTRIOUS MEN WITH WHOM HE WAS CONNECTED.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito
Quam tua te fortuna sinet.

VIRGIL.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

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OF THE

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I HAVE, hitherto, adhered to the extensive plan, by which these memoirs were to have been directed, from their beginning, to their end. I have hitherto given a detail; a minute account of my life; not, I hope, from a propensity to egotism; and less, from vanity, and ostentation; because far the greater part of the objects, and scenes, of that life, are so strongly marked with misconduct, and misfortunes, that I never can recollect them, without extreme regret, and mortification. But my constitution, and my situations, as they related to me; and the surrounding externals, were of a peculiar nature, and

connexion ;—my sufferings, too, which were the effects of my unguarded actions, and of my strong passions, were various, and exquisite ; as they were the workings of great sensibility. Hence, I thought, that a full, and impartially explicit account of myself ; of the exercise, and productions of my mind in the closet ; and of my intercourse, and adventures with the world, might make an interesting narrative ; though it would be the history of a private man ; that it would, in some degree, enlarge the knowledge of human nature ; and afford useful instructions to our rising youth. Agreeably, likewise, to this plan, as I had formed it, I frequently digressed into copious reflexions, literary, moral, political, and religious. I hope, however, it will appear, that my digressions are not impertinent, and obtrusive ; but that they easily flow from the immediate substance, and tenour of my work. They will certainly relieve the attention of the reader, from perhaps, less important matter ; and I trust, that they will vary his entertainment, and the interest which he may be so generous as to take in my narrative.

My observance of this plan, I have been obliged to relinquish ; not from my absolute

lassitude over my task (though no man has less encouragement than myself, to preserve the fortitude of an authour) nor from a timidity to pronounce, at any juncture of my life, my own condemnation: *this*, I hope, is evident from what I have already related. I depart from my original plan; because now, with the revolution of every year, I more sensibly feel the infirmities of old age. Therefore I must contract my views, and abridge my labours, which relate to this world:—consistently with this new arrangement of my memoirs, the continuation of them, must principally comprehend my own history, as an authour; and an account of my connexions with some very eminent men of genius; which I hope, will prove entertaining, and interesting to every reader of learning, and taste.

Towards the close of november, in the year 1757, I left BIGGLESWADE, with an intention to accept the affectionate invitation of my mother (who then lived at BERWICK upon TWEED) till I should have it in my power to do something for myself. In my way northward, I visited the reverend Mr. SALKELD, who had the livings of CAWOOD, and WISTOW, near YORK. He obtained those livings, by the interest of Dr. Tho-

MAS SHARP, the archdeacon of NORTHUMBERLAND, and prebendary of DURHAM; and the son of the excellent archbishop, who intrepidly asserted the cause of the church of ENGLAND, in the gloomy, and dangerous reign of JAMES the second. Mr. SALKELD, and my dearest father had been old, and intimate friends; and I think that I have already observed, that the latter owed the small preferment which *he* enjoyed, to the benevolence, and friendship of Dr. SHARP. I stayed with Mr. SALKELD more than a month. My finances were now extremely low. Fortunately for me, at this alarming crisis, the regimentals of officers, in many corps, were, at the time of which I am writing, very expensive, by a profusion of lace. Our full uniform, in the welsh fuzileers, was adorned, or loaded with a gold lace, which was rather broad. Before I was to sally forth in quest of adventures, I thought that it would be prudent, to avail myself of what little strength I could collect, that I might, with the more alacrity, face the winter, and the greater inclemency of the world. Ere I took my leave of Mr. SALKELD, I stripped my scarlet of it's splendour; which I melted, and exchanged for two or three guineas (I have

forgotten the exact sum) pieces, which were of great value to me, at that time. A continued series of extremely affluent prosperity, shuts out information from the understanding, and hardens the heart. Surely, were not *this* the case, the rich, and the great, in their lavish expenditures on trifles, and on vice, would sometimes check their licentious career; would sometimes pause, and attend to the suggestions, and admonitions of reason, reflection, and humanity. Surely they would sometimes condemn their thoughtless, and criminal dissipation; gloriously deviate, at least, for awhile, into the sober, and sacred path of virtue; and inquire for, and relieve, indigent genius, and integrity. A particle of what a WALPOLE expended on a toy; or of what a HAMILTON devoted to a mistress; might have removed the poverty which I am now relating; it might have thrown the current of all my future life, into a fortunate, and shining tenour; nay, it might have preserved the life of CHATTERTON!

In my way to BERWICK, I halted at DURHAM. I was determined, when I was there, to wait on Dr. SHARP (whose house was in the college) from respect, and gratitude. I knew

that he would give me his best advice at this critical juncture ; and I did not presume to expect more. Indeed I might with great propriety, visit *him*, at this time : for one of my particular friends at BERWICK, had requested him to write to me, to dissuade me from leaving the army. This he declined from doing directly, as he was not acquainted with me ; but he wrote his sentiments on the subject, to that friend, which were communicated to *me*. In the letter to which I refer, he only disapproved my resolution, because I had nothing but my commission, on which I could rely for bread :—otherwise, as I remember, he said, that he would have been the first to encourage my wish to take orders.

I called on Dr. SHARP, on the evening of sunday, the first of january, 1758. He received me politely, and with kindness ; and said nothing that could give me any pain on the resignation of my commission. He asked me what were my present views ; and whither I intended to go, when I left DURHAM ? I told him, that I was on my way to BERWICK ; to reside with my mother. He continued for some time silent, and in a meditating manner.—He was, then, considering, and embracing the duty of a true follower

of the benevolent JESUS :—I wish that such thoughts, and determinations, on such occasions, more frequently passed in the minds of those who have the power to do good.—“ Mr. STOCKDALE (said he) come, if you please, to stay with *me*; till some opening occurs that may be favourable to your interest.”—I took my abode in his house on the next day; and continued with him till the ensuing march; in which month he died of the gout in his stomach;—though he had lived with great regularity, and temperance; and, indeed, with the practice of every virtue. On his death-bed, he was an edifying example to his friends, of christian fortitude; and he died with the vigorous, and bright hopes of a happy immortality. Some time before he expired, he expressed a wish to see me. When I had entered the room, I mentioned my extreme grief for his illness; and I asked him “ how he then *did*?”—He replied, “ that he was very ill; but that he would soon be better.”—The short, but melancholy interview, ended with his warmly recommending to me, a sober, and diligent application to my studies. Amidst his more tender, and domestick attentions, this pious, and benevolent man, kindly

remembered *me*, almost in his last moments.—

“Poor STOCKDALE! (said he, to his surrounding family) will miss me as much as any of you!”

After his death I accompanied his son, the rector of HARTBURN, near MORPETH, who was with his father when he died, to that place:—and I stayed with *him*, till the winter of 1758;—at that season I went to my mother.

During my abode with Dr. SHARP, and his son, I made a farther, and considerable proficiency in learning. I proceeded in the study of the hebrew tongue; or I rather took it up again, at it's beginning;—the good old Dr. SHARP recommended, and put into my hand, the very short, but sufficient hebrew grammar of JULIUS BATE;—one of the violent and mad HUTCHINSONIANS: this was one of the many marks of the worthy doctor's literary, and religious liberality;—for he had shown himself a very vehement, and virulent antagonist of Dr. SHARP, in hebraical controversy. At HARTBURN, I studied hebrew, eight hours a day, for eight months: consequently I made it easy, and familiar to me. At DURHAM, and at HARTBURN, I read the odyssey of HOMER; and other books, which I have forgotten. At the same places, I improved

my knowledge of the french ; and I began, and considerably prosecuted my study of the italian language.

To the family of the SHARPS, I owed substantial favours ; but they were greatly lessened ; and my gratitude was repelled, by their manner of conferring them. I am ready, at any time, to risk censure, for the sake of an honest, and explicit communication of important truth ;—for the sake of an impartial, and useful display of human nature. When we befriend the unfortunate, we should give them our protection with the tenderness of a parent ; but if we show them *any* of that tenderness, it is generally embittered with the authority of a master. The benevolence of your sincerely pious people, sometimes considerably exceeds the benevolence of those who are less governed by the precepts of christianity ; but it always falls infinitely short of the doctrine and example of their divine master. The family of whom I am speaking, made me *sensible* of obligations while they bestowed them (which is always the way in such cases) and afterwards, when I was guilty of great faults, instead of endeavouring to reclaim me to rectitude of conduct, by a christian solicitude, and affection ; their

coldness, and desertion of me, naturally tended (though I thank God, they had not in *me*, their usual effects) to produce a total negligence of virtue ; an absolute despair of acting well.

This manner is very different from that of our blessed Saviour's, who delighted to converse with the greatest sinners ; that he might effect a salutary, and happy change in their affections, and practice, by his pathetick, and convincing eloquence ; and by the more striking, and irresistible force of his divine example. I offer this passage of my memoirs, but not without reluctance, to my fair, and all-controuling goddess, Truth ;—and to my open, and independent zeal for an expanded, active, and universal morality ; a morality, not dictated by petty forms, and establishments ; nor by the cold, discreet, and frugal charity of the world ;—but by the natural warmth, and vigorous impulse, of a good heart, “ out of which are the issues of life ;” animated, and refined to perfection ; and impartially, and nobly directed, by the genuine spirit of the gospel. This passage will show, among innumerable passages in writing, and in life, how easy it is, both for clergy, and laity, to admire, and inculcate, evangelical benevolence ; compara-

tively with the difficulties of a corresponding practice ! Hence, therefore, it will be demonstrated (if any demonstration of a notorious fact should be required) that the best, and most popular saints on earth ; whenever it is their urgent duty, on any trying emergency, to spurn the little opinions, and malignant prejudices of the world ; to sacrifice the pride, and the conveniences of their self-love, to truly generous, and heroick action ;—entirely lose sight of the magnitude of the great archetypes whom they presume to emulate ;—and sink to the poor level of common, and inferiour virtue. Mr. GRANVILLE SHARP, who is, in many respects, a most worthy and amiable member of society ; and a friend to mankind ; hath bestowed many thoughts, and much writing, on the mysteries of our religion ; which every candid, and wise man, should accept, as they are delivered to us, without scrutiny, and without disputation. To perplex ourselves with contentions, and fruitless enquiries into *them*, can do no good ; for they are totally inapplicable to conduct ; therefore they cannot promote the welfare, and happiness of mankind. Indeed the consequences of the most unchristian, virulent, and fiery disputes which those myste-

ries have occasioned, are the greatest disgrace of human nature; and exhibit, in ecclesiastical history, more detestable pictures of our species, than any that are presented to us, in the annals of the pagan world. Mr. SHARP has gone deep into the doctrine of the Trinity;—

Mere curious pleasure; or ingenious pain!—

What is the general result of such idle speculations; of such endless controversy? We do not gain a particle of instruction; and we lose many particles of our christian charity. Instead of idly, presumptuously; indeed, I may add, profanely, attempting to unfold the mode of existence;—the *essence* of the Deity; let us endeavour to enlarge our souls, and our lives, to an humble, yet ardent imitation of *His* benevolence; of *His* beneficence to mankind.—To support absurd, and ridiculous interpretations of certain texts of scripture, shall we offer violence to reason; shall we offer violence to common-sense? No; let us apply those lights from heaven, to the lights of practical revelation;—and they will beam with mutual harmony; they will illustrate each other;—they will show us the paths of that

substantial, and beautiful religion, which will ensure our happiness, temporal, and eternal. The more awful, and stupendous attributes of God, are beyond our knowledge, and beyond our power; his *moral* attributes are distinct, and prominent; and they are held forth for *our* imitation.

From the winter of 1758, to the autumn of 1759, I was at BERWICK, and it's neighbourhood. My prospects, then, had nothing in them that was encouraging; but during that time, I applied ardently to my studies; as I have always done, at the worst, and most melancholy junctures of a long, and unfortunate life. I had determined to take orders; and agreeably to that view, I chose my authours. I perused again, with great ease, the excellent treatise of GROTIUS, *de veritate christianæ religionis*; which I had read on sundays, when I was at BERWICK-school:—I likewise read COMBER on ordination;—bishop BURNET on the thirty-nine articles;—SHUCKFORD's, and PRIDEAUX's connexion of the scriptures with profane history: and other good books, which were well adapted to my clerical preparation. While I worshipped these *musas severiores*, I did not forget to con-

verse with the luminaries of polite literature; with roman, and athenian genius; with the “immortal heirs of universal praise.”

At michaelmas in 1759; and at AUCKLAND-CASTLE, I was ordained deacon, by Dr. TREVOR, bishop of DURHAM. A title of ordination was given me by Mr. THOMAS SHARP, the brother of the rector of HARTBURN. Immediately after my ordination, I went to LONDON; where I was to be Mr. SHARP's substitute, in the curacy, and lectureship of duke's-place, near aldgate; and in a numerous district of the jews. There are two synagogues in this place; the one for the dutch, and the other for the portuguese. The rector of the church was Dr. MOORE, who had been chaplain to the celebrated ATTERBURY. He was a very old man when I knew him; yet even *then*, he preached agreeably, and forcibly. He never mentioned his famous, and injuriously, and cruelly treated patron, and friend, without very visible marks of the most affectionate emotion.

This was a memorable crisis; and as it were, a new, and active commencement of my life.—I began my office with sincere and pious intentions to revere it in my practice. If I had

done *this*, and all that I proposed to do ; if I had made the various, and important duties of my profession, the objects of my principal efforts ; and of my honest ambition ; as I had some reason to thank Providence for my bodily, and intellectual constitution, I should have passed an honourable and happy life : I should have been sufficiently favoured by fortune, and by fame ; my circumstances would have been affluent ; and my literary reputation might have defied the art, and the power of malevolence. I should have enjoyed elegant, and instructive society ; one of the best improvers, and refiners of the human mind ; one of the first charms of our existence.

I think that I have already mentioned the great, but unfortunate Dr. BROWN ; the authour of essays on lord SHAFTSBURY's characteristicks ; of an estimate of the manners, and principles of the times ; and of several other very ingenious, and elegant productions. In my way southward, that gentleman, and I, dined at the same inn, at BAWTRY, in YORKSHIRE. I had often heard my father speak of him ; I had read some of his works, and I had a great desire to be acquainted with him. At the next stage, I

had an opportunity of addressing him ; I had a good plea of introduction to him ; I had the recommendation of the long friendship that had subsisted between our fathers. He seemed much pleased with the interview ; and desired my company during the remainder of our journey to LONDON. This was the commencement of an acquaintance, which, to *me*, was very agreeable, and useful, in a literary view ; and it lasted till I left ENGLAND, several years after. When I was at VILLA FRANCA, near NICE, he most unfortunately died by his own hand.

He was the truly *comes jucundus in viâ* ; and his entertaining narratives were interspersed with very sensible and judicious instructions. He advised me, carefully to compose a sermon every month ; and that I might have time to do it well, to avail myself, in the pulpit, of the discourses of some of our excellent divines. He observed that even in this deliberate manner, as I was a young man ; in full alacrity, and activity of mind, I should have a great number of sermons written by myself ; and in no long course of years. The advice was good ; but it was not followed : I did, at first, write a very few sermons ; but idleness, and an absolute difficulty

which I found in the execution, prevented me from going on; and I was not happy in this mode of composition, till about thirteen years after. I then set strenuously to work; and from time to time, I composed many sermons; which, when the writings of my cotemporaries, and my own are estimated in the balance of impartiality, good judgment, and taste; will, I hope, not bear an inconsiderable value.

In this journey to LONDON, which will always be vivid in *my* memory, we had some conversation on the unrivalled, and unequalled GARRICK. We were both charmed with the actor, who had charmed nations. Dr. BROWN had written two tragedies, BARBAROSSA, and ATHELSTAN. He expressed to me, his admiration of that great man's complete knowledge of the theatre, and of the drama. He told me that when they read his plays together, before they were presented, Mr. GARRICK distinguished to him, all the passages that would meet with peculiar, and warm approbation: to the respective passages, he even assigned their different degrees of applause. The success exactly corresponded with the predictions. I know that our great actor, and dramatical critick, foretold,

with an equal accuracy, the fortune of other authours.

In this journey, Dr. BROWN gave me the two following anecdotes, which he said were communicated to him by Dr. WARBURTON.

When Dr. YOUNG had written his immortal night-thoughts, he sent the manuscript to Mr. POPE; and requested his attentive perusal of them, and his friendly, but impartial, and free criticisms, and censures, on those passages that might deserve them. Some time after, the two poets met; and YOUNG asked POPE, if he had done him the favour which he desired of him. Mr. POPE replied that he had read the night-thoughts very attentively, and that he admired the vigour, nay the sublimity, of their poetry.—“Then I have another favour to request of you;” (said YOUNG) “that you would supply me with a motto. I have always thought a pertinent motto, not an inconsiderable ornament to a book.”—“I once” (answered POPE) “had intended *this* motto for my essay on man; “Know thyself;” I think that *you* should take “for *your* motto; ‘Go hang thyself.’” I really think that this irony was very unjustly applied to the night-thoughts. To the hardened,

and impenitent sinner, they must indeed speak terrour, and condemnation; but to the truly moral, virtuous, and christian mind; to the *bene preparatum pectus*, the congenial reading of them enhances the blessings, and alleviates the calamities of life; they speed us, with a victorious gale, beyond time; and fix us in a blooming eternity. Even I, with all my imperfections on my head, after I have conversed with Dr. YOUNG, feel my mind more serene, and elevated: I am pleased with, I triumph in my existence.

The other anecdote is not very delicate; but it is more just. The greatest poets, have their peculiar excellencies, and their peculiar faults, and defects. YOUNG was a nervous, and sublime poet; but he had a vitiated taste:—he seemed industriously to avoid simplicity, and ease; and to be continually searching for extraordinary, affected, and gigantick thoughts. When Dr. WARBURTON, and Mr. POPE were, one day, conversing on YOUNG's poetry; “my friend YOUNG,” (said POPE) “always has recourse to violent catharticks; and disdains the easy course of nature.”—I do not chuse to

give the remark in the very words of POPE which were downright, and gross.

I was now a clerical assistant to Mr. SHARP, for forty pounds a year. My circumstances, as a curate, were not better than they were, when I was a subaltern in the army. And to make my situation worse, in the younger part of my life, I never was an economist. Indeed I have never valued money with the tenaciousness, and folly of a miser. Though some, even of my friends, from the retired, and frugal manner in which I have lived for several years, have unfairly supposed that my spirit was parsimonious. *They*, however, who are witnesses of my daily conduct, know the contrary. The most ardent pursuit of intellectual pleasures, if it is judiciously indulged, is as cheap, as it is delightful; all excess in sensual pleasure, is as certainly expensive, as it is ultimately painful, and destructive. In consequence of a long and glorious course of water-drinking (for it was with extreme difficulty and self-denial that I adopted it) a single glass of wine, hurts, and disorders me. And I am totally indifferent about what I eat, while nature is properly sus-

tained, and invigorated. I always despised, and detested the basest of our passions,—the passion of epicurism. My whole soul is devoted to reading, and composition; nothing makes me so unhappy, as any temporary incapacity to prosecute *them*; and when I prosecute them to my satisfaction, I am impassive to the evils of my life; nay, I delightfully enjoy my existence.—It is needless to add, that as I am enamoured of these objects, my *material* wants are few; I have even something to spare for the poor, in the horrible rigours of a northern winter.

That I might be well employed, and that I might improve my circumstances, Dr. BROWN warmly recommended me to his bookseller, LOCKYER DAVIS, who lived near middle-row, in holborne, and who, several years ago, died very rich. Mr. DAVIS was extremely civil to me; and I have no doubt that he would have given me constant employment; if I had then had the prudence, and the virtue, to be industrious. I began to translate for him, a treatise in the memoirs of the french academy of *belles lettres*; but I soon tired of my task; partly because I was not born for translating; and partly because I was idly disposed; and more intent

on making my light purse lighter, than on adding to it's weight.

As I was now advancing very fast in folly, in the year 1762, I went down to BERWICK, to be curate to Mr. THORP, the vicar of that place, and the father of the present archdeacon of NORTHUMBERLAND. Here I passed five years; in which time I waged a determined war against my credit and my happiness. But neither my hostilities against myself, nor the frowns of the publick, could ever damp the ardour of my application to learning. I well remember the extreme pleasure; though of very different sentiments, and emotions, which I enjoyed, in reading the works of TACITUS, and the ELOISE of ROUSSEAU.

I began my unfortunate profession of an author at BERWICK;—but I hope that it will, at *some* time, not be without it's glory:—and for glory, men far superior to *me*, in every respect, have endured as many, and as great sufferings as mine, in all ages. I wrote several small, and temporary pieces, while I was at BERWICK, of which I shall take no particular notice.—In 1764, I wrote “a poetical address to the “Supreme Being,” which was printed for me

by ROBERT TAYLOR. I have the poem now by me;—it contains a hundred and ninety-two lines:—it is distinguished, throughout, with a rational, and fervent piety;—it is flowing, and poetical; it is not without it's pathos;—but it is not sufficiently animated with that vigour, which gives dignity, and impression to poetry.

Soon after this publication came forth, I wrote my “conference betwixt APOLLO, and his disciple:”—a poem of six hundred, and one lines. In this poem there was more nerve, and variety, than in the former;—it had dramatick action; eloquence; and humour. I may venture to add, that it had some picturesque, and forcible passages:—I am warranted to say so much in favour of my own production, by the very warm approbation with which it was honoured by the late earl of LISBURN; who, at that time, was the honourable WILMOT VAUGHAN, and a candidate for the borough of BERWICK. That poem he read more than once, with interest and pleasure; and his candour to the little work, was followed by his social, and friendly attention to the authour. He was a polite, and by no means, a superficial scholar; and a man of a correct, and elegant taste. But

as I flatter myself that my own taste, and knowledge of poetry, were considerably improved in the space of fourteen years;—when at that distance of time, from the period of which I am writing, viz: in the year 1778, I published my “miscellanies in prose, and verse;” I gave, in *them*, only select extracts from my “conference betwixt APOLLO, and his disciple;” as I did not think that the whole composition was worthy of publick attention.

Not long after, I wrote “CHURCHILL defended;”—a poem addressed to the minority (so the opposers of the minister were, at that time called). It was printed in LONDON, and published by my old friend FLEXNEY; with whom I have passed many convivial, and jovial hours. He was the bookseller of that bold, and vigorous, but very incorrect, and unequal poet.

Before I finished my vindication of CHURCHILL, I received the melancholy news of his death; and I adapted my peroration to the tragical event.—“CHURCHILL defended,” I believe, consisted of seven, or eight hundred lines. This poem was almost immediately succeeded by another, entitled “the constituents,”—of about half the length of the former. It warmly asserted

the freedom of suffrage, at the time of a contested election;—and in consequence of a ministerial message, which was brought down to BERWICK by a Mr. FREEMANTLE; and which peremptorily commanded those who held places under government, to vote for sir JOHN DELAVAL. As I have lost these two last-mentioned poems, I shall not give any direct, and particular account of them.

After having resigned my curacy of BERWICK, and parted with Mr. THORP, I sailed for LONDON in the summer of 1767;—and from the THAMES, for the MEDITERRANEAN. I was always enthusiastically in love with a fine climate; it gives delightful sensations, and health to the frame; it enlivens imagination, and presents to it most delightful pictures;—it affords a natural, elegant, and unbounded luxury to existence. In the autumn of the year to which I refer, I arrived at VILLA-FRANCA; which is about two miles east of NICE; and it was then in the territories of the king of SARDINIA. It is a mean town; but it's climate is elysium; it is, indeed, situated in a country which has long been celebrated for it's genial sky;—for the river VAR, which is about seven miles west of VILLA-

FRANCA, was formerly the boundary betwixt ancient GAUL, and ITALY. Here, I seriously sate down to my studies: for I could neither afford to diversify, and extend my travels; nor mix with a vain, and gay world.

I was almost two years in the town of VILLA-FRANCA, and in it's campagna. During my residence there, I read, and wrote a good deal; but I have forgotten several objects of each kind of my mental application. I remember that in my solitude, I was animated, and informed, by the works of Dr. SWIFT; and by the unequalled sermons of Dr. THOMAS SHERLOCK, the famous bishop of LONDON. GOD knows, we have many melancholy instances of the depraved taste of *these* times, in literature; in all elegant, and useful knowledge; I may say, in all the fine arts. Nothing can show this wretched taste in theological choice, and reading, more than the prodigious success of many inferiour sermons, while the divine discourses of SHERLOCK have been, comparatively, unnoticed, and unknown.

Oh! SHERLOCK, sacred, and beatified shade! may this humble, but sincere, and pious effort, contribute, in *some* degree, in future times, to call to thy instructive, and forcible page, em-

balmed with the breath of heaven, the attention of the learned, the reflecting, and the good!—*In future times!*—when genius of the past, and present, will be judged by an impartial, distinguishing, and equitable sentence; not by the arbitrary, and absurd authority of power, and fashion; nor by the servile, and unideal voice of an imitative, and mechanical popularity. In the sermon from which this concluding, and most admirable passage is transcribed, Dr. SHERLOCK takes a view of the different religions in the ancient world, which were all intended to be confined to their respective nations. None claimed universal acceptance but the mahometan, and the christian; from which claim originated the following gloriously contrasted characters.

The text of this sermon is taken from St. JOHN's gospel, chap. xx. verses, 30, 31.—“And
“many other signs truly did JESUS, in the pre-
“sence of his disciples, which are not written in
“this book.—But these are written that ye might
“believe that JESUS is the CHRIST, the Son of
“God; and that believing, ye might have life
“through his name.”

“And thus the case of revelation stood, and the
“gospel had no competitor, till the great and suc-

“ cessful impostor MAHOMET arose : he indeed
“ pretends a commission to all the world, and
“ found means sufficiently to publish his pre-
“ tences. He asserts his authority upon the
“ strength of revelation, and endeavours to trans-
“ fer the advantages of the gospel evidence to
“ himself, having that pattern before him to
“ copy after: and, should we say that the alco-
“ ran was never promulged to us by persons
“ duly commissioned, it may be answered per-
“ haps, that the alcoran is as well published to
“ us as the gospel is to them which has some
“ appearance of an answer, though the fact is
“ indeed otherwise ; for even the alcoran owns
“ JESUS for a true prophet.

“ But with respect to this instance I persuade
“ myself it can be no very distracting study to find
“ reasons to determine our choice. Go to your
“ natural religion : lay before her MAHOMET
“ and his disciples arrayed in armour and in
“ blood ; riding in triumph over the spoils of
“ thousands and tens of thousands, who fell by
“ his victorious sword : shew her the cities which
“ he set in flames, the countries which he ra-
“ vaged and destroyed, and the miserable dis-
“ tress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When

“ she has viewed him in this scene, carry her
 “ into his retirements : shew her the prophet’s
 “ chamber, his concubines, and wives ; let her see
 “ his adultery, and hear him alledge revelation
 “ and his divine commission to justify his lust
 “ and his oppression. When she is tired with
 “ this prospect, then show her the blessed JESUS,
 “ humble and meek, doing good to all the sons
 “ of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant
 “ and the perverse. Let her see him in his most
 “ retired privacies : let her follow him to the
 “ mount, and hear his devotions and supplica-
 “ tions to GOD. Carry her to his table to view
 “ his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse.
 “ Let her see him injured, but not provoked :
 “ let her attend him to the tribunal, and con-
 “ sider the patience with which he endured the
 “ scoffs, and reproaches of his enemies. Lead
 “ her to his cross ; and let her view him in the
 “ agony of death, and hear his last prayer for
 “ his persecutors : *Father, forgive them, for*
 “ *they know not what they do !*

“ When natural religion has viewed both, ask,
 “ which is the prophet of GOD ? But her answer
 “ we have already had ; when she saw part of
 “ this scene through the eye of the centurion

“ who attended at the cross : by him she spoke,
“ and said ; *Truly this man was the Son of God.*”

Discourse ix. sec. edit. 1754.

BLAIR’S sermons have considerable merit; but their inferiour lustre fades away before the energetic and sublime splendour of this divine orator.

It will be proper and pertinent here to insert the glorious comparison between SOCRATES and CHRIST, which was made by the eloquent, and pathetick ROUSSEAU ; a believer in christianity ; not on the unsubstantial foundation of implicit faith ; but on the adamantine foundation of argument, and conviction ; of respect, and reverence.

“ I must own to you that the majesty of the
“ scriptures astonishes me ; the holiness of the
“ gospel speaks to my heart. Behold the books
“ of the philosophers with all their pomp ; how
“ little they are in comparison with *it* ! Is it
“ possible that a book, at once so sublime and
“ so simple, can be the work of men ? Is it possible
“ that he who makes the history of it can
“ only be a man himself ? Have we there the
“ tone of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious secretary ?
“ What sweetness, what purity in his
“ manner ! What an affecting grace in his instructions !
“ What elevation in his maxims !

“ What profound wisdom in his discourses !
“ What presence of mind, what a delicate and
“ happy art, what accuracy in his answers !
“ What empire over his passions ! Where is the
“ man ; where is the sage, who can act, suffer,
“ and die, without weakness, and without osten-
“ tation ? When PLATO paints his imaginary just
“ man, covered with all the disgrace of crime, and
“ worthy of all the rewards of virtue, he exactly
“ paints JESUS CHRIST : the resemblance is so
“ striking, that all the fathers felt it, and that it is
“ impossible to be deceived in it. What prejudice,
“ what blindness must we not have, if we presume
“ to compare the son of SOPHRONISCUS with the
“ son of MARY SOCRATES dying without pain,
“ without ignominy, easily supported his charac-
“ ter, to the end ; and if that easy death had not
“ honoured his life, one might doubt, if SOCRATES,
“ with all his talents, had been any thing better
“ than a sophist. It is said that he invented mo-
“ rality ; others, before him, had put it in prac-
“ tice ; he only told what *they* did ; he only re-
“ duced their examples to instructions. ARIS-
“ TIDES had been just before SOCRATES told us
“ what was justice ; LEONIDAS had died for his
“ country before SOCRATES had made it a duty

“ to love one’s country ; SPARTA was temper-
“ ate before SOCRATES had praised temperance ;
“ before he defined virtue, GREECE abounded
“ in virtuous men. But where had JESUS
“ CHRIST taken, amongst his countrymen that
“ elevated and pure morality, of which he alone
“ has given the lessons, and the example ? From
“ the bosom of the most furious fanaticism, the
“ highest wisdom made itself understood ; and
“ the simplicity of the most heroick virtues ho-
“ noured the vilest of all people. The death of
“ SOCRATES, philosophising in tranquillity with
“ his friends, is the gentlest that one can desire ;
“ that of JESUS, expiring in torments, abused,
“ mocked, upbraided, cursed by a whole people,
“ is the most horrible that one can fear. SOCRA-
“ TES, taking the poisoned cup, blesses him who
“ presents it, and who weeps ; JESUS, in the
“ midst of the most horrible agony, prays for his
“ enraged, and implacable executioners. Yes ;
“ if the life and death of SOCRATES are of a
“ sage ; the life and death of JESUS are of a
“ GOD.”

I beg leave here to subjoin ROUSSEAU’s sub-
lime address to the Deity.

“ Etre des êtres, je suis parceque tu es : c’est

“ m’élever à ma source que de te méditer sans
“ cesse. Le plus digne usage de ma raison est
“ de s’aneantir devant toi : c’est mon ravissement
“ d’esprit ; c’est le charme de ma foiblesse, de
“ me sentir accablé de ta grandeur.”

“ Being of beings ; I am because thou art :
“ when I meditate on thee without ceasing, I raise
“ myself to my source. The most worthy use of
“ my reason is to annihilate itself before thee. It
“ is the ravishment of my mind ; it is the charm of
“ my weakness, to feel myself overwhelmed with
“ thy grandeur.”—SAVOYARD VICAR’S CREED.

Who can read that most eloquent character of JESUS CHRIST, and this profound adoration of the supreme being, without feeling indignation against those who vilified his reputation, and his writings ?

While I enjoyed the balmy air, and the azure skies of HESPERIA ; I forgot not JERUSALEM ; she consecrated the charming scene, to my fancy. I conversed often with the scriptures in their originals. I was as much interested as ever, in my old friends, the classical authours ; I read several treatises of the easy, moral, and virtuous XENOPHON. To go lower, I cultivated the Italian language. I was very much entertained with

the life of pope SIXTUS the fifth, written by GREGORIO LELI ; who wrote more than many readers read, in all their lives. To go still lower, I improved my knowledge in the little, feeble, flip-pant french tongue ; both by reading, and by conversation. I was pleased with VOLTAIRE's age of LOUIS the fourteenth ;—it is scandalously partial ; as all the writings, words, and actions, of frenchmen *are* ; yet it is certainly, on the whole, one of his best productions. I read their correct, and cold, moral poet BOILEAU ;—their unnatural, and declamatory dramattick poets, CORNEILLE, and RACINE.

Before I went abroad, I agreed with DAVID STEELE, a bookseller, to translate for him, while I *was* abroad, an Italian novel, entitled “ *La Comediante in fortuna.*” This man lived in EAST-SMITHFIELD, by great Tower-hill : I had become acquainted with him accidentally, by my officiating at DUKE'S-PLACE, which was not far from his abode. He had agreed to give me twenty guineas for my translation ; without any appeal to *any* critick, on the merit of my work. Indeed I performed it with all possible care, and accuracy. He had given me his written promise, for the stipulated payment. But when

I returned to LONDON in 1769, and took my translation to him, he made many evasions, and procrastinations ;—in short, I was at length obliged to take ten, instead of twenty guineas ; for I had not money to go to law with him.

When I had been but for a short time in LONDON, my poor circumstances were sunk, to an alarming degree. I offered, in an advertisement, to teach languages. This advertisement was read by Mr. AYREY, a gentleman who lived in MANCHESTER-buildings, WESTMINSTER. He had no need of the instructions which I had publickly proposed ; but there was something (as he afterwards told me) in the strain, and manner of the advertisement, with which he was particularly pleased ; and on *that* account, he was determined to see me. I found in *him*, the most benevolent, and generous man ; and the warmest, and most genuine friend, that I ever knew. He did not believe the divine origin of the scriptures ; but perhaps, there was not a man living, who, in the charitable, humane, and liberal essentials of their precepts, practised them so nobly. He was an auditor of accounts in chancery ; but he never would engage in any business, till it was evinced to him, that the cause was of

the most immaculate integrity. No man's company was more warmly desired than *his*; for human nature was in *him* most happily attempered; he had a rare union of great good humour, and of wit. He had been long slightly acquainted with our celebrated GARRICK; but he took opportunities of improving this acquaintance with him, that he might strengthen *my* interest with that gentleman. They were afterwards extremely intimate friends; and Mr. AYREY was one of the sincere, and highly respectable mourners, who attended the remains of our great actor, to their place of rest, in WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

I had, for some time, studied the spanish language. I made a considerable progress in it, while ~~I was at~~ VILLA-FRANCA; where I had the fortunate opportunity of reading a part of DON QUIXOTE, with a very sensible, and well-educated young officer in the king of SARDINIA's service; who had conversed much with the natives of SPAIN. As literary men, we were useful to each other: for in return for his spanish instructions, I was *his* master in the english language; which he quickly apprehended; and which he greatly admired:—I shall never forget the polite, and

friendly CACCHIARDI ; for that was the young gentleman's name.—No difficulties ; no alarming circumstances ; no mortifications, as I have already observed, could ever long divert my serious, and ardent attention, from literary objects :—after my return to LONDON, my situation was totally unsettled, and presented a very discouraging prospect ; yet I vigorously resumed my spanish ;—and my love of that language ; and my desire to make a great proficiency in it were heightened by a new instance of kindness, from my friend, Mr. AYREY ; who made me a present of a splendid edition of DON QUIXOTE in the original ; which was published in LONDON, under the auspices of my lord GRANVILLE. I proceeded in the study of this energetick, and noble language ; till I made myself master of the most celebrated work of the great CERVANTES. When I had accomplished this task, I had no curiosity to advance farther in the literature of SPAIN ; for though high, and lavish encomiums have been bestowed on other productions of that country ; I have some reasons to think, that the praise was far greater than the merit ; and I have no doubt that DON QUIXOTE is supereminently the first book in the spanish lan.

guage. The immortal CERVANTES, maimed in battle, and in a moorish prison; composed a work, which, for a lively, and picturesque display of human nature; for richness, and variety of invention; for flowing and luminous eloquence; for attic wit; and for the most poignant comick humour, would have done distinguished honour to any age, or nation.

By the kind encouragement of my friend Mr. AYREY, I, at this time, began the study of the german language. He made me a present of a very good german grammar, written in french; and in two volumes of duodecimo; I have not the book now; and I have forgotten the name of the authour. He likewise gave me an old, but a good german dictionary; a moderate quarto: it was the compilation of ANTONIO DUEZ; and very neatly printed in the year 1664; by the famous ELZEVIRS. The words have a french, and a latin interpretation. It is not, by far, so copious, as the dictionary of LUDWIG; but it is more judicious, and elegant; and for it's size, a more comprehensive work. LUDWIG was a complete blockhead: he seems not to have understood his own language; but he maims, and murders *ours*, with a monstrous

absurdity. His translations of words, and phrases, often consist of the most vulgar, barbarous, and even indecent expressions. The languages with which I am acquainted (the german excepted) I have studied, and read, with pleasure; *it* has always been, to *me*, harsh, and very disagreeable. It is loaded with unmeasurably long words; and with awkward, and embarrassed decomposition;—and by one of it's perplexing singularities, the compounding, or decompounding prepositions, are often, in the period, very remote from the words to which they are to be prefixed. Their boasted german poets, are, in *my* humble opinion, very poor creatures; not characterized by strength of sense; propriety, and beauty of imagery; and symmetry of composition; but by empty declamation, and a wild enthusiasm. The germans have that patience, and perseverance, which a masterly skill in the sciences demands; but nature has not intended them for splendid, and irresistible orators; and for elegant and sublime poets. I have read few books, in the german language; but I frequently read the scriptures in that language; from my reverence for reli-

gion ; and that I may not lose what I have painfully acquired.

I communicated to Mr. AYREY, my wish to get some literary employment from a bookseller. As he was always ready to promote my welfare, he introduced me to Dr. HAWKESWORTH, the authour of the adventurer ; by whose interest, he thought that I might gain my object. I was very politely received by Dr. HAWKESWORTH, who assured me that he would give me all the assistance that was in his power. He was attentive to his promise ; for he soon took an opportunity to introduce me to Mr. DAVIES, bookseller in great russel-street, covent-garden. He was the most gentlemanlike person of that trade, whom I ever knew. He was a man of a warm, and generous heart ; and like many men of that disposition, he was unfortunate. He, and Mrs. DAVIES acted, for many years, at drury-lane ; when the genius of SHAKESPEARE had it's full sway, from the congenial powers of GARRICK. The title-pages of some books have informed me, that DAVIES had been a bookseller in old round-court in the strand, before he was an actor. He was an entertaining companion ; a

warm friend; a generous man:—he was rather vain, and ostentatious of his superficial learning; but how could most of us endure life, if it was not brightened by “those painted clouds that beautify our days.”—He gave the world some little publications on GARRICK, and the theatres, which were written in a lively manner; and which deserved to be read. It was of *this* DAVIES, and his fair companion in marriage (as I believe that I have observed before) that CHURCHILL says,

—————“ on my life,

“ That DAVIES has a very pretty wife.”

They were *not* eminent players; the lady was too quiet; and the gentleman was too turgid: but CHURCHILL was a very unmerciful critick on the actors: I have no objection to the open censure of villains, either in publick, or in private life; but I would rather die, than strike at the subsistence of unoffending people. Excellence in *any* profession, is attainable but by few; and no profession could be properly prosecuted; it's province could not be regularly, and completely effected, unless it admitted a mediocrity of talents. Dr. JOHNSON agreed with me in

opinion, that the satirical passages in the *rosiad*, against Mr. DAVIES, and his wife, wrought so painfully on their feelings, that they obliged them to quit the stage. By this misfortune, my two friends were deprived of six hundred pounds a year.

About the beginning of the year 1770, DAVIES proposed to me, that I should translate for him, TASSO'S *AMINTA*. I did not find the task difficult, as I was conversant with the italian, and as I had talents for poetry. I dedicated my translation to my academical friend, the earl of MORAY;—it was honoured with the warm approbation of Dr. JOHNSON, Dr. HAWKESWORTH, and of other eminent judges of poetry. Soon after it was published, I accidentally met the late Mr. CADELL, at the house of his friend, Mr. STRAHAN; he payed me a very genteel compliment on my first effort, as a LONDON authour:—and if the liberal, and independent ardour of my mind could have been tempered with an aldermanlike discretion;—if I could have seen gross obliquity, in private, and public life, without denouncing them to the world; perhaps I might have been amongst his prosperous, and celebrated writers;—for it is impossi-

ble for you (if you write with an honest freedom) unless you are in *some* way prosperous, to attain the celebrity that you may merit, while you live.

I sent a copy of my translation of the *AMINTA*, to the good, and notwithstanding JOHNSON'S unjust, and contemptuous treatment of him, I will add, to the great lord LYTTELTON. I owed this tribute to his moral, and literary character. He lived in hill-street, berkley-square;—and in two or three days after he received my present, he honoured me with a visit, at my lodgings, in bolt-court, in fleet-street. I was highly gratified by his visit; he said every thing to me that was encouraging, and pleasing. This was the beginning of an acquaintance, which was continued to his death; and on some remarkable occasions, he showed a great zeal to befriend me. But the objects of his applications in my favour, when we particularly inquired into them, had not the value, which he, by mistake, had affixed to them.

In this interview, we had some conversation on Dr. JOHNSON, and his writings. Lord LYTTELTON regretted the roughness of his manners; and the too frequently uniform, and elaborate

structure of his style. I observed that it was apt to cloy us like honey; he liked the similitude.—“But (said his lordship) notwithstanding
“the exceptionable parts of his character, as a
“writer, and a social being; if I had power;
“there is no man whom I should be more
“desirous to serve;—on account of his learning; his talents; and his virtue.”

My translation of the *AMINTA*, gave occasion to his lordship of saying something on blank verse. He told me, that on a visit to Mr. POPE at TWICKENHAM, while he was translating the *Iliad*, he took the liberty to express to that great poet, his surprise that he had not determined to translate HOMER's poem into blank verse; as it was an epick poem;—and as he had before him the illustrious example of MILTON, in the *paradise lost*.—Mr. POPE's answer to lord LYTTLETON was, that “he could translate it more
“easily into rhyme.”—I communicated this anecdote to Dr. JOHNSON; his remark on it to me, was very erroneous, in criticism; and it was very irreverent, and rude, to a memory which deserved more respectful treatment.—“Sir,—
“when POPE said *that*, he knew that he lied.” The remark was false criticism; because there is

no doubt, for it is demonstrated by great examples; that the genius of *some* poets is peculiarly adapted to excell in blank verse; and that of *others*, in rhyme. I have endeavoured more strongly to establish *this* theory in my lectures on our great english poets.

But there are other reasons which made it necessary for POPE to translate the iliad in the manner in which he *did* translate it; and which, consistently with the openness of my mind, I shall take the liberty to mention. I revere HOMER as much as I *can* revere him; from my respect for the father of poetry; and for the very long; though perhaps too unqualified admiration that has been payed him. After this apology, no liberal critick will be offended with me; nor will he think me arrogant, and dictatorial, for a free declaration of my real opinion of some characteristicks of this venerable poet. Whatever the unprejudiced, and best use of my reason pronounces to me; whatever the most forcible impression of sentiment, makes me unalterably feel; I have a right, like other men, to publish; while I am only honestly thinking for myself; and by no means obtruding my own judgement, as a law to others. If we did not

observe an implicit, and unmanly submission to general taste ; or to general partiality, and prejudice ;—if, on any important subject, we always gave our unbiassed, and sincere opinion, with a fair, and candid freedom ;—moral, political, and religious knowledge ;—and a true taste in the fine arts, would be greatly promoted ; they would be more accurately ascertained, and more firmly established.

Simplicity, and ease ; vigour, and sublimity ; are characteristicks of HOMER's poetry ; and in some passages he is charmingly pathetick. But there are large tracks of his poetical region, which are of very different descriptions. The catalogue of the ships is valuable, as it is a piece of antiquity ; and as it distinguishes the topography of ancient GREECE ; but it is miserable as a part of a *poem*. So magical is the beauty of POPE's poetry, that he has even made *this* dry, and rugged enumeration, harmonious, and pleasing. But to wave any censure on the catalogue of the ships ; the long, and unnatural genealogical speeches of adverse heroes, before their combat ;—the prolix, and unseasonable pratings of NESTOR, and of other grecian worthies ;—the crowds of low, and ill-applied similes ;—but above all, the circum-

stantial, and minute descriptions of the horrible wounds in battle, continued through pages ; the effects of which are often inconsistent with anatomical* connexion, and are always disgusting, and shocking to humanity ;—*these* redundancies, and deformities, as I will venture to call them, are presented to us, in many places ; and in hundreds of lines ; in which we are sure to have a continuation of sounding, and deluding verse ; but in which I defy unprejudiced, and unsubjugated taste, to discover a particle of genuine poetry. The exultation, and jests of his brutes in armour, over their fallen antagonists, while they are in the agonies of death, torment, and repell a good heart, while it reads them ; and they show not a little coarseness of feelings, and of fancy, in the poet. The wounding of the goddess of beauty, by that savage DIOMEDE ; and his similar treatment of the god of war himself, whom he sends roaring with pain to heaven ; are so ridiculous and monstrous, that they shoot beyond the verge of the dignity of criticism. Nothing can be more tiresome, and preposterous, than the repetition of

* For instance ; the eyes of his dying heroes, when they have received the fatal stroke in their head or face, sometimes fall out.

his epithets; and the place which they often hold relatively to their adjacent objects. Yet the powerful, and refined genius of POPE, corrects, or softens these improprieties, by brightening the deep shade of the attribute; or by a happy transposition.

I shall here venture to repeat what I have observed in another place; that ACHILLES, the principal, and favourite hero of HOMER, is one of the most arbitrary, insolent, savage, and detestable characters, that any verse-man, or prose-man, could have imagined; and that to present such a hero to the admiration of posterity (in whatever age, or country, his epick encomiast lives) is a gross, and enormous offence against the moral sense; and a great fault in poetical judgement. It tends to confound our natural, and common ideas of right, and wrong; it insults the generous spirit of freedom, and humanity; it encourages the evil spirit of tyranny, and barbarity; it spreads the contagion of powerful, and splendid example; and it is well known, that the glaring, and undistinguishing picture of the *divine* ACHILLES, aggravated the ferocity of some of the renowned murderers of mankind.

To paint the simplicity of manners, and occu-

pations, in the province of primæval innocence, and of uncorrupted virtue, must always charm a good heart ; and must always merit the warm approbation of just, and unadulterated criticism. But to dwell on the low, and disagreeable rusticity ; or on the barbarous, and sanguinary disposition of early times ; is to want that distinguishing, and accurate judgment ; and that elegant, and delicate taste, which in general, are inseparably included in true, and great genius. Such a genius seems absolutely to be a peculiar inspiration from heaven ; whenever it is breathed into the human breast, it selects from thousands of ideas, and images, those which are elegant, and beautiful ; pathetick, and sublime ;—by it's far extended, and vigorous comprehension, it approximates, and brings within it's own sphere, distant ages of high improvement ; it anticipates perfection. Such a genius, in his fine fictions, will avoid whatever is repugnant to natural sentiment, and imagery ; to common sense ; and he will know that many objects which are natural, should not be represented.

It was from the implicit, and indiscriminate admiration of HOMER, which I have taken the liberty, not to think oracularly just, that ARIS-

TOTLE with all his wisdom, injudiciously, and absurdly, formed his plan of an epick poem, on the fable, and structure of the *ILIAD* ; of *one* epick poem ; and of the first that had fixed the attention, and obtained the high praise of a civilized nation. The great STAGYRITE, in proposing his rules for the *epopée*, should certainly have taken a larger field ; he should certainly have attended to more general, and authoritative guides. Concluding that the first essay, under the auspices of the martial muse ; and in a simple, and early age, must necessarily have been far from perfection ; he should have called into his assistance ; I should have said, that he should have invited, for his dictators, the laws of eternal, and immutable reason ; and the flights of a bold, but well-governed fancy.—He should not have restricted the poem to *one* series of battles, councils, episodes, and incidents ; he should have allowed a large field to the distinguished, to the contrasted histories of different states ; to the great diversity of genius ; to the natural, and infinite variety of invention, and imagination.

To cultivate the wild heaths, if not to exalt the majestick heights of HOMER ; to diffuse over them a perpetual bloom ; an elysian fragrance ;

POPE found it necessary to exert all his ethereal spirit ; all his luxuriant, but well regulated fancy ; all his elegant, and attick taste. He applied every touch of the great painter, and with exquisite judgment ; only where they were indispensable ; and where the respective objects would have been disagreeable, or flat, without them. Whatever pertinent, and forcible epithet ;—flowing, harmonious, and golden verse ; and spontaneous, and happy rhyme, could do, to warm the cold narrative, and to adorn the homely, and low comparisons of HOMER, was effected by the art, and the genius of POPE. In translating the old grecian bard, our powerful, and sweet magician well knew, that *his* masterly command of rhyme was absolutely necessary to give *relief* to common, and tedious rhapsodies ; and to complete the poetical fascination.

Lord LYTTELTON, in one of his very entertaining, and interesting, dialogues of the dead, in which he gives the highest praise that can be expressed, to the translation of the ILIAD, extremely regrets that POPE should have spent those years, when his poetical talents were at their full maturity, and vigour, in a kind of *secondary* exertion of them ; when they might

have been more nobly employed, in producing original poetry of his own spirited, and beautiful genius. Such is lord LYTTELTON's opinion of the poetical powers of his illustrious friend ;—this elegant, and noble critick, lived in our classical, and best literary days ; not in the dregs of our republic of letters ; when the dirty, and despicable rags of our modern poetasters, are preferred to the glowing, and imperial purple of POPE.

The poetry of MILTON is so superlatively beautiful ; so prominently original ; so majestick, and grand ; that it very properly disdains the inferior assistance of rhyme. In ascending, in all his pomp, and glory, to a sublime that was never reached before, he maintains an independence of every formal, restraining, and superfluous ornament ; and he takes an additional dignity, by marching on, without them. Rhyme would have been but a foil ; an unnecessary foil, to the images of MILTON ; but it enlivened, and embellished the barren, and rugged wastes that contrast the OLYMPUS of HOMER.

I recollect that POPE's opinion of HOMER, in the preface to his translation of the ILIAD, is very different from mine ; and that he there extravagantly tells us, after having compared him with

other great poets, that “in *him* alone, the fire of
“poetical genius burns every where strongly, and
“every where irresistibly.”—I believe that these
are his very words. I admire the genius, and I
revere the judgment of POPE; but I *am* what
I have always *been*, and what every man *should*
be,—

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

Besides, when POPE gave this inadmissible, and
extremely exaggerated opinion of HOMER, he
was biassed, and prejudiced, as men ever *will*
be in such cases, by his relative situation to the
old, and venerable bard. He was naturally fond
of an authour, with whom he had intimately, and
intently conversed, for several years; and on
whom, he had founded a great part of his poeti-
cal glory. Poets likewise are *men*; and if they
are in raptures with the celestial, they cannot
dislike the earthly gold of APOLLO. It was to
the interest, as well as to the honour of POPE,
highly to praise HOMER.

The substance of the cause which I have
been pleading, very ingenuously, and openly;
but with an unaffected deference to the judg-
ment of others, is excellently supported by

Dr. JOHNSON in his life of our great english poet :—

Vindicias critici potuit contemnere, si sic
Omnia dixisset.

Facts are the best security against illiberal, and invidious opposition. The later translations of the *ILIAD**, into a non-descript, and ambiguous kind of declamation, which was neither verse nor prose ; and †into a bald, and spiritless blank verse, are proofs of all that I have been endeavouring to establish.

By that airy, but bright, and alluring object, fame ; of which ardent, and active minds are generally enamoured ; I have always been strongly impelled to intellectual exertions ; though to my literary character, it has not been very diffusively prodigal of it's rays. But I have long persevered in a vigorous opposition to malice, and misfortunes ; animated, and encouraged, by the sincere and warm praise of some of the greatest men whom this country has produced ; and by the internal, and controuling influence of a presentiment of future justice.

* By Macpherson.

† By Cowper.

While my TASSO'S AMINTA was in the press; my translation of the chorus to the second act, which is addressed to Love, was inserted, by the application of Mr. DAVIES, in the morning chronicle. I thought that the translation of this chorus, in which I acknowledge that I paraphrased, and extended the original, was the effect of some happy poetical hours; and my friend DAVIES was of the same opinion. On the day on which it was published in the morning chronicle, I met Dr. HAWKESWORTH in the street:—after our first compliments, I requested him to go with me into a coffee-house, that he might read one of my little productions; as I was anxious for his critical judgment; for I was ambitious of his approbation. He accompanied me to the coffee-house. He read the poem, with intermediate marks of great pleasure; and when he had finished the reading of it, he said, with emphasis, and warmth,—“These
“are prodigiously fine verses.”—I was more highly gratified with *this* encomium, than I should have been with a considerable addition to my pecuniary circumstances. I relate the anecdote just as the fact *was*;—the anticipated sneers, and charges of vanity, shall

not prevent me from asserting my rights; from maintaining my genuine honours;— it is peculiarly *my* duty to myself, to put into the scale of poetical justice, the preponderating, and expressive medals of the few, against the light, and insignificant counters of the many. While superficial, and conceited writers are dazzled, and infatuated with the *tinsel* offerings that are profusely payed them; offerings that are worthy of the objects to which they are made; let *me* set a proper, and grateful value, on the *golden* tributes which I have received.

Dr. JOHNSON too, was pleased very warmly to approve my translation of the *AMINTA*;— but he feared that from the fable, and conduct of the original drama, it would not sufficiently invite the attention of the publick. Some of the events, incidents, and characters, were too far removed from human transactions; in short, purely poetical, and imaginary beings, were too freely admitted into the poem. But it was a great acquisition to the age of the revival of polite literature; and it might still be very entertaining to the classical reader. This was Dr. JOHNSON's opinion of the *AMINTA* of TASSO;—which, on deliberate reflection, I completely adopted.

The translation of that poem, however, gave me considerable reputation as an authour, and consequently, some importance in the estimation of capital printers, and booksellers. Early in the spring of 1770, Dr. GUTHRIE died;—he was a scotch gentleman of good abilities; and he had acquired some distinction as an authour; he was one of those ill-fated men, who without fortune, and without powerful, and effectual friends, depend greatly, for their subsistence, on employment from booksellers. He had written in the critical review; of which, at that time, the redoubted chieftain, was Mr. HAMILTON; a prosperous, and very affluent printer, who lived in falcon-court, in fleet-street. This man called on me, one morning, at my lodgings in holborne;—he acquainted me with the news of GUTHRIE's death; and offered me the succession to his province in the critical review; which was that of polite literature. I did not like the offer; but money was indispensably necessary. The payment to the writers in that review, was poor; viz: two guineas a sheet:—however, as it was very convenient for me to give some regard to the proposal, I insisted on very manly, and spirited conditions, for one in my cir-

cumstances :—I told Mr. HAMILTON, that I was willing to enter into the literary department in his review, of which he was so civil as to give me the first offer ; provided I should not be obliged to review such books as I did not like to review ; and that I should give my free, unobstructed, and in every way, unaltered sentiments on those that I *did* review. He acquiesced in my terms ; and in march, 1770, I first appeared, but under the cover of the master of the seven-fold shield ; as an arbiter of the fate of authours.—I proceeded in my censorial office till the april of the next year ; when I proposed to our general, an augmentation of my pay. The boldest dashers of monthly reviewers, for their unmerited, and capricious protection ; and for their dark, and inhuman assassinations, were requited by GRIFFITHS, the khan of that horde, with four guineas a sheet. My grand signor met my demand with a positive refusal. My narrow purse was a little more contracted by this rupture ; but my heart was enlarged, and played more vigorously.

An honest zeal for insulted, and injured talents, calls on me to do some justice to the memory of master GRIFFITHS, who for almost

half a century, was the leader of the monthly reviewers. In *his* review, the most ingenuous, and illustrious talents have often experienced the most disparaging, and contemptuous treatment. This iniquity, it was his practice to encourage; and he frequently took a part in it, himself, as far as his abilities could go; which were very much of an inferiour order. This general of a profane, and unrelenting war with genius; and of a lasting truce, and amnesty with dullness, died very lately. The publick papers have diffused his fame over the kingdom; and made him a paragon of parts, honour, and liberality. Here we have one of the innumerable instances of the prostitution of diurnal praise. Surely, after such instances, truly respectable persons should not be so desirous to have the virtues of their departed, and worthy friends, presented to the world by newsmongers. The monthly reviewers, formerly, had not the merit of a particle of equity; nor of moral principles in their decisions; but they had the merit of a boldness; of some fire; and of a sprightly variety, that entertained you.

Not long before the time of which I am writing, I was invited by the lively, and hospit-

able Mr. DAVIES to dine with him, on a day, on which I was to meet some interesting characters. Dr. JOHNSON was of the party; and this was my first introduction to him:—there were others with whom every intelligent mind would have wished to converse; Dr. GOLDSMITH; and Mr. MEYER, the elegant miniature painter;—I have forgotten the rest. The celebrated Dr. SWIFT was one of our convivial subjects; of whom it was JOHNSON'S invariable custom to speak in a disparaging, and most unworthy manner. We gave our sentiments, and undoubtedly of high panegyrick, on the famous *tale of the tub*; of which Dr. JOHNSON insisted, and in his usual positive, and dogmatical manner, that it was impossible that SWIFT should have been the authour;—it was so eminently, and greatly superiour to all his other works. I expressed my own conviction, that it was written by SWIFT; and that in many of his productions, he showed a genius, which was not unequal to the composition of the *tale of the tub*. The doctor desired me to name *one*, that warranted me to think him the authour of it. I replied, that I thought that the eloquence; poignancy of satire; imagination; and invention; which were displayed in GULLI-

VER's travels, were not unworthy of the capital performance which *he* exclusively admired. He would not admit the instance; but instead of condescending to reason against it, he said, in his usual arbitrary language—that if SWIFT was really the authour of the *tale of the tub*, as the best of his other performances were of a very inferiour merit, he should have hanged himself after he had written it*.—I shall here observe, that agreeable things were frequently said to me by Dr. JOHNSON; and that no man experienced his disagreeable, and over-bearing manner, less than myself. I think that one reason why he treated me more civilly than other people, was, that I always gave him my explicit sentiments on any subject on which we were conversing; even when I differed from him in opinion. I

* JOHNSON was, on all occasions, fond of disparaging the memory of SWIFT.—On the day which I have mentioned; when I first dined in his company; and when he spoke with an absurd contempt of the genius of that great man; he made the following ungenerous, and invidious observation.—“SWIFT corresponded minutely with STELLA, “and Mrs. DINGLEY, on his importance with the ministry, “from excessive vanity; that the women might exclaim— “What a great man Dr. SWIFT is!”

must add that I took this fair social freedom firmly, but respectfully. I do not say, that he used me the better for this frankness ; but he probably esteemed, and respected me the more. Mean people, *without* power, often promote their interest with mean people *with* power, by an unvaried compliance, and servility ; but this acquiescence, and sycophancy, are as apt to hurt them with great minds ; if they even arrogate too much, and are fond of dominion. The disposition of these creatures is so infinitely beneath the disposition of those whom they wish to please ; and whose acutely distinguishing faculty sees all their meanness ; that they have too sovereign a contempt for them, to be their true, and ardent, and respectful friends. What humiliating indignities ; what violent insolence ; did the poor, passive BOSWELL suffer, from his baptized ; but in *this* respect, most unchristian GAMALIEL !—Urbanity of manners ; universal mildness, and toleration ; social, and civil benevolence, are the legitimate, and they should be the constant effects of the cultivation of the mind, by literature, poetry, and philosophy*.—

* It will here be proper for me to remark that explicit, and ardent language, is by no means inconsistent with

It is deeply to be regretted, that we frequently meet with contrary qualities in the disciples of this elegant, and sublime cultivation. There are despots in learning, as there are in politicks, and in war. In all probability, we shall be the less annoyed by them, the less that we yield to their insolent encroachments. At all events, we never ought *tamely* to yield to them:—should our resistance prove ineffectual, we shall have acted like men; we shall have done our duty to ourselves, and to the community.

The day to which I refer, is extremely memorable to a lover of the muses, and of liberal society; who has long been exiled from the happy region in which that day was passed; and who is now devoted to a northern soil. Among our other topicks, Dr. WARBURTON claimed our attention; who, I thought, was as much over-rated, as SWIFT had been undervalued, by Dr. JOHNSON. Dr. GOLDSMITH took a part against WARBURTON, whom Dr. JOHNSON strenuously defended, and indeed with many strong arguments, and with bright sallies of eloquence.

these sentiments, and with this conduct; whenever it is our duty freely to animadvert on presumptuous dullness; on the insolence of wealth, and power; or on any kind of injustice.

GOLDSMITH made a poor figure in conversation: in that exercise of the mind, he was as indigent of force, and expression, as JOHNSON was superabundant in both. He ridiculously asserted that WARBURTON was a weak writer. This incongruous, and extremely misapplied characteristick, Dr. JOHNSON refuted, easily, and irresistibly. I shall never forget one of the happy metaphors with which he strengthened, and illustrated his refutation. “WARBURTON (said he) *may* be “absurd; but he will *never* be weak; he *flounders well*.”

I was always an admirer of the character of ALEXANDER the great; but with some strong exceptions; and I thought that QUINTIUS CURTIUS, as a historian, was worthy of his hero. I was ambitious to translate this authour, in a strain corresponding with the spirit, and elegance of the original:—and I began my undertaking in 1771, at my lodgings in bolt-court, in fleet-street. My friends proposed that I should publish my translation by subscription; but as I was not liberally encouraged to proceed, I relinquished this object, after I had translated about a fourth part of the second book of the very eloquent supplement of FRENSHEMIUS. I have the ma-

nuscript now by me :—it was honoured, on the whole, with Dr. JOHNSON's warm approbation ; he had but one objection to it ; it appeared to *him* to be rather encumbered with the latin idiom. After the most impartial examination, I own that I could not find this fault ;—perhaps the candid, and generous attention of the publick, may, one day, permanently, and decisively, ascertain it's merits, and it's defects.

My literary destiny has been often not only peculiarly, but capriciously hostile to my fortune, and to my fame. DAVIES had purchased the property of FENTON's elegant quarto edition of the works of WALLER. He intended to publish a new, and equally elegant, and large edition of that poet ; and engaged me to write his life ; and to add notes to those material passages, where FENTON had omitted them. I executed this task, much to the satisfaction of Mr. DAVIES ; and with the kind approbation of my friends. Unfortunately, DAVIES's circumstances would not permit him to complete his plan. WALLER was published without FENTON's notes, and mine, in a contracted, and mean form ; and my life of him was sold, sometimes

detached from it. After the regretted death of my friend DAVIES, I was very desirous to recover the notes which I had written on WALLER; and I applied for them to Mr. PAYNE, at the mews-gate; and to other booksellers who were his creditors. But my search was vain; they were not to be found. I waited on his widow, my old friend, Mrs. DAVIES, for the purpose of finding those notes; but she could give me no account of them: she then lived in St. JAMES'S-street, near BUCKINGHAM-gate; my visit to *her* diverted my anxiety for my manuscript, by giving me a strong moral, and religious impression. She was *then* meagre, and infirm; all the lustre, and inviting form, were gone, which had given the muse of CHURCHILL a beautiful, but ironical image against her husband.

I think I have already mentioned, in the course of these memoirs, the pleasing information which I received from Mr. GLOVER, the poet, concerning my life of WALLER;—that he was told by a descendant of WALLER, that I had omitted but two material anecdotes in writing that life; which indeed it was impossible for me to insert in it; as they were only in the archives of the family, whom I had not the honour to know. I

think that I have related what these anecdotes were.

Since I wrote this last paragraph, I have examined these memoirs as far as I have continued them ; but I could not find the two facts to which that paragraph alludes, relating to WALLER. I know that I have recorded them somewhere since I came to LESBURY ; and in something that I intended to publish ; but of these objects, I have not at present a distinct remembrance. The humane reader will pardon age, and a variety of disagreeable interruptions to literary pursuits. These two anecdotes, I will here relate. It is better to *repeat* them, than that they should be totally omitted.

Mr. GLOVER told me, that a descendant of WALLER, showed him a short original letter which the poet had received from OLIVER CROMWELL ; in return for the long, and elaborate panegyrick, on *his* policy, and atchievements :—these, as accurately as I can remember, were the very words of the letter :—

“ Cousin WALLER,

“ I have read your poem ; and I thank you
“ for it :—you poets take the liberty of feigning

“what you please. Your poem makes me, what
“you wish me *to be* ; not what I *am*. —

“Your affectionate Cousin,
“O. CROMWELL.”

The second anecdote, which the same gentleman related to Mr. GLOVER, is not of so much consequence ; but it is worthy of being preserved. WALLER, who lived to a great age ; and who had been a witness to many rare, and memorable political events ; had begun to write a history of his own times.—On one evening, when he was proceeding in his work, he heard a noise, and tumult in the street. He ordered a servant to go out, and inquire into the cause of that disturbance. He returned, and brought *his* reason for it.—The noise continued, and he sent out another servant, for the same purpose. In short, two or three different persons gave him very different accounts of the uproar.—“Why,” (said he to himself,) “should I think of transmitting
“to posterity a faithful history of various, and
“complicated actions, and events, many of which
“happened at a great distance from me ; when
“I cannot exactly know what is passing, at this
“moment, under my own window !”—“Enter-

“prises of great pith and moment,” are often rendered abortive by trifles. It is certainly extremely to be regretted, that a trivial circumstance, and the whimsical, and futile inference which WALLER drew from it, should break his intention of persuing, and completing his historical object; which, if it had been executed by *his* abilities, and extensive civil, and political knowledge; would have been a most important acquisition to the annals of this country.

I wrote the life of WALLER in the year 1771, in JOHNSON’S-court, fleet-street (I was then a near neighbour of Dr. JOHNSON) and it was published in 1772. Before I began this work, I consulted Dr. JOHNSON on the materials which were necessary to form it. He immediately mentioned the different authours who had given any account of WALLER; and even the particulars which they had recorded of him. I availed myself of his information; and this was all the assistance that I asked, or that, I hope, I required of him, in writing the life of that gallant, and elegant, but by no means, vigorous, or pathetic poet. To a strong intellect, and to a considerable degree of imagination, nature had united in Dr. JOHNSON, a very retentive me-

mory. This faculty is of the greatest importance to genius ; it is the aliment of it's force ; it is the magazine of it's ambition : it decorates it's eloquence ; it corroborates, and authenticates it's reason ; it enriches, varies, and beautifies it's imagination. It is a commonly received opinion, that those men are endowed by nature with the most tenacious memories, in whose placid, and quiet, or dull minds, the objects of remembrance are not obliterated, or confused, by the violent agitations of passion ; or by the glowing colours, and images of fancy. Hence we have the following observation in POPE's essay on criticism ; in which it is difficult to say, whether we meet with more conspicuous proofs of the animated poet ; or of the elegant, and judicious critick.

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land, while here, the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ;
Thus, in the soul, while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails ;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.

These lines are beautiful ; but they are not just ; I apprehend that they will not bear a close, and

accurate examination; nor a general, and indisputable appeal to facts. I shall beg leave humbly; and with great deference to my divine master, to comment on them. The celebrated writers, in every age, have undoubtedly had all that strong, and retentive memory which is worthy of being possessed. Their works evince this truth; they could not have acquired fame; they could have done nothing that is great, in the illustrious province of intellect, without this endowment. By the natural composition of their mental faculties, they remembered durably, what deserved to be remembered; while they forgot, because they despised, the little uninteresting, and meagre objects, which are spread over the vast and dreary tract of the memory of the dunce, or of the respectable, and tranquil mathematician. The very quality, which according to POPE's authority; who founded his hypothesis on the common theory; the very quality which *he* says is hostile to the memory of those great men; to a useful, and luminous memory, actually promotes it's attention, and vigour. By their powerful sensibility, by their acute perception; by their active, and vivid imagination; they quickly apprehend, and long, and forcibly

retain those ideas, and images, which are worthy to be incorporated into their works ; which give them ornament, and dignity. Such men preserve, with an equal retention, even the dry details of time and place ; when they are connected with lively and interesting circumstances. Surely, then, these ardent, and splendid minds, need not envy the GRONOVIIUSES, the MAGLIABECHIS, and the JEDIDIAH BUXTONS, *their* almost incredibly immense estates, in the unlimited heaths of cold and sluggish remembrance.

Ye polite scholars ; ye generous, and independent authours ; let not your sublimer moral, and literary spirit, divert your attention from the serious discipline of this most useful and invaluable faculty of memory ; and forget not, that by regular, and systematical exercise, it is capable of very great, of astonishing improvement. So, shall it prove a powerful auxiliary to your forcible arguments ; to your noble sentiments, for the good of mankind. It will give evidence to their salutary tendency ; it will demonstrate their truth. I speak from experience ; you will not unkindly tax the benevolent intentions of an old man, with egotism, and ostentation. By attentive reading, and by habituating myself to repe-

tition (perhaps, from gratitude to temperance, I should bring *her* into the account) I find my memory, even at this late period of life, at least as good as ever. I speak with a due sense of the inferiority of my exercise, and acquirements in memory, to those of the great writers of ancient, and modern times: they are as inconsiderable, when they are opposed to *theirs*, as the superior effects of my more honourable toils; of my more revered studies.

Soon after I wrote the life of WALLER; when I had removed to bolt court, in fleet-street, I translated for DAVIES, the antiquities of GREECE, which was written in latin by LAMBERT BOS. That book perhaps, is too concise for sufficient information; yet if it is carefully read, and consulted, it will be found to be of considerable use to the lovers of greek learning; it will instruct the young, and it will refresh the memory of the old scholar. But the inestimable book on *that* subject, is POTTER's greek antiquities: it's clear, and comprehensive account of the arts, and manners of ancient GREECE; and it's pertinent, and elegant quotations, at once greatly improve, and entertain the reader. It is a surprising work; when we consider that it

was the performance of a young man. POTTER's unquestionable title to high church preferment, was, his profound worship, *not* in modern courts; but in the old, and venerable groves of ACADÉMUS; and in the more hallowed garden of GETHSEMANE.

During a part of the year 1771, I compiled the universal magazine for Mr. HINTON, a bookseller in pater-noster-row. For this business I had seven guineas a month; which at that time, was a sum of great importance to my circumstances. But my paymaster was so sordid, and suspicious a creature; it was so difficult to please him; he was such a pretender to judgment, in matters of which he was totally ignorant; and he was so doubtful, that he had not labour enough for his money, that, in a few months, I was obliged to quit my attention to him, and his magazine.

Early in 1773, I published three sermons; two against luxury, and dissipation; and one, on universal benevolence: I wrote the last at KENTISH-town, in the summer of 1770;—the two former, a considerable time after, in LONDON. Like most of my other works, they were too honest, and independent, to be generally

and kindly read ;—but their first reception was of a splendid, and high nature. FLEXNEY, for whom those discourses were printed, told me that his first purchasers, were WILSON, a bookseller in the strand, who bought them for the king's library ; and the dutchess of NORTHUMBERLAND, who called for them, one morning, at his door, in her coach. Her grace had done me the honour to copy my title-page, and sent it in to FLEXNEY.

I sent a copy of these discourses, as a present to Mr. GARRICK. It was a tribute of gratitude for the elegant, and rapturous entertainment, which I had frequently received from the unparalleled exertions of *his* theatrical genius ; and I was ambitious of literary attention. It was likewise, fortunately, *one* prelude to our better acquaintance. On the day after that on which I sent him the sermons, I received from him a card of thanks, written in very polite, and strong terms ; and which I keep, among many letters which I had from him, with great care.—The slightest memorial of departed greatness, acts, with a very powerful influence, on it's surviving friends. The mere sight of it's hand-writing, restores, and displays to our imagination, the

active, and luminous mind, of which it was the instrument; it brings again, the whole person into your apartment.

“ Mr. GARRICK presents his best compliments
“ and acknowledgments to Mr. STOCKDALE; and
“ thinks himself greatly honour’d by his most
“ agreeable present.

“ February 15th.”

I have now come, in the order of time, to my *periculosæ plenum opas aleæ*; to my poem of the poet; which was published by FLEXNEY, in the summer of 1773. A season, which was marked to *me*, by very different objects; by the keen hostilities of resentment, and malignity; and by the polite, and respectful attention of the learned; the elegant; and the fair. I composed a great part of that poem, at PECKHAM, in SURREY, in the summer of 1772; and I finished it in town, early in the spring of 1773. I was, at this time, very desirous of being personally acquainted with Mr. GARRICK; and my desire was gratified by the intervention of my honest, and warm friend, captain EDWARD THOMPSON of the navy. Many lively, and happy convivial

hours have I passed with *this* gentleman; his time was divided between letters, and arms, and pleasure; with the varieties of a town-life, *he* was intimately acquainted;—he was a worshipper of the goddess of love; and in verse, he had celebrated her fair votaries. He was a man of the most intrepid courage; and he was as ardent, and bold, in serving his friend, as he was in fighting the enemy. He wrote many verses on occasional subjects, which were lively, and entertaining. Mr. GARRICK's interest with my lord SANDWICH, the first lord of the admiralty, accelerated captain THOMPSON's promotion in the navy. He, and his son, were TYDEUS, and DIOMEDE; for he was the father of the present sir BOULTON THOMPSON; who, of late years, has distinguished himself, at a period which is remarkably fertile of brave men;—this gentleman gave immortal proofs of a most determined valour, and of a masterly conduct, in the LEANDER; at ABOUKIR, and at ——— and he afterwards lost his leg, at the glorious engagement with the DANES off COPENHAGEN. Captain EDWARD THOMPSON died a commodore, on the coast of AFRICA, in the year ———.

As a preparative to my introduction to Mr.

GARRICK, captain THOMPSON, at my desire, sent him *the poet*, in manuscript:—I had copied it very distinctly. My friend, with his usual generous partiality to what I wrote, had announced it to our great actor, as an *excellent poem*. GARRICK, after perusing it, sent to THOMPSON the following note; it was laconick; but to *me*, it was invaluable.—“I am in raptures with the poem; it is excellent indeed.”—This note I have unfortunately lost. Captain THOMPSON, who was well acquainted with the sensibility of a poet; and with his delight in fame, which buoys him up, above all difficulties, and mortifications, dispatched the card to me, the moment after he had read it. The praise of such a man, wonderfully fired my imagination; and as soon as I could recover from the charming paroxysm of transport which it gave me, I sat down and wrote to Mr. GARRICK a short poetical address on the occasion; which, in the year 1778 was published in my miscellanies.

My acquaintance with the roscius of ENGLAND (to which I was introduced by captain THOMPSON) began before my poem was published; and it continued with substantial offices of friendship on *his* part, till his death.

The poet, immediately after it came out, was read, and approved; I may add, ingenuously, and without ostentation, that it was admired, by our first judges of poetical merit. *Some* parts of it's character they disapproved; it's freedom in personal satire; and it's display of some national prejudices; which I have, since very much regretted; *not* from any fear of the persons offended; not from any inconveniencies which the obnoxious passages have occasioned to me; but from the dispassionate, and serious reflections of a liberal prudence; and of a generous morality.

It is sensibly remarked by the late lord ORFORD, that a poet who has no foundation in life, but the business of an authour, is a great enemy to his interest, and fame, if he rashly ventures on personal satire. He farther observes, that POPE, who was never in poor circumstances, and who from his dawning reputation, was honoured with the friendship, and admiration of our greatest men, did not indulge an inclination to personal satire, till he had established his fortune. And POPE was certainly a good model of prudence; though he could not claim that virtue, in the estimation of arrogance, and stu-

pidity. When genius resents the ridiculous, and encroaching presumption of dullness, and insolence, only as they deserve; they are eager to tear from it all pretensions to *prudence*;—they are eager to humiliate all its honours; by charging it with an ungovernable, and childish irritability. They can see no impropriety in treating superiour beings with rudeness, and disdain; nor in attempting, by an impotent competition, to shade their laurels.

Conscience by no means reproaches me with any great guilt that I have incurred, from the suggestions of my satyrical muse. Almost all those on whom I have been severe, have well deserved my severity. But I will advise every poet, should he even be affluent, and exalted in life, to abstain from personal satire; for the following reasons. The writer who applies it to notorious, and impudent vices, appears to *be* what he really *is*, in equitable, and virtuous theory; a very respectable, and useful member of the community, and a friend to mankind. For he inflicts a just punishment on those, whose guilt may perhaps elude the cognizance of the laws.—But the misfortune *is*, that evil recoils on himself; without any good, to the culprit, or to

the publick. The generous, and open assertor of particular, and envied virtue; the generous, and open avenger of particular, and flagrant vice; must expect to meet with many mortifying disappointments, and privations. The world will seem to take a part with the criminals of the poet; *not* from any regard for *them*; but from their dread of the lightning of the muse; from their consciousness of their own obliquity. They will meanly, and timorously retire from the man, whom they ought to esteem, and love; and from whom they might be sure of liberal and friendly treatment; if their conduct to *him* was confident, and manly. They feel their own vulnerable parts; and they shun the hand that has a formidable weapon, always keen, and always ready. But they are so purr-blind, as not to see, that a generous heart will never dart that weapon wantonly; never, but when irreverent impertinence; or insolent, and triumphant vice, calls it forth.

Thus, well-intentioned, but unfortunate genius, meets only with coldness, and frowns, from that publick, by whom, if they were virtuous, it would be rewarded. Nor does his just, and poignant censure, produce the amendment of

the offenders. Undoubtedly they fret and chafe; and bluster, for a moment; but they soon recover their former composure, and cheerfulness; and they soon return to their former habits:—they laugh at the fruitless attack of the poet; and probably, they laugh at their own follies, at their own vices, and crimes: the conceited, and incorrigible blockhead, scribbles on; and the hardened state-plunderer, continues his depredations on his country.

Thus, I hold personal satire, at all times; in all places; and in all circumstances, to be ineligible. Though I own that it is very difficult to abstain from firing; when the warm sportsman of APOLLO has started a very inviting quarry. It will be evident from what has been advanced above, that personal satire should be avoided, with a particular caution, by the poet whose talents are his only estate; who is neither fortified by wealth, nor by powerful friends. Genius favoured by fortune, has all the range, and external energy, that it could wish; it even shines with a lustre more than it's own; a lustre, which either converts jealousy, and detraction, into respect, and praise; or easily represses, and subdues their pestilential breath. With HORACE'S

good leave, the *quidlibet audendi* is only the *potestas* of prosperous, and affluent poets: *they* can flatter the self-love; promote the pleasures; and supply the luxury, which are so dear to the heart of man;—*these* bribes will engage, and secure their train of assiduous companions, admirers, and specious friends; nay, it will be augmented by these attractions, far more than it will be diminished by the severity of their muse. All attention to the repelling austerity of satire, will be absorbed in a devotion to the captivating smiles of fortune.

On the publication of *the poet*, it was honoured with several verses in it's praise, in the publick papers, which deserved the gratitude of poetical ambition; some of them were elegantly written by female genius. Some dull, and malignant rhymes against it, likewise appeared; I might have expected *them*, on account of the personal satire which it contained: agreeably, however, to my experience in life, and books; by setting these attacks of malice against the encomiums which I had received; or rather by estimating the joint significance of both, I inferred that this bold effort of my muse, was not without it's merit.

GARRICK was always collected, and animated on the stage; he was always equal to the vivacity, or burlesque humour; to the elegance, or dignity; to the fire, or sublimity of his part. But he did not, in *some* respects so well sustain the various scenes, and situations, in which it may be our fortune to act, in the drama of life. He had not always a firm, and independent mind. This defect he showed, on *some* particular occasions. I do not mean to bring a severe charge of this kind against him, because he declined from accepting my offer of dedicating *the poet* to him: the very many free passages in the poem, would probably have made it's avowed patron obnoxious to publick censure. And the general good will, and approbation of the publick, were of particularly great consequence to the interest, and fame of GARRICK. We are likewise to consider, that his *glory* was an unpardonable crime in the eyes of little, envious, and malignant spirits; and that *they* were always eager to seize a material, or a trivial occasion, to disparage his talents, and his virtues. His manner of waving the acceptance of my intention to prefix to *the poet* the dedication to which I allude, was so polite, and generous, that it was

impossible for me to be offended with his caution, and delicacy. Let me presume to say, thou candid, and liberal reader, that the epistle by which I intended to consecrate my production to the *manes* of SHAKESPEARE, and to the great high priest who burned the most fragrant incense on his altar, was not altogether unworthy of the objects to which it was addressed. It was not contaminated with a particle of that adulation which too commonly makes the whole strain of dedications : the substance of it was a general vindication of true modern poets : I endeavoured to show that the elasticity, action, and variety of genius, was of infinite nature, extent, and display ; that therefore, there was always place for new sentiments, or for repeated sentiments, with the aid of a more artful arrangement ; and of more engaging ornaments ; for the creation of invention, and for the diversified pictures of imagination ; and that the intellectual matter, as well as manner, of different authours, might eternally proceed, in thoughts ; and in language, characteristically their own. The dedication concluded with that manly praise of GARRICK which he highly deserved. It was published in my

miscellanies ; and I hope that it will be *re-published*, to be read, and to live.

GARRICK had hinted to me the imprudence of the personal liberties which I had taken ; and I believe that he spoke more explicitly on this subject to some of my best friends. I wish that he had given his sentiments more unreservedly, and freely, to *me*. But his caution, and politeness prevented this complete explanation ; as our acquaintance was, then, but of a recent date. In such a case, he would have been the downright friend of the young, and too adventurous authour ; but I have always been (even when I acted from the best principles, and sentiments) not only a singular, and eccentric, but a most unfortunate being. In the summer of 1773, I met GARRICK in the strand, on his return from the country ; he told me that he had heard that *the poet* was published, and with all it's imperfections on it's head ; he seemed to be rather surprised at this bold manner of publication, and to be sorry for it.

Yet he was still generously pleased, under the shade of anonymous precaution, to cling to this unfortunate piece. He wrote two or three let-

ters, which contained some liberal criticism on the passages which he most approved; they were addressed to the editor of the public advertiser; and they were inserted in that paper: the letters were signed, CANDIDE; and they may yet be read in the collected papers of the public advertiser, of my old friend, HENRY SAMSON WOODFALL, for the year 1773. But the secret unfortunately transpired that those letters were written by GARRICK; and he immediately dropped his intention of writing more.

My great theatrical friend, indulged his affection for my poem, in verse as well as in prose. FLEXNEY, met me one morning, and showed me some verses which he had just received by the penny-post, in high praise of *the poet*; from a hand unknown. GARRICK afterwards told me that the verses were written by *him*. I know not in what paper they were published, by the application of FLEXNEY; I am truly sorry that I have lost them: I only remember the two concluding lines; which contain a pun; though they are poetical, and animated. I must give the history, and explanation of those two lines.

Just before *the poet* was published, the world of taste, and wit, were highly entertained

with “ a heroick epistle to sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS ;” who had most ridiculously, and in an elaborate performance, recommended to the king, to adopt the vast extent, and the equally vast monsters of oriental, or chinese gardening. A piece of finer, and more poignant poetical irony, never was written. The satire was illustrated, and rendered keener by the notes which were at very pertinent places, extracts from the exotic letter of sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, I, one morning, called on lord LYTTELTON, just after he had read this poem ; and I never heard higher, and warmer admiration expressed, of any production of the kind, than what *he* gave to the *heroick epistle*. It was, I will venture to say, foolishly given, by many people, to MASON : it was totally different from *his* manner ; it’s force ; it’s acuteness ; it’s delicacy, and urbanity of genius, proved that *he* was incapable to write it ; yet he was absurdly, and conceitedly offended with those who supposed him to be the authour of it ; that poet, who was certainly very little above mediocrity, fancied that his abilities, and his fame, were grossly injured by the mistaken supposition.

GARRICK, in the tenour of the praise,

with which he honoured *the poet*; observed, that our poetical APOLLO had been long shrouded from our sight by the various clouds of dullness; but now, adds he, the splendid deity (I do not accurately remember his words)

Forth from the *eastern chambers* sheds his ray,
And in *The Poet*, pours a flood of day.

I am not so arrogant as to take all this praise as a tribute which my poem deserved; but I hope that it is a testimony of its real merit; and the kind partiality of a GARRICK, is a degree of glory.

FLEXNEY, and I, were at first puzzled by the signature to the verses which GARRICK had sent him. It was D. L.—but in my conversation with my celebrated friend afterwards, he solved the enigma: he told me, that he meant by D. L. drury-lane.

My very indifferent circumstances made me anxious for literary employment. I cannot exactly mention the time to which I allude. I communicated the state of my finances, and my wishes, to Dr. JOHNSON; with whom I often conversed; as we lived near to each other. For *one* favour I was greatly obliged to him; he always had a too high opinion of my abilities.

He proposed that I should write a history of Spain; he gave me his sentiments largely on the subject; he mentioned the books that were to guide me; the foundation, extent, and management of my plan; and other particulars relative to the projected work, which I have now forgotten. He advised me to go immediately to CADELL, and to open my proposals to him. He authorized me to say that *he* had advised the work; and that he thought me very well qualified to perform it. We had settled the pecuniary terms which I was to demand for writing this history. JOHNSON drove me almost by force, to my interview with CADELL; for I knew the natural self-sufficiency, and flippancy of the man; and how the consciousness of wealth would operate in *his* mind, against one who was without fortune, and protection; therefore I did not expect to adventure so safely under the shield of my literary AJAX, as TEUCER did, under that of the Telamonian hero. He received me drily; and with a petty vulgar air of superiority. This prelude to our business, did not disconcert me; for it was not unexpected. I told him the work in which I wished to be engaged; and how I intended to conduct it. He heard me like one who

vouchsafed attention ; and made some remarks on my proposals, which I cannot, at present, recollect. But if I rightly remember, he presumed to improve on the plan which had been fixed by Dr. JOHNSON, and me. He then asked me what sum I expected for writing my intended history. I have forgotten what the sum was which I demanded : I know that my terms were very moderate ; my situation, and my misfortunes did not permit me to ask a recompence that was adequate to my task, and perhaps to my ability to perform it. Reasonable, however, as my demand was, it gave CADELL another opportunity of exhibiting his repulsive manner. With half-averted face ; —“ Do you know, “ sir,” (said he) “ what you ask ?” I now saw that nothing was to be done with him ; and that to treat with him any farther, would be the folly of pusillanimity ; I therefore prolonged this unequal meeting ; I suffered this intellectual indignity, but a moment more ;—while with the tameness of adversity ; or with the philosophy of stoicism, I civilly took my leave.

Soon after I waited on Dr. JOHNSON ; and gave him an account of my interview with CADELL. He heard it with indignation ; and

seemed rather surprised at it ; he owned that in *this* instance, I was superior to *him* in the prophetic spirit. Dr. JOHNSON'S general views of human nature, were just, and comprehensive ; and in his closet ; in a paper of the rambler ; he could enforce the history of mankind, with strength of argument ; and he could enlighten, and adorn it with the colours of imagination. But he was not acquainted with men in detail ; he was apt to be deceived by flattery, and by other specious appearances : consequently, in the course of the day ; in the business of the hour ; he often mistook the character, and lost his object.

About a year, I believe, after the publication of *the poet*, I accidentally met CADELL in company. I called on my old, and dear friend JESSE FOOTE, a surgeon of that eminence which he deserves ; who perhaps will remember what I am now going to relate. His servant told me that he had dined at the OXFORD coffee-house ; where he then was, with some gentlemen. Thither I went ; he left his company to speak with me ; but eagerly pressed me to join them. On entering the room, I was not a little surprised to find in it a large conclave of book-

sellers ; the literary cardinals of authours : it is very certain that they had not met, to elect *me* for their pope. They received me with great civility ; though I perceived some reciprocal, and significant looks, and smiles. Fortunately for a victory over petty resentments, and for a diffusion of convivial, and agreeable sentiments, I had drank my glass after dinner, as well as they :—BACCHUS, prudently worshipped, is a truly genial, and beneficent deity ; he not only softens the asperities of fortune, but likewise those of the malignant, and painful passions. Nay, he sometimes works effects which cannot be accomplished by the arguments of reason, and by the motives of a *better* religion : by the energy of his powerful influence, he sometimes makes moral proselytes ; he converts enemies into friends.

My friend CADELL was in the chair ; he treated me with a particular attention, and respect. The man who believes that the politeness which he receives ; that the ardent professions which are made to him, in the common range of society, are the action, and the language of sincerity, has lived in vain, as far as *experience* is useful : yet good manners, whether they come from the heart

or not, have their great immediate significance ; they decorate, and endear those happy moments which are devoted to conviviality, and to mirth. *He* who contributes to make those moments glide smoothly on ; he, who contributes to animate, and gild them in their course, deserves well of his fellow creatures ; for he adds to the flowers, and he brightens the climate of those little fortunate islands that stud the tumultuous ocean of life.

I was most agreeably surprised at the metamorphosis of CADELL's behaviour to me : it made an immediate, and warm impression in my heart ; and I regretted my stricture against him, in *the poet*. I took this opportunity, strongly to express my regret before *him*, and all the company. My concession resulted from the lively, and powerful impulse of the moment ; and it was perfectly sincere, and disinterested ; *this* honest assertion, I have no doubt that they who have hitherto favoured these memoirs with their undivided attention ; and who consequently, must be thoroughly convinced that I have been *as* little selfish as I have been provident, will easily believe. Indeed, when I see *that* permanent malignity, which too often makes a part of

the human character, I wonder at *my* freedom from that diabolical quality ; and congratulate with myself, on the happy exemption. For many years, water, or whey, has been my only beverage ; but under this inexpressibly blessed regimen, my heart has always been as warm, and forgiving, as when I copiously drank wine. Thanks be to my original nature ; to God, it's heavenly authour ; and to the doctrines which I have deeply imbibed from great, and glorious examples, and from our divine, and crucified master.—I do not chuse to court sullenness, or insolence ;—but I could, at any time, meet my most persevering, and rudest enemy, by half, or by two-thirds of the way, in the path of delightful, and christian reconciliation.

My generous declaration electrified CADELL ; but the effects of all electricity are often very temporary :—he immediately rose from his chair, ardently took my hand, praised the liberality of my heart ; and emphatically assured me that he would, at all times, be happy essentially to befriend me. I gave ample credit to his assertion ; of which, at that time, I by no means thought of availing myself : about a year after, however, I tried him, as a bookseller ; but I

found that his zeal had been momentary;—that it had been but a kind of physical ebullition; in short, that he had not learned the amiable, and inestimable art—to forgive.

I had measured *his* mind by my own; and I thought it ungenerous to suspect that he was insincere, or inconstant in his professions. I remember that I applied to him twice or thrice, for literary employment; when a fair object was presented to my view; and when the choice of an authour was left to *his* judgment, to arrange, and correct a manuscript, which had been entrusted to *his* care; and to make it, in every way, fit for publication.—But he always declined from engaging with me;—his excuses; his apologies; his reasons; were too flimsy even to be specious:—I compared *them* with the old distant, and stiff manner which he had resumed; and I immediately broke off *this* persuit; I gave up all hopes of succeeding with CADELL, as an authour.

I remember that I made one of my applications to him, when I was at PORTSMOUTH; by the intervention of a friend, who was a man of a good understanding, and of a spirited mind. He called on CADELL, on my account, at his

house in the strand; and communicated to him my proposals. He treated him with a good deal of coldness, and haughtiness.—I must here observe that I had often expressed to my friends my intention of striking out the obnoxious lines, whenever I should republish *the poet*. My ambassador to this monarch of the booksellers, was endowed both with eloquence, and with humour; in the letter in which he acquainted me with the unsuccessful treaty, he earnestly requested me to let the very pertinent verses keep their place; if I meant to do the man *justice*.

When I was a very young man, I remember frequently to have seen CADELL in MILLER'S shop: he was, *then*, his apprentice, or journeyman; and in very humble, and shabby plight. When we act well, in a state of prosperity; when in that state, our conduct is amiably, and nobly distinguished, by modesty, sobriety, and generosity; our original poverty makes a part of our virtuous glory. But when a high spring-tide of fortune has produced very different effects in our sentiments, and practice;—when it has intoxicated our moral sense, and whirled us from the seat of wisdom, and benevolence; we should

then be reminded of the time when that immense influx of accidental, and adscititious externals, had not poured in upon our destiny ; had not inflated, and corrupted the soul with some of it's worst maladies ;—with selfishness ; folly ; pride ; and presumption.

In the year 1773, the empress of RUSSIA had ordered MOUSKIN POUSKIN, her ambassadour at our court, to engage six english literary gentlemen, for instructors of her young nobility, in her academy at PETERSBURGH. My situation, in my own country, was, at that time, so ineligible, that, for fair emolument, I would have emigrated even to those regions,

“ Where winter barricades the realm of frost——”

But that magnificent empress, who thought no sum too great for the gratification of her abominable passions, was now inviting englishmen from LONDON to PETERSBURGH, by the despicable offer of entertainment, and apartments in her academy, with a salary of 100l. sterling a year. I rejected the offer, without hesitation ; and my refusal was sanctioned with the warm approbation of my friends.—In conversing with Dr. JOHNSON on the subject ;—“ Sir (said he)

“ people generally go to settle in foreign coun-
“ tries, for some strong, and persuasive reasons;
“ for interest; or for pleasure; or for inform-
“ ation.—The object of interest that is proposed
“ to you, is wretched, indeed;—nor would any
“ body think of going to the sixtieth degree of
“ latitude, if he had pleasure in view;—and if
“ you were desirous of improving your know-
“ ledge, you might certainly learn more in a
“ LONDON coffee-house, than in the whole capi-
“ tal of PETERSBURGH.”

About this time, I made a visit to Mr. DODS-
LEY, the eminent bookseller in pall-mall. He
was a very sensible man; he had much expe-
rience of the world; and by his long connexion
with literary men, he had many interesting anec-
dotes. I communicated to him my splendid
offer from the imperial CATHERINE:—he valued
it as it had been estimated by my other friends:
and it reminded him of the fortune of Mr. DU-
MERRICK, an english clergyman, with the em-
press of RUSSIA, which he then related to me.
Mr. DUMERRICK went to PETERSBURGH, in
consequence of an invitation from the empress
(on what terms I have now forgotten) to form a
plan for the education of her young nobility;

and to be one of their principal tutors. After his arrival at the russian capital, he gave his diligent attention to the work that had been proposed to him.—In his literary plan, like a man of elegant taste, and an excellent scholar, as he was, he made the study of the greek language a primary object.—In perusing the system of education which Mr. DUMERRICK had arranged; she contemptuously told him, that she was determined not to make pedants of her young subjects.—That gentleman, who was a man of spirit, and conscious of his honourable profession, immediately requested, and obtained her leave to return home.—In one morning of very interesting, and improving conversation with Dr. JOHNSON on ancient learning, I mentioned this instance of her imperial majesty's disdain of the athenian school.—“It was just like a foolish woman (said he) who had read VOLTAIRE, and D'ALEMBERT, and those childish authors.”

Dr. BUTLER, who was bishop of OXFORD, but who died bishop of HEREFORD, was a man of talents, and learning. He did me the honour to give his literary esteem to my life of WALLER. This gentleman told me, that when Mr. WALLER,

the heir to the family-estate, was on a visit to him at FARNHAM, in SURREY, he, one morning laid my life of the poet on the table, that it might catch his eye, when he came down to breakfast:—"I thought (said Dr. BUTLER) that
"as he was a man of large fortune; from his
"veneration for a memory which did him great
"honour; and from his approbation of your
"performance, which it well deserved; he might
"prove essentially your friend."—The desired effect was naturally produced; he took up my pamphlet, and read the title-page;—"Ah! (said
"he) this is the life of my illustrious ancestor! I
"will take it up to my room, and read it, after
"breakfast."—At dinner, he told Dr. BUTLER, that he had read the life with great pleasure; and that he would purchase a copy of it; for he liked to encourage literary merit. The price of my life of WALLER was *two shillings*. Dr. JOHNSON was highly entertained, when I gave him this instance of the liberality of the unworthy descendant of the great EDMUND WALLER:—"Whenever (said he) you tell this anecdote, you
"must not forget to mention the price of your
"little book; if you do, you will rob your epi-
"gram of it's sting.—This munificence of Mr.

“ WALLER (added the doctor) brings to my re-
“ collection, a similar specimen of the generosity
“ of one of the customers of my father, who was
“ a bookseller.—This man was purchasing a
“ book; and pressed my father to let him have it
“ at a far less price than it was worth.—When
“ his other topicks of persuasion failed, he had
“ recourse to *one* argument, which, he thought,
“ would infallibly prevail:—‘ You know, Mr.
“ ‘ JOHNSON, that I buy an almanack of you,
“ ‘ every year.’ ”

In the summer of 1773, when several ships of war were put into commission, I was desirous of having a chaplainship in one of them. I expressed my wish to GARRICK; who, I knew, was very zealously disposed to befriend me. Fool that I was; I am certain that he had so much influence with the great, that he might, at that time, have obtained for me a benefice in the church; if I had made it the object of my request: and I have no doubt that he would have exerted his utmost interest to procure me that better preferment. My lord SANDWICH was then, the first lord of the admiralty; with whom GARRICK was on the most intimate footing. He wrote to his lordship very warmly in my

favour; and in a short time after, I was appointed chaplain to the RESOLUTION, a guardship of seventy-four guns; which was lying at SPITHEAD. I was chaplain to the RESOLUTION for almost three years: during which period, I lived in several places, and in different modes of life; on board of the RESOLUTION;—at PORTSMOUTH;—in the ISLE of WIGHT; and in LONDON.—In the variety of my local situations, I was, now, neither prudent, nor fortunate; yet I still continued, agreeably to the uniform tenour of my life, in *this* respect, to be a constant worshipper of the muses; and to this beautiful religion, I was devoted, both by necessity, and affection. I passed much of my time with Mr. FITZMAURICE, at KNIGHTON-house, a delightful seat, in the elysian ISLE of WIGHT. This gentleman was brother to the marquis of LANS-
DOWN: our acquaintance cominenced at GAR-
RICK's. He had read *the poet*; and *that* poem, he told me, made him wish for a personal knowledge of the authour. He pretended to be a friend, and a kind of patron of literary men; but from his capricious, and overbearing temper; and from his total want of true generosity, he never substantially proved, and dignified his

pretensions. He made to me some specious, and important promises, which were never fulfilled. His unequal, and disgusting behaviour, certainly embittered many of those hours which might have been happily spent in literary exertion, and in social pleasure. My spirit is naturally high, and independent; I hope that its mortifications have contributed to meliorate its moral practice, in my declining years.—I am meeting the petty cavil; the unreflecting sneer:—it is not inconsistent with the best discipline of the mind, on all proper occasions, to assert its manly privileges; and to publish unreserved, and even obnoxious truths; in the cause of rational liberty, and of the generous virtues. I was then, in the thirty-seventh year of my age; and with all my improvidence, I was anxious for a permanent, and easy establishment;—therefore I bore some illiberal treatment from Mr. FITZMAURICE; which, on account of my unfortunate situation in life, will be more readily pardoned by the humane and good, than it will be reconciled to the constitution, and habits of my own mind.

The RESOLUTION, during the time that I was chaplain to her, had three commanders; Lord HOTHAM; Captain HOLWELL; and Sir CHA-

LONER OGLE. As a literary man, I was far from being idle, in this part of my life. I strenuously prosecuted my profession of an author; and I improved myself in liberal learning. When I was in LONDON, I had free access to GARRICK's library; it contained the best Roman authors; and the most eminent writers in modern literature. He and I looked, one day, into an excellent french book written by SABBATIER;—"The institutions, customs, and manners of the ancient nations." On examining it farther, we were both of opinion, that it was very likely to succeed, if it was well translated into english: we proposed the object to my old convivial friend, BECKET; who, I thank God, is still in the land of the living; and I sincerely hope that he enjoys his bottle as rapturously as ever. An agreement was made; and to translate SABBATIER, was a part of my employment, while the RESOLUTION was my head-quarters. My translation made two volumes in octavo; it was published in 1766. The collection of these antiquities of SABBATIER is made, and very judiciously, from the most approved ancient authors. I was very careful to translate it, at once faithfully and elegantly; I wrote a long pre-

face to my translation, which I hope, will be found to be interesting, and useful. The frenchman's work is not so well known as it deserves to be ; I take this opportunity, sincerely to recommend it, as a very instructive, and entertaining production, to general readers ; and if it is carefully perused, it will certainly be of particular, and great use to the young students of polite learning. While I was proceeding in my translating task, I relieved, brightened, and diversified this humble mode of employing my mind, with original composition. I wrote six discourses ; of which the longest, and perhaps the best, was preached on different sundays, on board of the RESOLUTION. To those discourses, an introduction is prefixed ; in which I have endeavoured to show, that the practical morality of the scriptures ; and of the most illustrious philosophers of GREECE, and ROME, are essentially the same ; and that a religious adherence to those divine systems for human conduct, is the only infallible means to make the man happy ; and to exalt his soul nearest to perfection. I likewise endeavoured to raise christianity, from the low ground ; from the dejected state to which she had been thrown, by her false, and artfully pretended, or

by her real, but undistinguishing, and vulgar friends ; or by her avowed, malignant, and industrious enemies. I endeavoured to emancipate her from the passive, and squalid inertness ; from the miserable captivity, to which she had been reduced, by profane, or gloomy magicians ; I endeavoured to give her, her natural, and honest distinctions ; her manly assertions of energetick, and noble sentiment ; her various, expansive, and sublime range ; the virtuous, and pious ; but free, and intrepid throws, and sallies of the soul. It was the pride of *my* mind to reinstate her in her original, and indisputable rights ; which had been denied her by a JENYNS ; under the mask of false friendship ; and I believe with a timid, a GIBBONIAN disposition to sneer ; and which have since been denied her by a PALEY ;*

* “ Astronomy is not the best medium, through which “ to prove the agency of an intelligent creator.”—“ The “ heavenly bodies do not, except in the case of SATURN’S “ ring, present themselves to our observation as compounded “ of parts at all.”—PALEY’S natural theology.—“ The present life is not a state of retribution ;” [he means, of *reward*] “ it is not a state of punishment.” He finds “ something analagous to the resurrection of the body, in the “ economy of nature.”—*ibid.*

Notwithstanding the ill-founded, and unsubstantial repu-

and undoubtedly with an upright intention, as *he* is of the sacerdotal profession; but with a very erroneous, and contracted view of her mild, yet spirited code; and with a want of taste for her luminous, beautiful, and glorious precepts. It was my endeavour, and my pride, to invest her in her legitimate honours; in those beneficial, and ardent virtues, which have consecrated; which have almost deified the most illustrious names that are recorded in the annals of mankind. Ye theolotiation, which this writer has acquired from clerical authority, and from implicit, and unreflecting imitation;—would a person of an *impartial*, and *independent mind*, if *he was only endowed with common-sense*, find any importance in these gross, and *confident* absurdities; would he condescend to give them any particular answer? For the sake, however, of a most momentous object, that of practical morality, which is here deprived of it's most powerful encouragements, and warnings, I shall insist, that virtue has, constantly, in some way, it's evident, and heartfelt reward; and vice, it's evident, and tormenting punishment, in the present life.—When I said that practical morality was deprived of it's most powerful encouragements, and warnings, by this *perverse*, and indeed, *profane* doctrine of Dr. PALEY; I spoke, from our unvaried experience of the general feelings, and conduct of mankind; who are far more deeply impressed, in their sentiments, and more forcibly determined in their actions, by immediate, and habitual, than by distant, and unknown objects.

gical spies, or dotards; can ye read the history of the celestial JESUS; sublime in a commanding dignity; amiable, yet awful, with a divine force of action; can ye seriously, and attentively read *his* history; and afterwards can ye doubt that he was the first of friends, of patriots, and of heroes?

I wrote my six sermons in the high-street of PORTSMOUTH; at KNIGHTON-house, in the isle of WIGHT; and in St. MARY's street, at PORTSMOUTH; in my lodgings opposite to a noted house; which, at that time was distinguished by the name of "The green rails;" where the riotous orgies of NAXUS, and CYTHERA, contrasted *my* quiet, and purer occupations. The sermons were published by Mr. CONANT; who was then a bookseller in fleet-street; and who has long been a magistrate in MARLBOROUGH-street.

Near the same time; and in the same places, I wrote my "poetical excursions in the isle of WIGHT."—In this poem, I take my view of the rich, diversified, and finely contrasted scenery of that happy island; I celebrate the charms of it's women, for which it has always been justly renowned; and I indulge the best habits of my mind, in moral, and political strains; which, I trust, are neither ill-founded, nor uninteresting.

I have frequently despaired of having any enjoyment ; or of ever ultimately succeeding, as an authour ; and at those junctures of despondency, I have unfortunately acted agreeably to the prostration of my hopes. I have on *such* occasions, committed the work in which I was immediately engaged ; and others, to the flames. I am now glad, that like CORTES, I did not burn all my ships ; to prevent my consecration in the temple of APOLLO ; those active, and invincible yachts of glory ; which, notwithstanding all the storms that they have suffered ; notwithstanding all the invidious embargoes that have been laid upon them ; let malice permit me ; and let generosity encourage me to hope ; will yet be favoured with balmy, and friendly gales ; and waft me to fame and to immortality.

I shall here beg leave to insert the conclusion of my poetical excursions in the isle of WIGHT, which I flatter myself will be entertaining and interesting, in a moral and poetical view.

While thus he ranges unconfined,
And glory fires his ardent mind ;
While primitive enjoyments are forgot
The simple objects of the rural vale
Suggest *their* interesting tale ;

The smoak that issues from a neighbouring cot
Reminds him of the peasant's happy lot ;
And by the bleating sheep, from *their* adjacent fold,
With stronger energy the rustick tale is told.

The chaste, the philosophic mause,
Enamoured of these humble views,
Invites him to the sage's favourite home ;
Whence that her votary ne'er may wish to roam,
She paints the scenes of public life ;
Their tumult, their anxiety ; their strife ;
Describes the pangs of an illustrious fate ;
Tells him, ambition's palm to gain,
To vice exposes, and to pain ;
'Tis safety to be good ; 'tis danger to be great.

She paints the realms of rosy health,
Who dwells not with the pallid lords of wealth ;
Who dwells not with the literary train,
Of erudition's toil, of lucubration vain :

She paints the pure, and lasting joys,
Which care, with haggard aspect ne'er annoys :
Tells him, if genuine bliss he means to know,
He must not soar too high, nor sink too low ;
Nor court the gorgeous throne ; nor seek the dreary cell ;
With nature, peace, and truth, she bids the wanderer dwell.

What I deem the most fatal of those acts of a
shameful pusillanimity (though no man has had
more than *I* have had, to drive him out of the
path to literary celebrity) was my burning of my
history of GIBRALTAR, on which I had bestowed

much attention, pains, and accuracy. *This* loss I shall ever severely regret ; amongst the worst events of my life.

At other times, too, when I have been particularly anxious to write well ; I have hardly had any power to go on ; I have found it inexpressibly difficult to please myself ; and hence I have suffered a kind of mental torture. This was among the principal causes which repeatedly impelled me to abjure all intellectual exertion. In one of those hopeless, and inglorious depressions of my mind ; when I had written about three hundred lines of my “ poetical excursions in the isle of “ WIGHT,” I destroyed them. But I soon repented of what I had done ; I recovered my former vivacity, and ardour ; I proceeded, and finished my poem ; after I had exactly recollected, by a fortunate strength of memory, all the verses which were lost.

I met GIBBON, the historian, twice, at GARRICK’S. He was an accomplished scholar ; and an eminent writer ; but he got higher fame than he deserved. His face, and person were the reverse of graceful ; and there was a stiffness, and solemnity in his *social*, which resembled the form of his *literary* manner. As a pertinacious

insidious, and most ungenerous enemy of the christian religion, I shall always view his character, and memory, with extreme disgust. I had, on that morning, showed to GARRICK the manuscript of my “poetical excursions.” He read several stanzas of the poem, with an energy, and fire, that were all his own. GIBBON was very attentive, and highly pleased with them. I gave a large, and warm tribute to the late famous WILKES: as a patriot, at least, in an ever memorable part of his *conduct*; as an intrepid, and persevering assertor of some of the most sacred privileges of englishmen, he well deserved it. GIBBON’s feelings, and sentiments of warm approbation, were immediately changed, while that eulogy was recited: he turned to me, and said, “sir, I am sorry that *you*, who so highly deserve “the laurel, should bring such *discredit* on “your poetry.”—I bowed to him; while gratitude principally dictated my obeisance. For expressions of political prejudice from such a man as GIBBON, ample reparation is made by his encomium.

In my same lodgings at PORTSMOUTH, in St. MARY’s street, I wrote my “elegy on the death “of a lady’s linnet.”—The subject may seem

trivial to people of common feelings, and ideas ; but it will not be uninteresting to sensibility ; to thinking, and elegant minds. I well remember that it deeply interested *me* ; and therefore that it produced *not* one of my weakest, and worst-written poems.

This poem was read in manuscript by my dear, and much lamented friend, Mr. WILLIAM WOTY. He wrote me a letter of warm compliment on the subject, when I was with Mr. FITZMAURICE, at LLEWENEY, near DENBIGH, in NORTH WALES: I remember *one* expression in that letter; he told me, that when I composed that elegy, the true *æstrum veneris* must have been my inspiration.

My tenderness of heart ; my vivid, and affectionate remembrance of many convivial, and happy hours ; will not suffer me to mention the name of WOTY, without a sincere, and friendly tribute to his memory. He was such a man as very seldom enlivens, and adorns society ; and makes it particularly dear to the heart, and mind. He was a good scholar, and a true poet ; though *not* in a very elevated degree. He was very much loved, and esteemed by CHURCHILL. He wrote many excellent songs ; and sung them himself, with a very agreeable voice ; and with great

dramatick humour. Several of them were written on the remarkable characters, and on the gaieties of the town ; for no man was better acquainted, than my friend WOTY, with all the varieties of life, and manners, which abound in LONDON. Few men, who have been endowed with *his* vigour of mind ; and who have long mixed with the passions, and contended with the difficulties of a great metropolis ; have possessed *his* mild and affable nature ; *his* undesigning and benevolent heart. He was bred to the law ; but he was of too convivial, and poetical a frame to endure the long course of dry study which an excellence in that profession demands. He unfortunately threw away some of his years, in attending my lord FERRARS ; and in expecting favours from him, which he had repeatedly promised, but which he never performed. He died before he was an old man ; to which premature event, I am afraid that his convivial spirit ; and the extreme love which his friends had of his company, did not a little contribute. In the latter part of his life, he made a benevolent, and grateful blunder ; of which the selfish never are guilty ; but which liberal, and warm souls, unfortunately, and frequently commit : he married

a woman who was, in every way, beneath him ; because she had attended him in sickness, and with her *convenient* compassion.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere !

From the library of GARRICK originated another of my productions ; *this* was not work merely performed for a bookseller ; it was the volunteer of my heart ; it was the ardent composition of my mind. In *that* library, I looked into Dr. WARTON's "essay on the writings, and "genius of POPE." I was provoked at his absurd and pedantic degradation of one of the greatest of poets ; and by GARRICK's permission, I took the book to PORTSMOUTH ; for I was already meditating a reply. The first of actors, as it might have been expected from one who had completely imbibed, and who completely exhibited the genius of SHAKESPEARE ; had a very just, and fine poetical taste ; which was often evinced by his own occasional compositions. He thought with *me* ; as indeed every unprejudiced reader of common discernment must have thought ; that nothing could be more injudicious, and ridiculous, than the middling

rank which WARTON had assigned to POPE as a poet; and he warmly encouraged me to answer, and confute him. I wrote my treatise on this interesting subject, in LONDON; in St. MARY's street, PORTSMOUTH; and at LLEWENEY, in WALES. Supported by the authority of great men, who did not approve the warmth of my resentment against Dr. WARTON, for his poetical theory, as far as it was grossly injurious to POPE, I hope that I may venture to say, *without ostentation*, that I executed my refutation of a scholastick, and presumptuous critick, with some strength of argument, and *with a strain of eloquence*. But I shall beg leave to cite some highly respectable testimonies in it's favour; such testimonies, as from time to time, supported my mind, and stimulated it in it's literary course; when all other circumstances presented to it discouragement, and despondency. Humane, and ardent minds, will pardon this instance, and many other instances, which I have shown in these memoirs, of my love of fame; *they* will generously allow me, in the late evening of my life, to assert those real, and invaluable honours, which I have received from illustrious judges of literary merit; and of which, dullness, and ma-

levolence, have long been industrious to deprive me.

I presented a copy of my book on POPE, to the Rev. Dr. FRANKLIN ; a gentleman of learning, and genius ; and who must long be remembered, and highly esteemed in the literary world. CHURCHILL, in his *rosiad*, said of him, very unfairly, and ungenerously ;—

— 'tis known,

He sickens at all merit but his own.

From all his critical treatment of *me*, I had reason to infer that he entertained very candid, and liberal sentiments of his cotemporary authours ; of those, who, with *him*, were competitors for the first human glory. After he had read my little book, I asked him if it, in *any* degree, deserved *his* approbation.—“ Sir,” (replied *he*, in an emphatical tone, and manner) “ it is admirably written.”—It is inexpressible, how such verdicts animate, and inflame a poet, ardent for literary honours ; and contending with a host of the stupid, and malevolent. It is the economy of heaven, that he *should* be so affected ; for it is in *that* economy, that his fame should ulti-

mately, and durably triumph ; when that numerous, and heavy host, are dead, or discomfited.

I now pass on to a most illustrious sanction of my intellectual reputation. I waited on BURKE, one morning, after he had read my vindication of POPE :—he entered on the subject himself ; and after expressing a wish that I had been more sparing to his friend Dr. WARTON, he gave his opinion of my performance in the most gratifying terms. He concluded what he said on it, by adding—“ Sir, you write with
“ a great deal of fire ; which falls to the lot of
“ very few men.”—He must have been made of more phlegmatick stuff than that of which I am composed, who would not have taken fresh fire from *such* commendation.

I now proceed to the suffrage of Dr. JOHNSON ; in general, the ARISTOTLE of the times in the province of the dogmatical, and despotick ; and frequently the LONGINUS, in the nobler department of the spirited, and enraptured critick. I, one morning, met my worthy, and zealous friend, Mr. THOMAS DAVIES, the bookseller, in bow-street, covent-garden. He was an enthusiastick lover of letters ; he was kindly partial to *my* endeavours ; and he enjoyed the fame of his friend.

He ardently took me by the hand ; and exclaimed—" Mr. STOCKDALE, I give you joy!"—" Of what? (said I) my friend."—" Of the high praise which Dr. JOHNSON has bestowed on your last publication, in defence of POPE against WARTON. I drank tea with him yesterday (it was on a sunday, when he used to have his friends about him) and he read a great part of your strictures, and observations (though many of them were severe on his friend WARTON) with an evident pleasure, and delight.—STOCKEY, said he to the company, is perfectly right; he has defended the cause of POPE with incontrovertible arguments, and with great eloquence; and he must be supported in his defence of that great poet."—I must here observe, that it was Dr. JOHNSON's custom in conversation, to abbreviate the names of his intimate friends; and though in the course of our acquaintance, he did not use *me* well; I am certain that this custom was connected, at the moment, with the feeling of affection. You may be sure that this intelligence from DAVIES, was very grateful to me;—and in consequence of it, I took an early opportunity to wait on our great literary dictator.

After some conversation with him, I expressed my gratitude to him, for the great honour which I was told that he had done to my defence of POPE; by distinguishing it with *his* praise; and by reading it to some of his select friends. His answer corresponded with what I had heard from DAVIES; but he added—"I like the execution better than the design." I replied, that as none of *his* sentiments on any of my productions, could be indifferent to me; I requested an explanation of his last remark; as it was not perfectly clear to me.—"Why, sir (said he) I tell you that the execution of your book is masterly; but I do not like your design of reducing my old friend, JO. WARTON, so low, in the field of criticism."—The encomium, to *my* feelings alleviated, or rather completely expunged, the censure.—Perhaps I was too indignant in my attack on very moderate parts; presuming to circumscribe; and indeed, to vilify, by depressing to mediocrity, instructive, elegant, spirited, and inventive genius:—but as I affix a species of profaneness, and impiety, to such an attempt, my most resentful animadversions on Dr. WARTON, do not sit heavily on my conscience. Among the many proofs of that super-

ficiality; confidence; and ignorance of true poetry; which mark our modern criticks, and poetasters; their disrespect; their disparagement; nay, their contempt of POPE, is *one* capital, and glaring evidence.

But let us devoutly hope, that we shall, hereafter, have a more desirable revolution in the republick of letters, than that which we have of late years experienced in the republick of governments.—Amidst the infinitely diversified caprice, and atchievements of time; who frequently sports with the world; but who is sometimes it's serious friend, as well as it's avenging enemy; ample reparation, and justice may *yet* be done to British genius, and to British taste. The absurd productions that are now read, and as an englishman, I am ashamed to add, with avidity, will be swept away to LETHE; POPE will assert his laurels, and his throne; and he will maintain them to immortality.

When JOHNSON was going to write the life of WALLER, he seriously, and strongly promised to me, that he would make a very particular, friendly, and honourable mention of *my* life of that poet. He introduces his lives of PARNELL, and SWIFT, with a large tribute to the abilities

of GOLDSMITH, and of HAWKESWORTH; yet towards the conclusion of *his* life of WALLER, he takes but a very transient, and anonymous notice of *mine*. Before he wrote his life of POPE, I took an opportunity respectfully to remind him of his favourable opinion of the observations which I had published on the merits of that illustrious poet. And I then requested of him, as *that* critical production had been honoured with his approbation; that he would kindly mention it, in his life of POPE; and give a quotation or two from any part of it that he might think best adapted to his own context. I added, that such attention from *him*, would extremely gratify my heart; and that it must be favourable to my interest, and fame, as an author.—He solemnly promised that he would do as I desired; for that it perfectly coincided with *his* sentiments, and opinions.—Time went on; I had been obliged to take a curacy, at HINXWORTH; a vulgar, and boorish village on the skirts of HERTFORDSHIRE; it was offered to me, however, with a friendly, and affectionate intention, by the reverend, and worthy Mr. GORDON; who has been, for many years, sir ADAM GORDON. A friend from LONDON visited me

at HINXWORTH: we talked on the subject which I am now relating: he had my literary reputation at heart;—for my own part, a long repetition of misfortunes, had made me, at that juncture, indifferent even to fame:—but before my friend parted from me, he extorted a promise from me, that I would write to Dr. JOHNSON; and particularly, and forcibly, remind him of what *he* had promised. Accordingly, in october, 1780, I wrote to the doctor, a long, and rather a pathetick letter;—I gave him a general view of my misfortunes; and I assured him, that my painful sense of them would be greatly mitigated by a generous tribute from *his* highly respectable authority, to any literary merit that I might possess. I had no answer to my letter.—But it was not very long before I learned the cause of his epistolary silence:—in my first interview with him afterwards in LONDON, he opened the subject himself:—I soon found that my request was not to be granted; for he desired me to consider that Dr. WARTON was to *him*, a much older acquaintance, and friend, than *I was*. I will not make a comment on these transactions; I leave it to be made by unprejudiced, and feeling minds; by those who are the firm

friends of integrity, and of learning; and who generously sympathize with an unfortunate, but persevering adventurer of the muses.

I dedicated my defence of POPE, to lord GEORGE GERMAINE; who died lord viscount SACKVILLE:—I have already said a good deal of that worthy, but unfortunate nobleman. My dedication was short, independent, and manly. I took notice of the strong, and fair claim which he had on his own account, and on that of his ancestors, to a publick tribute from a zealous assertor of the high poetical merit, and fame of POPE:—to show the disinterested respect which, as a scholar, and a writer, I bore to his lordship, I openly reprobated the american war; over which *he*, at that time politically presided. This frankness was so far from disgusting him against me, that he afterwards set his interest in motion, to befriend me in JAMAICA:—some adverse circumstances prevented me from availing myself of his kindness:—but what a singular, and magnificent example have we *here*, of a statesman, of a person high in power; who was so far from being offended at the downright, and antiquated sincerity, of a poor and unprotected man, which condemned his own plans; which disapproved his

own ambition ; that he wished to reward it !— Of this instance of most uncommon magnanimity, I have proofs written by lord GEORGE GERMAINE'S own hand. He was a brave, and honourable man ; but he was iniquitously, and basely treated.

From the autumn of 1777, to the spring of 1778, I was with Mr. FITZMAURICE, at LLEWENEY, in DENBIGHSHIRE. His behaviour to me was disagreeable ; his promises were false ; I took leave of him for ever. I brought my manuscript on POPE to LONDON : it was entitled—“ An inquiry into the nature, and genuine laws of poetry ; including a particular defence of the writings, and genius of POPE.”— It was published by CONANT, in the spring of 1778.

In the spring of 1777, my old friend BECKET gave me to translate, “ the correspondence of lord RIVERS, and sir CHARLES CARDIGAN ;” a french novel, written by the very ingenious, and eloquent madame RICCOBONI. This book I translated with pleasure ; in sentiment, and character, it is very fine ; but the plot is not so interesting as it should be ; it does not keep the mind of the reader sufficiently anxious, and sus-

pended. I endeavoured to do all possible justice to the french lady. I translated this novel in LONDON; at LLEWENEY, and at PORTSMOUTH. I was translating it in SUFFOLK-street, charing-cross, on the day of the execution of the most unfortunate Dr. DODD: but I felt so extremely for the calamitous fate of that unhappy man, that I could not proceed. I translated the pathetick, and very interesting episode, at the beginning of the second volume of that novel, entitled, “remarkable events in the lives of the “marchioness of CHAZELE, and the countess of “BELOSANE,” in St. MARY’s-street, at PORTSMOUTH; just as I was quitting my station, as chaplain to the RESOLUTION. I dedicated it, with the free spirit of an englishman, to Mrs. SHIPLEY, the wife of the learned, and ingenious bishop of St. ASAPH. It was published by BECKET, in the summer of 1778. In the autumn of that year, I published a volume of miscellanies in prose and verse, which were written at very different times; and in several places;—at BERWICK upon TWEED, in my early youth; and long afterwards, in LONDON; at KENTISH town; and at PECKHAM in SURREY;—at

PORTSMOUTH, and in the ISLE of WIGHT.—
FLEXNEY was my editor.

When I was with Mr. FITZMAURICE, in north WALES, in the year 1777, and in part of 1778, I translated for BECKET, a book entitled, “*memoires politiques et militaires*,” by the abbé MILOT. I was very attentive to translate this work faithfully. As soon as I had finished this translation, I sent it to BECKET; what became of it afterwards I do not know. It contained entertaining, and interesting accounts of french campaigns.

It appears, from some remarkable facts, that Dr. JOHNSON's mind, in his sentiments towards *me*, was divided between a benevolence to my interest, and a coldness to my fame. I was once expressing to him (I think it was in the year 1778) my anxiety for a permanent establishment in the church. I told him that as I had some personal acquaintance with BURKE; if I was assisted with his friendly, and warm recommendation to that gentleman, I had no doubt that he would exert his interest to procure me a benefice. JOHNSON replied, that if I would engage to *him*, to be conscientiously attentive to

my clerical duties, he would write to BURKE in my favour. I sincerely made him the promise that he required of me. Dr. JOHNSON gave me his letter of recommendation to read; it was a short, but kind one. I have often regretted that I did not keep a copy of it. I, at this time, took several occasions to express my dislike of the measures of government; as I detested the american war. To this circumstance, a humorous, and ironical remark in the doctor's letter alluded, of which he could not foresee the effect that it produced. After he had spoken well of my orthodoxy, he added; "to his political heresies, "I wish that *you* were more an enemy." I took my leave of Dr. JOHNSON; and waited on BURKE; he lived then in WESTMINSTER; and in the broad sanctuary. I found him reading a very ingenious, and witty pamphlet, which had lately been published, entitled, anticipation; it was written by TICKELL; a grandson of ADDISON's friend of that name. It proved auspicious to the interest, and good fortune of it's authour, whom it's influence with my lord NORTH, raised from low, to very liberal circumstances. That performance was executed on a judicious, and happy plan: it gave the speeches of the different

members of the house of commons, with a striking, yet ludicrous imitation, of their usual substance; and of their usual manner or style. It applied a speech to BURKE; in which the writer showed very uncommon talents; in which he showed himself worthy to represent that learned, and ardent orator:—it had his flow, and splendour of language; his apposite, and poignant arguments; his keen retort; his poetical metaphor; his classical allusion. As soon as I payed my compliments to that gentleman, he laid down the pamphlet, and said,—“Here
“is a man who has made a better speech for
“me, than I could have made for myself.”—Before I proceed in my account of this interview, I must here have the pain to remark, that our illustrious man, though he had long been accustomed to mix with a contradicting, and envious world; though he had long been accustomed to contend with the ambition, and violence of party; was apt to be disconcerted, and thrown into unguarded passion, by trifling rubs, or oppositions. Of the most extraordinary genius, there are constitutional concomitants; there are properties, inseparably connected with it's nature, which repress it's greatness; and pre-

vent it from shooting beyond the orbit of mortality. I delivered to him my letter from Dr. JOHNSON, which he read with an emotion that immediately rose to very warm anger. I really believe that a very vigorous mind was, at this moment weak enough to be thrown off its bias, by JOHNSON'S inoffensive joke about my "political heresies." I felt no disturbance, except my regret at seeing even the momentary fall of a good, and great man.—"Sir (said he) you had no occasion for Dr. JOHNSON'S recommendation;—your talents were your sufficient security for my friendly offices." This was not the electricity which killed, but which might have restored life. When I could get in, I thanked him for the honour which he did me, and I begged that he would hear me patiently. I observed, that as it was not long since I had been introduced to him, I thought it would be presumptuous in me, to request his interest for my advantage, on my own footing, so soon after the commencement of our acquaintance; and I thought that I could not have a more respectable, and stronger plea to his friendship, both as a literary man, and a clergyman, than the recommendation of Dr. JOHNSON. He was now perfectly calm; talked,

and promised kindly to me; and his actions, though they produced not the desired effect, were as kind as his words. He was repeatedly my advocate with Dr. SHIPLEY, the bishop of St. ASAPH; who was well acquainted with my writings, and myself; and who had a moderate variety of church-preferment in his patronage;—he thought very favourably of my literary merit; he was a warm defender of english liberty; but when disinterested and independent talents were to be rewarded in a private clergyman; the cautious frost of the bishop, chilled the benevolent ardour of the man. BURKE made one of his generous attempts to befriend me with the bishop (perhaps it was his last) I think at the house of sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS;—it was communicated by miss BURNEY, now madame d'ARBLAY, to the very eminent grecian, Dr. CHARLES BURNEY, her brother, and my friend; who, with a friendly heart, was impatient to acquaint me with what had been related to him by his sister. Miss BURNEY heard BURKE say to Dr. SHIPLEY—“Mr. STOCKDALE has very great abilities; something should be done for him.”—The bishop most explicitly joined with BURKE in his estimation of my talents;—but he never

befriended me; for reasons which perhaps were more hostile to *me*, than to *him*. All-powerful praise from splendid, and great minds! It drives us on, irresistibly, in our progress to glory, through the worst inclemencies of climate; and through the more rigorous nature of mankind!—The substantial patronage of a SHIPLEY, would certainly have done much towards animating me, for future literary achievements;—the ethereal eulogy of a BURKE, did more! In the summer of 1779, I wrote several political letters, with the signature of AGRICOLA. They were directly, and principally aimed at sir WILLIAM HOWE: and they gave a faithful, and accurate account of his most inglorious campaigns in AMERICA. I was by no means actuated with a spirit of resentment against him, because his gross misconduct had contributed to prevent the subjugation of a brave, and free people; but I was stimulated to write those letters, by an honest, and equal indignation, against the motives, and managers of that infamous and oppressive war. I was doing a service to the community, while I publicly, and fairly represented the campaigns of sir WILLIAM HOWE, and censured them as they deserved; and while I thus

exposed the complicated offences of ministers against their country ; by engaging it in an unnatural, oppressive, and humiliating war ; and by employing a general in that war, who was as improper a person as they could have chosen, to command an army. Those letters came out, in the public advertiser of my friend, Mr. HENRY SAMSON WOODFALL ; they were much, and eagerly read ; and they were published again, in the scotch, and irish newspapers. Mr. KEARSLEY, a well-known bookseller in fleet-street, wished to make a small pamphlet of the two letters which I first wrote ; but he desisted from his design, when I informed him that *I* had the same object in view. Accordingly they were published, under my inspection, (with an appendix, containing some political observations) by MILLIDGE, a printer, in maiden-lane, convent-garden. After this publication, I thought myself obliged, by some new political objects, and by some malignant calumnies that were written against me, to produce three more letters, with the signature of AGRICOLA ; which came forth in the same paper ; but which I never added to the former collection. Perhaps they may appear ; when detraction shall be subdued, or

weakened ; and when I shall have the unobstructed course of many other authours. Several particulars attending these letters, will, I hope, give them a durable importance ; their subject will ever be prominent in the british annals ; and I have reason to hope, that their energy is not altogether unworthy of the subject. They had *two* distinct, and authoritative verdicts, in their favour ; they were generally read ; and with an active curiosity ; they were extensively diffused ; and they were honoured with the elaborate irony, and with the virulent resentment of those who disliked their tenets.

As a few years elapsed betwixt *this* time, and that of my next publication ; I shall, here, endeavour to give a series of agreeable variety to those who are honouring me with their attention. I shall relate some anecdotes of illustrious men ; particularly of two ; of GARRICK, and of JOHNSON. I give GARRICK the precedence ; because he was a greater, and rarer being, as an actor ; than JOHNSON was as a writer : and the magnitude of genius is with *me*, the decisive property, which exalts one man ; and according to it's proportion, above another. I trust that these anecdotes will find an interest in the mind of the

reader ; on account of the great memories with whom they are connected ; and for their own amusing, or instructive tendency. It is not requisite that I should accurately mention the dates of these objects ; either as they were related to me or as I was concerned in them ; nor will their insertion in *this* place bring any confusion, or inconvenient uncertainty, on any part of my narrative.

I shall begin with a ludicrous anecdote of OLIVER GOLDSMITH ; a feeling, and elegant writer both in poetry, and prose ; but especially, in the former species of composition. Soon after my friend DAVIES had published my translation of TASSO'S AMINTA, I called on him, one forenoon, and was with him, in his parlour, when Dr. GOLDSMITH entered ; and conversed with us for about an hour. I had dined with DAVIES, a day or two before, and GOLDSMITH was one of the company. He had a beautiful mind ; but he was a man of a very mean aspect, person, and manner. On the morning to which I allude ; just before we were joined by GOLDSMITH ; DAVIES asked me what I thought of him ? I replied, that I held his genius in due estimation ; but that I never saw a man who looked more like

a taylor. Before he left us, he desired DAVIES to let him have my translation of the AMINTA. As he put it into his pocket, he turned to me, and said ;—"Mr. STOCKDALE, I shall soon take "measure of you."—I answered, that "I hoped "he would not pinch me."—From what had passed before he came in, and afterwards ; DAVIES, and I, as soon as he had left the house, gave a full indulgence to our risible faculties. The odd coincidence of GOLDSMITH's metaphor, and of my comparison, perhaps makes this interview worthy of being related.

When I was on a visit to GARRICK, in the year 1773 ; (the gayest, and happiest year of my unfortunate life) at his paradise at HAMPTON ; a seat worthy of *him*, and of the temple, and statue of SHAKESPEARE ; he told me, one evening, an anecdote, relating to his parents, and himself, which made a deep, and retentive impression in me. His father was a captain in the army ; he had been eight or nine years at GIBRALTAR ; for government, in those days, was very dilatory in relieving the regiments of that garrison. His return to his family was naturally received with transports of domestick joy. In this first scene of conjugal, and paternal felicity,

little DAVID, who was then about twelve years old, showed an arch, and poignant humour, which was characteristick of the future unrivalled comedian.—“I suppose, sir,” (said he to his father) “I have a good many brothers and sisters, “at GIBRALTAR?” Tears came into the eyes of poor Mrs. GARRICK.—“Hold your tongue, DAVY;” (said the captain) “don’t talk in that “manner; you see how it affects your mother.” “I was then,” (continued GARRICK to me) “a “thoughtless little boy; I would not for the “world have wounded my mother’s feelings; I “only fancied that I had hit upon an excellent “joke.”

I can never forget a most agreeable, and delightful week which I passed with GARRICK, at his charming country-seat, at HAMPTON, in the remarkably fine summer of 1773. It is vividly and indelibly impressed in my mind, by many rich, and glowing images, social, literary, and poetical. Elysian walks; lively, and sparkling conversation; interesting, and animated reading; heart-felt, and ardent recitations; but modelled, and chastised by nature; diversified; embellished, and inspirited the time.—It’s pleasures, and it’s raptures, were crowned with the presence of

Mrs. GARRICK ; with the society of the fair president of the sanctuary of SHAKESPEARE ;—with all the accomplishments of female elegance. Her temper was amiable and festive ; her understanding was discriminating, and vigorous ; her humour, and her wit were easy, and brilliant ; they were delightful to her friends ; and they never wounded but slightly ; they rather pleased, than pained their object ; for the lenient balm of urbanity happily softened the point of the dart.—Her name was EVE ; and we might have applied to *her* the description of MILTON's EVE, without exaggeration.

Grace was in all her steps ; heaven in her eye ;
In every gesture, dignity, and love.

WILKES was not only an *elegans formarum spectator*, but likewise an elegant observer of the talents, and acquirements of the mind. When we were talking of Mrs. GARRICK, he said that “ she was the first woman in ENGLAND.”—The JUPITER of the stage, was worthy of the JUNO of an island, renowned for female grace and beauty.

I shall never forget *one* highly picturesque, and poetical scene which I enjoyed when I was

on a visit at HAMPTON : I often recollect it with a pleasure, and a melancholy ; for I fear, that with *such* objects, I shall never again be surrounded. GARRICK had erected a temple, consecrated to SHAKESPEARE, very near the THAMES, where that majestick river, hallowed in poetick song, terminated his premises. At the head of this temple ; in it's alcove, or recess, and on an elevated pedestal, stood a fine marble statue of his divine poet ; the work of ROUBILLAC.—It reclined on a large scroll of marble ; and it's attitude of ardent thought, and meditation, represented, and enforced, in a very striking manner, the most beautiful, and energetic passage, of “ the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling.” The furniture was adapted to the character of the place : it was not without it's elegance, but that elegance was properly, and pertinently distinguished with a rustick simplicity.—It's ornaments were, the lyre ; the flute ; the comick mask ; the tragick dagger ; and other significant emblems ; which reminded us of the father ; and the soul of our drama ; who was equally powerful to exhilarate, and to transfix, the heart. This temple of SHAKESPEARE, and of all the muses, was environed, and shaded with those honours of SYL-

VANUS, and FLORA, which were worthy of the deities who descended to the fane. There the laburnum ; the magnolia ; the cypress ; the weeping willow ; the laurel ; and the myrtle ; diffused their foliage, their fragrance ; and their various, and vivid hues, round the sanctuary of that unbounded genius ; who was equally a master of the martial, amorous, and pathetic strain. By the side of the THAMES, a long walk, bordered with the richest flowers, and flowering shrubs, led to the temple ; while the god of the river, as he flowed transparently, and gently along, seemed to pay his floating homage to an aggregate of english glory.

On a calm, serene, and beautiful summer's evening, it was proposed by Mrs. GARRICK that we should take coffee, and tea, in the temple of SHAKESPEARE : we went to it through a subterranean passage which was cut through the grounds that lay before GARRICK's house. It must have been a very sleepy, and torpid soul, that would not have been awakened, and animated by the groupe of imagery which there presented themselves to my eye, and fancy. Female elegance, and dignity, threw their mild, but commanding lustre, and majesty around us ; the sweets

of ARABIA offered her incense to the deity of the AVON; under that deity, GARRICK was seated; his high-priest, and his oracle; while from social, and cheerful converse, he sometimes stole a look, to his tutelary god, of silent enthusiasm, and of profound adoration. The stillness of the evening; and it's serenity, smiled on the scene; while old father THAMES; the host, and the inspirer of our great poets, seemed to flow with a smooth, but accelerated stream of congratulation; and to rejoice in the supreme honours of his country.

After this visit at HAMPTON, of which I have given some account; and which can never be erased from my memory; I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. GARRICK, to HIGH-WYCOMBE, in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE; where we made a visit of a week, to Mr. FITZMAURICE, at a house of his brother, the earl of SHELBURNE. The family mansion; the name of which is the LOAX, is pleasantly retired from the town. Mr. FITZMAURICE used to be at this place annually, for a short time; to exercise hospitality; and to keep the electors of the borough in good humour. Several circumstances contributed to my entertainment, and happiness, here; it was an ely-

sian summer ; and our time was marked with peculiar, and prominent social characteristicks. The elaborate, and grotesque manners ; the formal importance that expressed nothing ; and the coarse mirth, and jokes, of the WYCOMBE-burgesses ; made very advantageous foils, to the easy, and engaging flow of politeness ; and to elegant conversation, of happy allusions ; and of a fine spirit.

I there met with a distinguished personage, among the electors of that corporation ; an old alderman of rough, and profligate memory, whose surname was TOM. This gentleman, during the universal, and licentious freedom, which the saturnalia of an election gives ; or rather during the despotick power which is then arrogated by the little over the great ; used imperiously to command the menial services of the famous duke of WHARTON ; and to bid him pull off his boots. That great, but unfortunate genius ; as wild, and eccentric, in one way, as TOM was in another, humorously complied with the orders of his temporary master.

WYCOMBE has a long, and venerable wood, near the LOAX ; through which there is a very convenient, and broad walk ; this beautiful re-

treat used to be our resort on the fine summer-evenings ; where we frequently passed a social, and most agreeable hour : and in this wood, I sometimes enjoyed a serene, and solitary evening, when the shades, and stillness of the grove, collected, and composed ; and when the shining heavenly host ; with their effulgence through a blue sky, admonishing me of the creator ; exalted, and enraptured the soul. Here, I habituated my mind to that thought which is heightened by the colouring of sentiment ; and to those ideas which expand to poetical imagery. I have always had the warmest, and most enthusiastick attachment to friendship ; especially to that friendship which is formed with virtuous women.—As I was one day walking with Mrs. GARRICK, in WYCOMBE wood ; I requested her permission, deeply to cut the initials of her name, and mine, on the same tree. It was immediately granted ; and in a polite manner, which was peculiarly her own. The incisions were made in the bark of the pastoral beech of VIRGIL ; and *this* was their form, and stations ; *E. M. G.* the lady's name was EVE MARIA GARRICK.—*P. S.* under it. A considerable time after I had left this arcadian inscription in the wood of WYCOMBE ; when I was with Mr. FITZ-

MAURICE, in the isle of WIGHT; he told me that he had reviewed my sylvan memorial with a friendly eye. This information set my fancy to very serious, and exerting action. I composed, and, I think, as happily as any thing that I ever wrote, a poem of thirty-nine stanzas, and of four lines each, on what Mr. FITZMAURICE had told me; and on the fortune of that inscription. It was published in the miscellanies which I have repeatedly mentioned. It was written in a moral; and a good deal, rather in a plaintive, and elegiack strain; for envy, and malice, had already been industrious to hurt me with those whom I esteemed, and loved.

In this wood, and at this season, some humourous occasional verses were thrown off by GARRICK; who had a very happy talent for that kind, and indeed, for superiour kinds of poetry. There was an elderly lady with us, whose name was FLASBY. She was a clergyman's daughter, and a maiden lady; with a liberal, and independent income. She used, every year, to pass a great part of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. GARRICK. She was a remarkably good, and pious woman; "but stiff" was her parochial pride." She was a rigorous disciple of the thirty-nine articles, and of the

of the severe and gloomy calvanistical school.— However, as she thought that we could not have enough of inspiration; she had taken into her head, and was bigoted to a singular tenet; which is certainly not authorized by those arbitrary masters. She insisted that the apocrypha was of equal authority with the rest of the sacred writings: and one afternoon, she, and I had a serious, but friendly debate on the subject. It would have been easy for me to refute her absurd opinion, by the constant evidence, and decisions of the church; if unreflecting superstition was to be conquered by argument, and demonstration. But *this* was impracticable; therefore the apocrypha was still as oracular with Mrs. FLASBY as the new testament. She was particularly enamoured of the athanasian creed; hence, GARRICK sometimes ludicrously accosted her with the title of “ATHANASIA FLASBY, *spinster*.” He accidentally came into the room, while we held our disputation on the apocrypha:—he laughed a little, and went out.—He repaired to the delightful wood; an auspicious PARNASSUS, either to grave, or to comick verse. He returned in a short time; and wrote down the verses which he had prepared; and which I shall sub-

join to this little narrative. I have them by me, in his own hand-writing: he gave me the copy, at my request, one evening; after he had gloriously played sir JOHN BRUTE, at drury-lane; and after I had accompanied him from the theatre, to pass the remainder of the evening with him at his house, in the royal terrace in the adelphi. Excuse all this particularity; it flows from a very strongly, and feelingly affected imagination.

Be pleased to observe before you read these verses, that GARRICK, in the easy familiarity of intimate friendship, used to contract the name of FLASBY, into FLAZ; and that WYCOMBE is situated on high, and HAMPTON, on low ground.

On Mrs. FLASBY, and Mr. STOCKDALE:—the one, all faith; the other, with some doubts.

FLAZ swallows scripture, old, and new;

Apocrypha, and all;

While STOCKDALE takes much time to chew;

His gullet is so small.

A squeamish faith, and appetite,

Their nourishment refuse;

'Tis a sure sign that neither's right,

Whene'er they pick and chuse.

Faith removes mountains ; think of that ;

FLAZ, work a righteous wonder ;

Move WYCOMBE hills to HAMPTON-flat,

And bury STOCKDALE under !

HIGH-WYCOMBE, July 22, 1773.

It happened that I called on GARRICK, on a forenoon, when Mrs. GARRICK was, for that day to be from home. He was indisposed with a cold ; and desired me to pass the day with him, in a quiet, and friendly manner. I very willingly accepted the invitation ; as I knew that my hours would be very much enlivened, and adorned by such a companion. Indeed I never had a more agreeable day in my life. It was made memorable to me by many useful reflections on the fleeting, and unsatisfactory objects, and pleasures of *this* transitory scene ; by many just, and elegant observations on our favourite arts ; by many anecdotes which related to public life ;—to the history of the theatre ;—and to his own fortune, and manner of improving, and exercising himself as an actor. A great deal of our conversation I have forgotten ; which I now wish, but in vain, that I had remembered ; or that I had taken minutes of it ; yet parts of it I still retain ; which I shall here communicate to the reader ; and I

hope that they will be worthy of his acceptance.

I observed to GARRICK, in the course of our conversation ; that acting even the most arduous parts, must now be so easy to him, from genius, and from long habit, that whenever he appeared on the stage, he was certainly as totally free from all agitation, and anxiety, as I was at that time, while I was talking to him. He told me that “ I was, there, greatly mistaken ; for that when-
“ ever he was to enter on the public representa-
“ tion of any dramattick part, he still felt a con-
“ siderable degree of anxiety to preserve the
“ fame which he had acquired.”—All the theatrical conduct of that great man, exactly corresponded with this declaration. He was as diligent, and attentive, in preparing himself for the display of his part ; and in preserving, during the time that it was to be presented, it’s dignity, and spirit ; or it’s inferiour, and ludicrous character ; in his *last* theatrical year, as he possibly *could* have been in his *first*.—He never dined on the day on which he played ; on that day, he only ate at two o’clock, some light pudding ; or took a crust of bread, and a glass of white wine. On that day, likewise, he wished to see no body ; it was

his custom to pass it alone ; he was then in close, and intent meditation on the fire, and the graces ; or on the humour of the character which he was to play ;—he was holding high converse with the soul of SHAKESPEARE ; or rather they were blending souls :—he was throwing his active, versatile, and ardent genius into the dramatick essences, and contours, of that great poet ;—by his private, and self-discipline, he was working up his mind to the passions, the manner, and the fate of a MACBETH ; a HAMLET ; or a LEAR.

As I was well acquainted with his principal habits, I took care not to intrude on him, on his acting days.—On one of those days, however, I was obliged to wait on him, on a particular, and pressing occasion. Our business was done in five minutes ; he resumed his contemplative strain of mind ; his abstraction in his part ; and I immediately retired. This devotion of himself (if I may be allowed the expression) to the noble business of the evening, was uniform, and complete ; it only ended with the catastrophe. GARRICK was in this respect, an eminent, and authoritative example, to his inferiour actors ; an example, of which most of them were too trifling beings to avail themselves. The green-room is

generally a scene of common, and lively conversation ; but when *he* returned to it, at the intervals of the dialogue ; he avoided social intercourse ; went to a retired corner ; and still gave to his part the possession of his thoughts. Envious, and little minds, attributed this silent, and retired manner, to pride, and self-importance ; by such people it may yet be attributed to those causes ; but I know that I ascribe it to it's true, and superiour motives. Indeed, if GARRICK had declined from joining in the conversation of the green-room, merely because he disliked it, it would not have been surprising ; for it's usual strain must have but ill accorded with *his* sentiments ; and habits of thinking. His constant, and unremitted attention to his profession, reminds us of the unwearied exertions, and diligence of POPE, in the divine province of poetry. Indeed there was a great analogy of excellence between them :—for GARRICK was not more accomplished on the stage, than POPE was on PARNASSUS. Let *their* precedents be the proper models, and incentives, to all those who aspire after greatness, in our most arduous, and sublime persuits ! The coxcomb thinks so well of his natural endowments, that he fancies that they

supersede all instruction, and improvement; the true genius, darts with a more acute, and penetrating view, through human nature, and his own; and through the world of necessary knowledge. He is continually proceeding in his intellectual researches, and attainments; he is continually acquiring more facility, and splendour in composition; he gains accessions of higher approbation, and praise, from the best judges of literary merit; but still he is extremely deficient in his own eyes; he wants vigour of thought, and light, and beauty of diction; he wants much of that learning, and science, which are requisite, to strengthen argument; to condense; urge; and decorate sentiment; and to give an irresistible, and captivating force, to the enthusiasm, and harmony of verse.

On the recluse, yet expansive day of which I was speaking; and which I sometimes repass in powerful fancy; I asked him, if strong curiosity had not attracted POPE to see him play. GARRICK's first theatrical appearance was in 1741; not long before the death of POPE; who was then, in a very weak, and declining state. He replied, that he had the honour to act thrice in the presence of POPE. I have forgotten what

all the three characters were ; but I remember that the first was the artful, and eloquent ; the flaming, and impetuous character of RICHARD the third ; in which character, the splendid genius of GARRICK first broke forth on the publick ; and in which he always thought that he most excelled. “ When I was told,” said he, “ that “ POPE was in the house, I instantaneously felt a “ palpitation at my heart ; a tumultuous, not a “ disagreeable emotion in my mind. I was then “ in the prime of youth ; and in the zenith of “ my theatrical ambition. It gave me a particular pleasure that RICHARD was my character, “ when POPE was to see, and hear me. As I “ opened my part ; I saw our little poetical hero ; “ dressed in black ; seated in a side box, near “ the stage ; and viewing me with a serious, and “ earnest attention. His look shot, and thrilled, “ like lightning, through my frame ; and I had “ some hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety, “ and from joy. As RICHARD gradually blazed “ forth, the house was in a roar of applause ; and “ the conspiring hand of POPE shadowed me “ with laurels.”—I observed, that undoubtedly he would be informed of POPE’s opinion of his theatrical merit. He said, that he *was* ; and

that nothing could be more delightful to him than the praise with which he was pleased to honour him. “That young man,” (said POPE) “never had his equal, as an actor ; and he will never have a rival.”

I have not read the elegant, instructive, and entertaining essays of the adventurer, since I was a young man. But with some of the distinguished objects of those papers, I have been durably impressed. I remember that Dr. WARTON, in one of the learned essays which he gave to his friend, Dr. HAWKESWORTH, commemorates the rare felicity, and national glory of the athenian republick ; when the tragedies of SOPHOCLES, and EURIPIDES, were acted in it's theatre ; and when their cotemporary, and most consummate generals, statesmen, and orators, made a part of the audience. From his view of grecian honours, he passes to similar examples of the uncommon, and exalted fortune of FRANCE, in the reign of LOUIS the fourteenth ;—to similar instances of a singular confluence, and reciprocal reflexion of mental rays, in the theatre of PARIS ; when the dramattick genius of a CORNEILLE ; a RACINE ; and a MOLIERE, were displayed in the presence of a CONDE ; a TURENNE ; and a

CATINAT. But we meet with no example of a more rare, and sublime concurrence of the excellence, and grandeur of the human soul; in the happiest hours of the history of nations; than when GARRICK played RICHARD;—and when POPE was his agitated, and enraptured spectator.

I must now, as a friend to truth, and to moral suggestions, say something of the infirmities of GARRICK. Indiscriminate praise may be fairly taken for flattery; therefore, he who applies it, offers injudicious honour to the memory of his friend. We all have our imperfections; and he who entertains austere sentiments on the imperfections of others, is not sufficiently conversant with his own.—It hath pleased the God of nature; the impartial, and equitable father of the universe; to connect extreme, and singular weaknesses;—the most ridiculous, and humiliating properties, with the greatest, and most stupendous abilities; that a soothing, and conciliating atonement might be made, for *their* transcendent excellence, to men of an inferiour order;—that an equilibrium might be preserved in the intellectual creation. GARRICK had friendly, and generous qualities;—he maintained a liberal

hospitality ; he was an encourager, and a patron of distinguished talents ; nor was he parsimonious of his money ; when it's assistance was wanted to relieve his friends ; or on real occasions of benevolence ; though in *this* part of his character, he was grossly misrepresented, by envious, and vindictive minds. But he was extremely vain ; and he was equally jealous of the merit of a brother-actor ; when it approached his own. Though he was overwhelmed, to-night, with the thunder of publick applause ; — though he enjoyed all the enthusiastick admiration that the learning, talents, and beauty, of ENGLAND could bestow ; — to-morrow, he would be poorly solicitous for the petty praise of the most insignificant individual. Heaven had blessed him with a various ; energetick, and sublime genius ; that could seize, and exemplify, the genius of SHAKESPEARE ; — that could even enhance it's value, by *his* manner of representing it. — But he had a restless, and childish vanity ; and he suspected and feared rivals in those, from whom he had nothing like a formidable emulation to apprehend. The human mind is thus, unfortunately, sometimes divided, and depressed ; in all it's diversity of great abilities, provinces, and acquirements.

I shall now give a few instances of those little shades, which tempered the glory of our english theatre. But here I must beg leave to fix a just distinction between the fair, and manly love of respectable, and illustrious fame; and the grosser, and mean passion for the promiscuous, and indiscriminate plaudits of the mob, or vulgar of mankind;—between that honourable ambition which was in raptures with the noble approbation of POPE; and that feverish disorder of the mind, which was cooled and refreshed, with the adulating breath of the most dependent sycophant.

I had great pleasure in breakfasting with GARRICK. The natural vivacity of my frame; renovated, and brightened with the quiet, and repose of night; felt a more active play, from the very agreeable, and interesting society which I met at *his* house, on the royal terrace in the adelphi, on several delightful mornings:—and the animated conversation of his friends, took a more impressive strength, and a more sparkling spirit; from it's reciprocal, and attractive harmony;—or from it's happy, and pleasing collision, with the gaiety, sentiment, and humour, of the polite scholar, and elegant companion, as

well as great actor, who presided at the attick entertainment. But there are shades in characters of the greatest lustre.

In the september of 1773, I accompanied miss BARSANTI, who was afterwards Mrs. DALEY, to the opening of covent-garden theatre. The play was the *Busy Body*;—a very entertaining, and witty comedy. SHUTER displayed great comick merit, on that evening, in the character of sir FRANCIS GRIPE, but WOODWARD, in the part of Marplot, shone with unrivalled lustre. Indeed that great comedian, in those departments of the drama to which his genius was peculiarly adapted, could never be excelled. The theatrical evening began with an excellent prologue, which was spoken with the most accurate propriety; and with the happier humour of eloquence, and action; by WOODWARD. Some parts of the prologue were ludicrously, and ironically applied to himself: with a happy art; the delicate satire of which was a covered kind of praise. It was written by Mr. MORGAN, a friend of my lord LANSDOWNE; a gentleman with whom I passed many pleasant hours, at Mr. FITZMAURICE's, in the ISLE of WIGHT. He had a considerable talent for poetry; and he was a

good writer in prose. But as a critick, he had a very paradoxical turn of mind; for instance, he wrote, and published a treatise on the dramatick character of sir JOHN FALSTAFF; in which it was his aim, and endeavour, to prove that SHAKESPEARE did not intend to make him a coward. The book was fraught with fancy and taste; with ingenious sophistry; and indeed with much fine criticism. It was read with curiosity, and avidity, for awhile;—but the absurdity of it's plan inevitably prevented it's long life.

I breakfasted with GARRICK on the day after I had seen WOODWARD in Marplot; on one of the auspicious, and to *me*, ever memorable mornings, which I have mentioned. I was always extremely, and peculiarly struck, and affected with any object that pleased me much; consequently I was fond of communicating my pleasure to my friends. There was a good deal of company at GARRICK's, on that morning.—And the subject of part of our conversation, was, plays, and actors. I was not a stranger to GARRICK's weakness; but it has always been my habit; though perhaps my bad fortune, to give my sincere opinion on any interesting subject, when I thought the time demanded it. I took

this opportunity to express the great pleasure which I had received, on the night before, in seeing WOODWARD in the character of Marplot. I payed my grateful, and ardent tribute to the merit of that admirable actor; and I ventured to observe, that I thought *that* part could not be performed with a more masterly perfection. GARRICK gave me a grave, and earnest look, and said—"Your opinion, sir, of WOODWARD, "in the character of Marplot, may be very just; "but it was all beaten into him:"—implying the assiduous and effectual instructions, with which *he* had trained him to an excellence in the part. I was sorry for this reply, from my illustrious friend;—for I thought it ungenerous, and envious. No painful, and elaborate instructions could have given WOODWARD the high spirit, and the colouring, with which he displayed his principal characters:—in all the fine arts, the essence of distinguished, and splendid eminence must be in the nature of the man: it may, indeed, be finely, and forcibly modelled, and expanded; it may be thrown forth with engaging, and captivating graces, by diligent study, and application; and by the accomplishing discipline of a great master.

I was one morning in the adelphi, my early, and favourite resort; where I met some gentlemen, who were GARRICK's peculiar admirers. After conversing on some general subjects which related to his profession, they took an opportunity to express very warmly, and indeed, with a degree of rapture, the great pleasure which they had lately received, in seeing him perform one of his principal characters. GARRICK's love of praise was unbounded: indeed it was sometimes undistinguishing, and infatuated. Triumphant as he was, in the constant applause of the public; he not only highly enjoyed, at the social board, the judicious, and ingenuous encomiums of such persons as those to whom I now allude; but he likewise gave an absurd consequence to the coarse approbation of the most illiterate, and vulgar spectators of theatrical entertainments. He was apt to be anxious;—he was apt to lie in wait, as it were, for their deciding suffrages. He might, indeed, at any time fairly be delighted with liberal, and eloquent eulogy;—and though it might seem superfluous; though one would suppose that he might have been cloyed with the often repeated sweets of fame;—it was almost impossible for people of the most accu-

rate politeness, and who disdained every appearance of flattery; not to give him sometimes, their particular, and convivial homage;—so frequently was he electrifying, and inflaming their souls; with *his*, and SHAKESPEARE'S fire united; a fire to which the most accomplished art gave an irresistible direction. The voluntary, and ardent homage which was payed by these gentlemen to the greatest theatrical merit that the world ever saw, was, on this occasion, considerably augmented by his own recollection of a remarkable, and most emphatical instance of the warm interest which the celebrated CHARLES TOWNSHEND felt for his acting;—a gentleman who shone equally in social wit, and in senatorical eloquence. “I have been honoured (said GARRICK) “with many elegant compliments; with much “respectable praise, both in verse, and prose; “but none of it came more intimately to my “heart, than two or three words which were uttered by my right honourable friend, CHARLES “TOWNSHEND, on a particular occasion. One “of his acquaintance, among the statesmen, met “him, on a forenoon, in the street; and after “the first compliments, and the news of the day “had passed; he informed him, that there was

“to be a privy-council in the evening.”—

“With all my heart, (replied TOWNSHEND) I

“‘shall certainly not attend it:—for GARRICK

“‘plays Kitley to-night.”

As I have mentioned this extraordinary man, I shall beg leave to give another anecdote of him; for though it does not at all relate to GARRICK, I hope that it will be agreeable to the reader. I had it from very good, and honourable authority. I believe it is well known that an amorous intimacy was suspected between the late lord BARRINGTON and lady HARRINGTON, of beauteous, and gallant memory. His lordship, and Mr. TOWNSHEND were, one day, conversing on literary, and political subjects. The latter had occasion to urge the necessity of studying the best authours who had written on matters of government; if a man wished to have his mind stored with useful knowledge; and to be well prepared for parliamentary debate.—“For my
“part (replied BARRINGTON) I may almost say
“that I have bid adieu to books:—whenever I
“have to speak on publick affairs, I trust to the
“knowledge which I have already acquired; to
“my own examination of the subject which is to
“be brought before the house; and to the

“information of the day.”—“You really sur-
“prize me! (replied TOWNSHEND) I thought
“that reading had still been an object of
“your serious attention:—but pray, my lord,
“don’t you sometimes dip into HARRINGTON’S
“oceana?”

The publick character of CHARLES TOWNSHEND, was degraded with a disingenuous versatility in his political conduct; it is certain, however, that he possessed great richness, and variety of eloquence. I was well acquainted with Mr. BARWELL;—a clerk of the house of commons; he was a very sensible, amiable man; and an entertaining companion;—for he conversed much with the most celebrated persons of his time. He was an intimate friend of Mr. TOWNSHEND; and he told me, that he never passed his time more agreeably than in his visits to that gentleman, at his country-seat. He said, that he then truly enjoyed (and he used the very words of POPE) “the feast of reason, and the
“flow of soul.” He gave me a remarkable account of one of the extempore sallies of CHARLES TOWNSHEND’S oratorical talents;—such instances cannot easily be forgotten by the person to whom they are related; if he has *any* strength of me-

mory; *any* vivacity of imagination. Towards the close of one of their convivial evenings, the conversation took a serious turn; and subjects of morality, and of our eternal interest, were debated. In the course of this important disputation, some of the company expressed their unbelief of the christian religion; and others treated it with contempt, and ridicule. TOWNSEND discouraged this profane licentiousness, with a commendable gravity; and with some degree of severity;—and the attacks on religion were checked, for the present. But as they were retiring to their bed-chambers, some sulphureous squibs were again thrown out, against the sacred institution. This fresh attack on the most venerable objects that can inspire the reverence of mankind, fired the master of the house with a generous indignation; which yet was regulated, and conducted with great presence, and command of mind; and most admirably displayed. While the servants were waiting with lights; he took his stand at the bottom of the stairs;—made the short, but significant preparation to speak, which had often excited the eager curiosity; and arrested the attention of the house of commons;—and fixed around him a circle of his ardently expect-

ing friends. He entered into a strenuous defence of the christian religion ; his animated oration, which lasted almost an hour, was replete with arguments, of the most nervous vigour ; and with eloquence of the highest colouring. In the course of his proofs ; illustrations ; and pathetick apostrophes ;—he sometimes referred his audience to a plain, but convincing, and demonstrative argument, of the great archbishop TILLOTSON ;—sometimes, to a concise, and poignant, but completely refuting ridicule of infidelity, in a sermon of Dr. SOUTH ;—and in another part of his oration, he called into his aid, and support, the orthodox, and most respectable authority of the SHERLOCKS ;—of the father, of mild, and persuasive ; of the son, of ardent, victorious, and triumphant eloquence. To the *good* part of his friends, his speech was consoling ; it infused the dew of HERMON into their bosoms : those of looser sentiments, it moved to that rapturous admiration, which it is only the gift of masterly oratory to inspire. Let us be tender ; let us be generous, when we can, to the memory of departed genius ! If TOWNSHEND was sincere in his vindication of our divine religion, he deserved, not only the praise of the man of taste ;

but the love of the christian: if he was but an occasional, yet zealous advocate for celestial truth, I only wish that our scepticks would frequently give as fine, and edifying a range to their abilities, and ingenuity. For I must own, that another particular which Mr. BARWELL communicated to me, who was one of his audience, on that luminous evening, gave me reason to doubt whether TOWNSHEND was actuated with a religious sincerity; with an ingenuous, and heart-felt warmth, when he made his sacred oration. On the next morning, at breakfast, when some well-deserved compliments were payed to him as a very learned, and powerful patron of christianity, Mr. BARWELL told him that he was rather surprized to find that he was so deeply conversant with our celebrated theological writers. “I know very little of the writings
“ of those great men (said the religious orator)
“ but I introduced their names, and references
“ to their tenets, and opinions, as I went along,
“ to give a weight, and sanction to what I
“ urged, in defence of their faith, and doctrine.” The reader will pardon this excursion, I hope it is in honour of one of our most renowned commoners.—I shall now return to GARRICK.

I went one evening, to drury-lane, to see him play sir JOHN BRUTE; one of the parts which greatly contributed to his distinguished lustre in comick acting. I was in a box, (for GARRICK had been so kind as to give me the freedom of the house) I sate next to an old gentleman; and I had the satisfaction of his very agreeable conversation, in the short intervals between the acts. He had passed most of his life in LONDON. He had been long acquainted with the town, and with the theatres. He well remembered COLLEY CIBBER; BETTERTON, and BOOTH; and the other celebrated actors, who were their cotemporaries. But he said it would be doing GARRICK great injustice, to compare him with the best of *them*. In the scene where sir JOHN BRUTE is falling asleep, and with a rude, broken, and gradually dying soliloquy, which is perfectly suitable to his character, and intoxication;—in that scene, where the fictitious slumbers of GARRICK must always have been brightened and delightfully agitated, with the reality of immense and prolonged applause, as they were, at that moment;—“Good God!” (said the old gentleman) “to what will our stage be reduced, when “that man has left it!”—I supped with GAR-

RICK, on that night. He took an opportunity of putting a very needless question to me.—“Well, “Mr. STOCKDALE; how do you think they liked “me to-night?” In my turn, I made a question of my answer: I asked him, if it was possible for *me* to give him any additional satisfaction on that point; after he had heard the loud, and repeated applause which had rung through the theatre? I was happy, however, I told him, that I could gratify his love of praise, by giving him an individual, and very respectable testimony, which I had heard, on that night, of his unrivalled theatrical merit; and without showing, in myself, the least appearance of adulation. I said, he would certainly think it was an *instar omnium*; a confirmation of the voice of the people; if indeed it wanted any confirmation. I then gave him an account of the good old man: of the high pleasure which he had received from his acting, on that night; of his infinite preference of *him* to the famous players of former-times; and of the low state of our stage, which he predicted, when GARRICK should no longer adorn it. He swore that the “old gentleman was perfectly right in all “that he had said; and that the stage, when *he*

“ had left it, would exhibit very absurd, and
“ uninteresting scenes.”

I have already observed, that GARRICK was not only fond of elegant, and distinguishing, but likewise of common, and vulgar praise. I shall give one remarkable instance of this infirmity.— I was with him one morning, in his library, when young HOPKINS, the son of the prompter of drury-lane theatre, waited on him, to request that he would name a day for his father's benefit; which he did, very civilly, and agreeably. But he could not omit that opportunity of hearing the musick of eulogy, even from a very inferiour servant of the theatre.—“ But tell me, HOPKINS,” (said this extraordinary man, who was ever insatiate of fame) “ how did they like me “ last night ? ”— HOPKINS answered, with a bow of profound obeisance ;—“ Oh ! sir, they thought “ that you never were greater.”

I shall now go on to some JOHNSONIANA ; to some faithful anecdotes of Dr. JOHNSON ; which I shall relate, without that accurate attention to the order of time ; which in the series of these memoirs ; and particularly when I was communicating more important, and extensive objects,

I have carefully observed. It is, indeed, impossible for any writer regularly to remember in what year short transactions happened, or sententious, and elegant flashes of the mind were thrown off; after a long lapse of time hath intervened:—it is particularly impracticable for *me*, to retain the dates of those smaller, and more detached events; because many disagreeable accidents; many painful impressions, have erased the traces of my memory, and shaken the collected powers of my mind, since they passed before me. Indeed an apology for having forgotten the minute circumstances that attended them, is hardly requisite; as they cannot in the least degree, affect their perspicuity; their force; or the interest that may be felt, in reading them. In some of the anecdotes which I am going to relate, my occasional, and transient literary connexions with Dr. JOHNSON, are included:—I cannot fairly be charged with impertinence, or vanity, for recording *them*; for they throw light on the character of JOHNSON; and they necessarily enter into the plan of my work.

In my literary deliberations, and aspirings, I had long been ambitious of translating TACITUS. To give my reasons why this illustrious authour

was a leading object of my attention; to dwell minutely on *his* excellence, would be ridiculously superfluous.—I communicated to JOHNSON my wish; my anxiety to translate the great roman historian with a spirit, strength, and elegance, that might be worthy of the original. He warmly approved my intention; and he very powerfully stimulated me to undertake the arduous, I may add, the glorious task; though I was only to be a translator, by saying that he thought my abilities equal to its atchievement. He only wished that the execution of my design might be made practicable, by a proper encouragement from some capital bookseller. But he desired me to suspend, for a while any farther thoughts on that object; as he had been repeatedly informed that MURPHY was translating TACITUS. He was so obliging as to tell me that he would inquire into the truth of that information; and that he would soon acquaint me with the result of his inquiry. JOHNSON was mindful of his promise; he called on me in a week; and told me, that he was now assured, from indisputable authority, that MURPHY had been, for a considerable time, translating TACITUS. He added, that he went on very deliberately, and slowly; and that he had

set himself a task of translating for every day, which he never failed to complete:—the Doctor mentioned to me the daily quantity: I have forgotten what it exactly was; but it was very small. He now advised me to drop all thoughts of this literary enterprize; as if MURPHY's translation should be first published, which *might* happen, if he heard that I had undertaken the same work; it would inevitably damp, or perhaps totally spoil the sale of mine. The Doctor soothed my mind, and blunted the sting of my misfortune, by being pleased to say, that, “he was sorry that MURPHY was engaged in translating TACITUS; for that his talents were not sufficiently vigorous, to do justice to the original:—but,” (he added) “I am sure that it would lose nothing in *your* energy, and manner; and that while you were just to the great roman, you would do a lasting honour to yourself.”—JOHNSON's account of MURPHY's progress, in his translation of TACITUS, must have been very accurate; for I believe it did not come out till about twenty-six years after those conferences between us.—I think that it was published in the beginning of the year 1798. At that time I had a sight of it, in the shop of STOCKDALE, a bookseller, in pic-

cadilly. A reader of any discernment is as well acquainted with the vigour, and taste of a writer's mind, by reading ten, as by reading a hundred leaves. I carefully read in MURPHY's translation, for an hour; I found in it neither strength, nor elegance; in short, I found in it nothing of TACITUS. I esteem, and respect the character of MURPHY: several of his productions have done credit to his abilities; but if I should flatter him on his translation of TACITUS, I should betray the cause of two inestimable objects; which have always been dearer to me than any consideration of myself;—literature, and truth.

About the year 1772, the management of the LONDON evening-chronicle was likely to become vacant; for the person who had the care of it, was, unfortunately, for some time deprived of his senses. For the purpose of succeeding him, I applied to Dr. JOHNSON, and requested him to use his interest in my favour with Mr. STRAHAN, the printer, who was one of the principal proprietors of that paper. He told me that he would do any thing in his power to serve me; but that it would be far better for me to go to Mr. STRAHAN; and to ask of him, in person, the object that I wished to obtain. He likewise de-

sired me to give his compliments to him, and to assure him that he was warmly interested in my success. I replied that I was certain that a letter, or a call from *him*, on STRAHAN, would far more probably succeed, than my personal application to him; especially as it was well, and publicly known that I had not written very favourably of SCOTLAND, in my poem of the poet. I observed, that it was surely needless for me to remind him, of the national ardour of the scotch; and that STRAHAN was naturally, and habitually, where he durst, a man of rough, and overbearing manners.—I take this opportunity to remark, that the scotch are often stigmatized with the censure of a permanently vindictive temper; especially against those persons who throw out any disparaging reflections against their country. But I think it fair to ease the scotch of a load that should be more equally divided. A durable resentment of injuries; a vindictive, and implacable temper, is not a particular characteristick of SCOTLAND; it is the too prevailing disposition of the world. But it is certain that the english are less violently offended than the scotch are, at any severe, or satirical liberties that are taken with their country. To this observation, a scotch-

man may answer, and with some appearance of reason, that the scotch are, therefore, truer patriots than the english. But to return to my narrative.

Dr. JOHNSON laughed at what he called my cold, and cowardly caution ; and insisted on my going to STRAHAN, as *he* advised me. The ultimate event of this transaction will show, what a poor politician, what an ill-informed practical philosopher, JOHNSON was, in the common affairs of life. Indeed his knowledge of mankind, was only a knowledge of them in the mass ; an abstract which he had formed, rather from books, and reflexion, than from his intercourse with the world, of their general, and prevailing characteristics ; it was the systematick, or expanded theory of the closet, which cannot be compressed, and levelled to the use, and advantage of our daily experience.

After taking my leave of Dr. JOHNSON, (for I was determined to comply with what he had eagerly pressed) I immediately waited on STRAHAN. My name was announCED to him ; and he soon came into the room, into which I had been conducted. It was on an evening ; he had left the company who had dined at his house, to

meet *me*: but alas! I did not find this hour, which I might have supposed would have been auspicious, one of the *molliæ tempora fandi*: good cheer, still more softens and dilates a benevolent and generous heart; it makes a selfish, and hard one, more obdurate, and insensible, to the misfortunes, or humble desires of its neighbour. I predicted, from the first salutation, the issue of our interview. I do not remember all that passed between us; if I did, it would not deserve to be recited. I was not unacquainted with Mr. STRAHAN's manners; especially to people who had no power; nor, was I a stranger to his disposition towards *me*; therefore I could not be disconcerted, nor disappointed; I told him my reason for waiting on him; and I very respectfully requested his interest, to procure for me the superintendence of the LONDON evening-chronicle, if it was to be vacant; as in that case, I knew that it would be chiefly at *his* disposal. I forgot not to mention to him Dr. JOHNSON's kind wishes for my success. After playing off a few witty sparks, as *he* undoubtedly thought them; and a few insolent gambols, he told me, with a significant, and triumphant sneer, that he thought it very extraordinary from *me*, to ask a fa-

your of a *scotchman*. “Forewarned, fore-armed,” says the proverb ; to my previous knowledge of my ground, I owed, at this juncture, the panoply of social philosophy. I replied, that I was aware of the poetical licence to which he alluded ; and which, on cool reflexion, I did not think justifiable : but that I had waited on *him* with some confidence ; especially as I was supported by the authority of Dr. JOHNSON : for I had hoped that a little national prejudice ; or even a warrantable zeal for his country, would not prevent him from doing a generous action. This short speech had some subduing effect ; it was a sop to the Cerberus ; I had given him the

Melle soporatum, et inedicatum frugibus offam.

He was now soothed into civility ; into something like politeness. He told me that he could not then promise the office to which I wished to succeed, to any man ; for that there was great probability that the person who held it, would recover his intellects. I expressed my sincere wish for his recovery ; and politely took my leave. I immediately returned to Dr. JOHNSON ; and gave him an exact account of my conference with

Mr. STRAHAN.* He seemed surprised at what I told him ; and I believe that I left him, possessed with the idea, that however conscious he might be of his learning, and genius, and of the strength, eloquence, and truth of his moral lectures ; and however sensible he might be, of my great imprudences ; yet in the daily, personal, and most useful knowledge of men, when it is well applied, he was in comparison with *me*, merely a *rambler*, and an *idler*. The editor of the LONDON evening-chronicle was, soon after, fortunately restored to his understanding ; to his family ; and to his employment.

In about two years from the time to which I have now referred, a society of booksellers had determined to produce a new edition of CHAMBERS'S dictionary of the arts and sciences. The choice of the person who was to form it, was left to Mr. STRAHAN, who had a principal share in

* “ Dans le commerce des hommes, l'amour et la reconnaissance sont deux sentimens distincts ; on peut aimer quelqu'un sans en avoir reçu des bienfaits ; on peut en recevoir des bienfaits, sans l'aimer ; et quoique comblé de ses faveurs, on peut ne le pas aimer, sans etre ingrat.” From that concise, but excellent system of morality, entitled *Mœurs*, which was written by the virtuous, and eloquent PANAGE.—chap. 2d, page 20.

this project. As Dr. JOHNSON well knew my straitened circumstances, I believe that he had repeatedly desired STRAHAN to give me some literary work whenever it was in his power. And on this occasion, he recommended me as an author to STRAHAN's attention. I received a message from Mr. STRAHAN; by which he wished to see me, on particular business. The object of the message was to treat about the dictionary. Accordingly, I went to his house; but I saw not the old gentleman: I had a conference with his son, the reverend GEORGE STRAHAN; who has, for many years, been the vicar of ISLINGTON. He had been deputed by his father to communicate to me the proposals on the intended work; which he *did* in a very distinct, and satisfactory manner. Some of them I have forgotten; but I remember that two of the principal parts of the plan were;—to abridge those explanations in CHAMBERS which I might think too long; and to add those terms, and illustrations which *he* might have omitted; or which later improvements might have introduced, and established in philosophy. Whether or no the sum with which that labour was to be requited, was mentioned at this time, I cannot tell: but I well

remember, that I desired of Mr. STRAHAN, a week to consider of the proposals ; as the object which he had explained to me, had rather an arduous appearance ; and as I wished to perform whatever task I undertook, faithfully, and to the satisfaction of those by whom I was to be employed. He very cheerfully gave me the time that I desired, to deliberate on the matter ; and thus we parted.—I immediately waited on Dr. JOHNSON, to whom I opened most of my literary budgets ; and told him what had passed between STRAHAN and *me*. I expressed my gratitude to him for the first motion in my favour, which, I knew that *he* had given to this affair ; and I farther told him, that I had already almost determined not to accept the intended work ; as, whatever might be it's emolument, it would be prodigiously laborious ; and as I was not sufficiently conversant with the sciences to execute it. Part of his answer extremely surprised me : he allowed my objections proper weight ; but he told me, that if *I* would not undertake it, *he would*. Then I desired him to accept it immediately ; for that I would give it up to him, with pleasure.—“ No,” (he said) “ he insisted that I should first take my “ week of mature deliberation.” This point

being settled between us, I took the liberty to express my astonishment, that *he*, who could, at any time, pour such a rich, and eloquent strain of prose; and who had often equally commanded the ardent sentiment; the striking imagery; and the fine harmony of poetry; should, in *his* easy, and happy circumstances, think of preparing a new edition of a voluminous, tedious, and scientific dictionary. His answer surprised me as much as his former proposal.—“Sir,” (said he) “I like that *muddling* work.” This was his very expression. Posterity will be amused with this instance, amongst an infinity of others, of the unaccountable inconsistencies of great minds. When the week had expired, I waited on Mr. STRAHAN, and told him that I had determined not to undertake the work which he had been so obliging as to offer me; because I was thoroughly convinced that I was not qualified to perform it. He payed me such a polite compliment as is apt to pass on similar occasions; and we parted. I lost no time to inform Dr. JOHNSON that I had bidden adieu to ELISHA CHAMBERS; of whom I believe, that the Doctor did not go in quest, for a week after. At length he inquired if he was still unengaged: but he found that he was now

consigned to the care of Dr. ABRAHAM REES; who has undoubtedly treated him as worthily, and honourably, as his just fame in philosophy deserved. Immediately after this intelligence, he called on me; and his first words were;—"It is gone, sir!" (I knew that he alluded to the dictionary)—"Then," (I replied), *I* have escaped "a world of most painful, and unsatisfactory labour; I have escaped what is much worse; a great deal of self-disapprobation;—and *you* are saved from a very profound anticlimax, in your literary, and glorious life."

I had often meditated one of the most arduous enterprises that can excite the genius of a poet;—to write an epistle from ABELARD to ELOISA. For he who ventures on this most interesting, but formidable attempt, has not only to encounter a subject which demands the utmost exertion of the poetical faculties; but he likewise brings himself into an immediate competition with POPE. That great, and immortal poet, in his ELOISA to ABELARD, has presented to the world, all the force, variety, and beauty of poetical talents; in tender, and ardent sentiments; in animated, glowing, and affecting imagery; and in vivid, luxuriant, and finely contrasted description. Yet

let me observe, with a proper, and humble idea of my own abilities, that a subject is never exhausted, to a true poet. So rich, and various are the resources of his imagination;—so vigorous, and plastick are the powers of his mind. —I shall here take the liberty to suggest to any future poet, who may soar to this high adventure; that I think it would be a proper, and edifying part of *his* plan, to make ABELARD's answer, principally flow in an intellectual, and moral direction; to make him describe, and recommend the pure and sublime enjoyments of the mind; and show their infinite superiority to the groveling joys of sense and passion. In this hallowed province, poetry would have a large, and exalted range; and it would have many, and glorious opportunities, of correcting, and subduing, the violent amorous impressions with which the fancy is agitated in reading the burning verses of ELOISA. This poem I meditated, in my more lively, and better days; but the daring project, like the “ten thousand freaks” of DRYDEN's ZIMRI, “died in thinking.”—It sunk to nothing as often as it rose in my mind; by idleness, dissipation, and a restless mutability of designs. It is now set in the western, and dusky skies of

age, for ever ;—the poet, who aspired to write it, will follow it ere long :—alas ! how unequal, now is his descending mind to that great atchievement ; when he finds it a painful effort, even to write the occurrences of his life !

I have here introduced this account of my intended ELOISA to ABELARD, because I was, one day, so dangerously frank with Dr. JOHNSON, as to communicate to him that object of my frequently returning and anxious ambition.—I apprehended a more discouraging, and mortifying answer than I received.—“ Sir !” (said he) “ I “ by no means disapprove your wish, or intention, to write an ABELARD to ELOISA ; but “ you must remember, that whenever you attempt “ it, you will be drawing the bow of ULYSSES.”

This remark, from an ordinary man, would have been unimpressive, and insignificant ; but from JOHNSON, to whom I had the honour to be well known, and who was of a stern spirit of criticism, it was fame.

When Dr. JOHNSON and I were talking of GARRICK ;—I observed, that he was a very moderate, fair, and pleasing companion ; when we considered what a constant influx had flowed upon him, both of fortune and fame ;—to throw

him off of his bias of moral, and social self-government.—“ Sir (replied JOHNSON, in his “usual emphatical, and glowing manner) you “are very right in your remark:—GARRICK “has, undoubtedly, the merit of a temperate, “and unassuming behaviour in society:—for “more pains have been taken to spoil that “fellow, than if he had been heir apparent to “the empire of INDIA !”

I am sorry likewise, here to remark, that even when JOHNSON praised GARRICK, it was generally with a mixture of dislike, or rather of affected contempt. In their latter years, there was very little communication between those two great men ; but I well know that the fault was JOHNSON’S entirely. GARRICK, from his regard for an old friendship, which had commenced in early life ; and from his veneration of learning, and extraordinary talents ; had long borne JOHNSON’S rudeness, and insolence to him, with great candour, and good nature. But his patience was at length worne out ; and their gradual coolness ended in a separation. What avail moral speculations, and professional philosophy ; if they cannot make us benevolent men, and good christians ; especially, when we may adopt

that character, on easy terms?—JOHNSON was, at least, as envious as he acknowledged himself to be:—he meanly envied the greatest actor that the world ever saw, and probably, the greatest that it ever *will* see, his fortune; and his fame: though it is totally beneath a philosopher;—a man who is rich in the endowments of the mind, to envy the external advantages, and glitter of fortune;—and though, as the excellence of GARRICK was theatrical, not literary; it could never, except in the infatuated absurdity of a gloomy, and jealous temper, come into any competition with his own.

But there are times in which ingenuous sentiment is not counteracted by the meaner passions; in which transcendent merit obtains the praise which it deserves; even from those who are most unwilling to bestow it. When GARRICK was mentioning to me Dr. JOHNSON's illiberal treatment of him, on different occasions; “I question (said he) whether in his calmest, and most dispassionate moments, he would allow me the high theatrical merit, which the publick have been so generous as to attribute to me.” I told him that I would take an early opportunity to make the trial;—and that I would

not fail completely to inform him of the result of my experiment.

As I had rather an active curiosity to put JOHNSON's disinterested generosity fairly to the test, on this apposite subject; I took an early opportunity of waiting on him, to hear his verdict on GARRICK's pretensions to his great, and universal fame. I found him in very good, and social humour; and I began a conversation which naturally led to the mention of GARRICK. I said something particular on his excellence, as an actor; and I added;—"But, pray, Dr. JOHNSON; do you really think that he deserves that illustrious theatrical character; and that prodigious fame which he has acquired?"—"Oh! sir (said he) he deserves every thing that he has acquired; for having seized the very soul of SHAKESPEARE;—for having embodied it in himself;"—and for having expanded it's glory over the world."—I was not slow in communicating to GARRICK the answer of the delphick oracle. The tear started into his eye;—"Oh! STOCKDALE (said he) such a praise from such a man!—*this* atones for all that has passed."

I have already taken notice of the natural, and habitual melancholy that hung on JOHNSON's

mind. This unhappy mental state was to be lamented; it was not to be severely condemned; for they who imagine that we may easily conquer our natural infirmities, are but little acquainted with the human constitution; and have not been sufficiently attentive to the movements of their own minds. I called on him one morning, when Mrs. WILLIAMS, the blind lady, to whom he had long been an affectionate friend, and whom he protected in his house as long as she lived, was conversing with him. She was telling him where she had dined the day before. “There
 “were several gentlemen there (said she) and
 “when some of them came to the tea-table; I
 “found that there had been a good deal of hard
 “drinking.” She closed this observation with a common, and trite moral reflection; which, indeed, is very ill-founded; and does great injustice to animals. “I wonder what pleasure men can take in
 “making beasts of themselves!”—I wonder,
 “madam (replied the doctor) that you have not
 “penetration enough to see the strong induce-
 “ment to this excess; for he who makes a *beast*
 “of himself, gets rid of the pain of being a
 “*man*.”

Mrs. BRUCE, an old scotch lady, who was as

national as any of her countrywomen, drank tea with me, one afternoon, at my lodgings in bolt-court; with other friends;—when JOHNSON was one of the company. She spoke very broad scotch; and this alarmed me for her present social situation; as I well knew the doctor's hatred of SCOTLAND; and his total disregard to common good manners; when he was ruffled by any disagreeable object. But she was less afraid for *herself* than *I* was for her. She was a woman of vivacity, and of high spirits; she had a good understanding, and sufficient confidence: her husband, captain BRUCE, had been for many years an officer in the russian service, in the reign of PETER the great; hence, as she had a very tenacious memory, she abounded in entertaining anecdotes. But, in one part of her behaviour, on that afternoon, she was very impolitick; very foolish. As we were conversing on a subject in which we were rather interested, she interrupted us, by saying, that we should give Dr. JOHNSON an opportunity of favouring the company with *his* sentiments. By this absurd intrusion, the doctor was naturally (especially as *he* was very easily offended) far less communicative, and free, than he otherwise *would* have been.—

That undaunted dame was however, determined to make him speak, if it was possible.—“ Dr. JOHNSON (said she) you tell us, in your dictionary, that in ENGLAND, oats are given to horses; but that in SCOTLAND, they support the people.—Now, sir, I can assure you, that, in SCOTLAND, we give oats to our horses, as well as you do, to yours, in ENGLAND.” I almost trembled for the widow of the russian hero; I never saw a more contemptuous leer than that which Dr. JOHNSON threw at Mrs. BRUCE:—however, he deigned her an answer.—“ I am very glad, madam, to find that you treat your horses as well as you treat yourselves.” I was delivered from my panick; and I wondered that she was so gently set down.

Soon after I had entered on my charge, as domestick tutor to my lord CRAVEN'S son, I called on Dr. JOHNSON.—“ Well (said he) how do you like your place?” On my hesitating to answer; or on my answer, which expressed not much love of my situation, he added the following words of consolation:—“ You must expect insolence.” In continuing to converse on the subject, I mentioned some particular treatment which I had received in the family, and which I

did not like. He observed, that my situation with lord CRAVEN must naturally, and consistently with the absurd, and illiberal manner in which private tutors were generally treated, be a very disagreeable, and mortifying one. A person of *my* office, under the *Dii penates* of a great man, was doomed to a dreary, and insulated station in the house:—he stood as a detached kind of object, in the middle of the family; without the possibility of mixing with them, with any pleasing gradations; with any proper, and amicable intercourse;—for as he justly remarked, the fools of quality had not the sense to put the guardians of the education of their sons, on the footing to which they ought to raise them, if they meant that their instructions, and example should have their improving and salutary effects; they had not the common sense to make them extremely respectable persons in the eyes of all the family. He then gave me an account of a connexion which *he* had, early in his life, with an opulent, and powerful family.—“I was then, sir
“ (said he) an unexperienced young man; and I
“ entertained great expectations from those
“ people; for they made me large promises;
“ and sometimes treated me with wonderful

“ kindness. But at length, I found that *their*
“ promises, and consequently, *my* expectations,
“ vanished into air. However, after they had
“ shown me a degree of coolness, I patiently
“ continued my visits to them:—and then, in-
“ deed, they, at times treated me with consi-
“ derable rudeness. But, sir, they would have
“ treated me much worse, if they had known
“ that the motives from which I payed my court
“ to them, were purely selfish; and what opin-
“ ion I had formed of them.” To this account
he added, “ that since he knew mankind, he
“ had not, on any occasion, been the sport of
“ such delusion; and that he had never been
“ disappointed by any body but himself.”

When several of the principal booksellers of LONDON had determined to publish a new edition of the english poets; they likewise determined to give a previous very short account, or epitome of the life of each poet; and a few general, and comprehensive critical remarks on his writings. If I remember rightly, they first proposed, and resolved on this publication, in the year 1779. I may err a little with regard to time; but *that* is not material. The plan was afterwards greatly enlarged, as it has been evinced

to the world; when the work was committed to the care of Dr. JOHNSON. I had made myself unpopular, by the imprudent, not by the unjust freedom of my writings;—and I had some implacable, and powerful enemies, in the literary trade; whose antipathy against me, proceeded (and the causes of that antipathy were very natural) from their partiality, and zeal, for their particular friends; and for the authours with whom they were connected by the ties of interest. Yet even these obnoxious circumstances had not made my abilities insignificant;—to *them* they had given so much credit from what I had written; but especially, on *this* occasion, I suppose, from my life of, WALLER, that, at a meeting of the booksellers, it was resolved, that *I* should be employed in preparing for the press, the intended edition of the english poets.

Soon after that meeting, I accidentally met two booksellers; Mr. CONANT of fleet-street; and Mr. EVANS of the strand; who acquainted me with the choice which their society had made, of the authour, for the task that I have related; and which they offered me in their united names. They told me, at the same time, that they had very warmly recommended me to that employ-

ment. I replied, that I accepted it with pleasure; and that I was obliged to them for their kind attention to me.—And notwithstanding the great importance which the name of Dr. JOHNSON would certainly have given to any publication, I verily believe that they would have invariably adhered to their first determination in my favour;—if it had not been overruled, and defeated by STRAHAN's dislike of me; who was materially concerned in the project. When I called, one morning, on Mr. CONANT, with whom I was rather on a footing of intimacy, he informed me, with apparent regret, of the change which had been made in the choice of the editor of the poets. He seemed to endeavour to soften my fall, by paying some empty compliments to my well-known abilities; and by ascribing the new resolution of the booksellers, merely to the preponderating, and imperious weight of JOHNSON's name. I told him, that I had no reason to be mortified on account of the person whom they had preferred to me;—but that, in changing their authour, after they had fixed on *me*; and in breaking even their verbal engagement to me, they had not used me well. Mr. CONANT was rather staggered by this answer; but the pro-

posals which he now made me, was a miserable apology for his illiberal behaviour, and for that of his friends. With that indiscriminate, and unmeaning smile which he applied to all objects, he proposed to me, to make an index to the new edition of the poets, if I chose to undertake that labour. What the man meant by making me the offer, I cannot exactly say.—I will not suppose that he made it to me from the motive of premeditated contempt, but from that of an undistinguishing, vulgar, and barbarous kind of charity. He did not consider that to wound the reasonable delicacy; the manly dignity, of an ingenuous mind; sensibly, and painfully, conscious of its natural, and acquired rights, in proportion as it was denied them,—was doing it a greater injury, than a little improvement of its circumstances would do it good. He undoubtedly thought that the meanest task in the republic of letters should be gratefully accepted by an unfortunate, and indigent authour, whose abilities were greatly superiour to mine; if it would procure him some dinners. But as I was even *then*, inured to harsh treatment from the world, I was not much discomposed by this ignorant, and unfeeling impertinence. I calmly refused the offer,

and left my magnificent patron. I have only now to hope, that this gentleman, in his civil capacity, is more just, and liberal to the culprits who are brought before him, than he was to me, in his profession as a bookseller, when he intended to condemn me to the punishment of index-making; though I must acknowledge, that when I was connected with *him*, I had often been guilty of the enormous crime of poverty.

I had an opportunity, not long after, of accurately relating to Dr. JOHNSON these transactions with the booksellers. I informed him with a circumstantial exactness, and force, of their engagement to *me*, before they had made an offer of the work to *him*. The man who used to be so open, and declamatory; and often so warm, and violent, in his defence, or censure, even of actions of inferiour consequences, when they were related to him; on *this* occasion, made me no reply; he was perfectly silent.

In Dr. JOHNSON's most eminent english poets, are comprehended many inferiour, and feeble pretenders to poetry, who dishonour the illustrious names with which they are associated. Yet in his lives of our great luminaries of PARNASSUS, we meet with much ingenious, and fine criticism;

though the celebrated authour often discredits his noble passages, by his prejudices against a particular species of writing; or, what is more reprehensible, by his prejudices against a particular man. It was the interest of many booksellers to puff this performance, which they did, most egregiously, and hyperbolically; and as it is the way of an unthinking, and fawning world, to take any thing upon trust; when it comes from great power of any kind; the irresistible name of JOHNSON, gave an implicit, and complete sanction to the extravagance of commercial praise. For it must be evident to every impartial, and judicious reader; that these lives of the english poets, are not only, in many places, deformed with party-zeal; and even with malignity; but that, in vigour, and elegance; in short, in the perfection of composition, they are far below the atchievements of his maturer age. They often, indeed, betray marks of haste, and negligence; of a confidence in long acquired, and established fame. The force of a great mind, drooping with time, who would not warmly regret, and compassionate?—An inaccurate, and indolent manner of executing a literary task; from a security in a splendid character, or from whatever cause, is

not altogether venial. The evidence of the decay of strength, and beauty, in JOHNSON's writing, which time had effected, will almost force itself upon the judgment of any one, who will calmly compare his life of the unfortunate SAVAGE, with his comparatively recent lives of our other poets. The life of his unhappy friend, preceded his latter biography, by thirty-six years. Indeed I observe with reluctance; but with my accustomed, and ingenuous manner of paying seasonable tribute to truth; that the life of SAVAGE deserves a decided preference to his other lives; as much for it's candour; and for it's tender, and amiable benevolence, as for it's elegance of narrative, and force of sentiment.

When his life of WALLER was published, a curious paragraph, to the following effect, was inserted in the news-papers.—“The public have
“been highly gratified with the lives of those
“poets, with which Dr. JOHNSON, thus far,
“has favoured them; but it is the opinion of
“every good critick, that his life of WALLER is
“supereminently excellent.”—Now, in the language of pure sincerity, and of common judgment, that life is written in a remarkably superficial, and careless manner. The booksellers,

and their criticks, probably threw out this important intelligence, with a double view, to push the sale of the lives of the poets; and to mortify the authour of these memoirs; who, it was well known, had written a life of WALLER.—Mr. WILKES was the person from whom I first knew that this paragraph had come abroad: he was an elegant scholar, and my friend; and this happened long before JOHNSON and he had “met in council.” He felt, and expressed a generous indignation at this dirty paragraph; and he saw it exactly in the light in which I have now represented it. He was pleased, at that time, to express a very advantageous opinion of my life of WALLER, and a very poor one of JOHNSON’S. “I wish to GOD!” (said he) “that you would determine to do yourself justice with the world; by publishing together, *his* life of WALLER, and *yours*; or by exerting your abilities in writing the life, and critical observations on the poetry of the elegant, and injured AKENSIDE; and bringing them out with JOHNSON’S illiberal, and malignant account of the life, and genius of that true, and great poet; whom, with his usual, and gloomy political, and religious bigotry, he has treated with the grossest injustice; nay,

“with scurrility.” I thanked Mr. WILKES for his friendly liberality of opinion in my favour; and for his kind, and well-meant advice.—I told him, “that I was sensible that I was industriously, and unfairly depressed, as an authour, by my cotemporaries; but I hoped that time would, one day, do me justice; and that, in the present instance, it would be in vain to strive against a violent, and noisy stream.”

Some observations which I have here taken the liberty to make on Dr. JOHNSON’S lives of the english poets, are, I flatter myself, completely proved in the lectures, which I have written on our truly eminent poets; and which, I hope, will, hereafter, obtain the just, and generous attention of the publick.

I must now continue, and conclude these memoirs, in a more concise manner than I had at first intended. For having formed this new resolution, I have rather painful, and melancholy reasons.—During the course of this winter, (February, 1804) I have felt my mind and body very much depressed with age: and when I consider my time of life; my long, and inflexibly inauspicious literary fortune; and the unreflecting, and capricious nature of a world, by whom I have

had a persevering, but unsuccessful ambition to be warmly approved ;—the love of fame, which is, in general, the most powerful impulse to authors, retains but a feeble influence on my heart. I am thus almost totally incapacitated from writing accurately, copiously, and forcibly, by two kinds of weakness, which extremely relax mental attention, and vigour ; the decay of this mortal frame ; and my expiring passion for public praise. Therefore the future tenour of my narrative shall be principally directed to the times, and circumstances of my various publications.

In March, 1778, I took my leave of Mr. FITZMAURICE, and of LLEWENEY, and returned to LONDON. I left a faithless patron, and a disagreeable man, with pleasure :—I quitted a delightful, and hospitable county, with regret. Human joys have their allays ; human pains have their antidotes, and alleviations. An atonement was made to me for my disagreeable occurrences while I was with Mr. FITZMAURICE, by an acquaintance which I formed with two very amiable men, in different stations, and departments of life ; the earl of INCHQUIN (who for several years has been marquis of THOMOND) and Mr. SANDBY, an excellent architect, and the deputy

ranger of WINDSOR-great-park.—My lord THOMOND is a man of accomplished politeness; of a convivial, festive, and friendly heart; and he esteems men who are devoted to literature, and the muses. In the spring, and summer of 1778, I spent some happy weeks with him, in his earthly elysium, at TAPLOW-court. His behaviour to his old friends will always be constant, and generous, when he is left to the impulse of his own mind.

I can never think of my dear, and departed friend, Mr. SANDBY, without the warmest affection, and gratitude. He had an ardent zeal for my interest, and fame; and it would have given him the greatest pleasure to have been instrumental in their promotion and establishment. He was a sincere, and constant friend, and a most agreeable companion: he always greatly occasioned, and supremely enjoyed social mirth.—About the time of which I am writing, I passed many delightful days with him, divided between study and pleasing amusement, in the great park of WINDSOR. He was, as I have observed, an excellent architect: his plans were always judicious; and when he chose, magnificent; but he was as much addicted to verse, as to architecture; though

he certainly never arrived at any *poetical* elevations : he rapidly, and promiscuously caught subjects, as they rose before him ; sublime, and domestic ; sacred, and profane. I doubt not that he had written a million of verses in his life ; their chief merit, was their fluency ; though they sometimes had the poignancy in sentiment, of HUDIBRAS ; and that ludicrous, and entertaining rhyme, which was executed by BUTLER, with such novelty and boldness ; that it was a species of wit.

The blissful region which I then enjoyed, and to which I now allude ; the circumjacent confines of BERKS, of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, and of SURREY, rise, at this moment to my fancy, amidst the heaths, and snows of NORTHUMBERLAND. That region is fortunate in the fertility, in the luxury of nature ; and in the embellishments of art ; it is fortunate, too, in it's poetical immortality. It was inhabited by DENHAM, by COWLEY, and by POPE ; and it was celebrated in their numbers.

When I was in WINDSOR-park, I was introduced by my friend, Mr. SANDBY, to the acquaintance of Mr. STEVENS, (who has been for many years Dr. STEVENS) chaplain to the late

duke of CUMBERLAND ; and who was then, and is yet, the morning preacher of GROSVENOR-chapel, in south-audley-street, grosvenor-square. By his interest, in the summer of 1778, I was appointed reader to that chapel (there was duty in it every day) for the sum of fifty-pounds a year. I kept this office till the autumn of 1779 ; and I will tell the reader how I lost it.—In the summer of that year, I accompanied a friend, on a visit to ABERDEEN. Before I set off on my journey, I agreed with a Mr. MONTGOMERY, that, during my absence, he should take my duty in south-audley chapel, on the same pecuniary terms on which I performed it. It was expressly agreed between us, that on my return, I should resume my office exactly as I had it before. That gentleman (if a perfidious person deserves this honourable appellation) was driven from some preferment which he held on the other side of the ATLANTICK, by the oppressive, and infamous american war. —When I returned, in two months, to town, I found that Mr. MONTGOMERY was fixed in the chapel, by some political, and ecclesiastical legerdemain ; and that there was not any official room in it for *me*, but as joint reader with *him*. The effect of this accomplished plot,

was, what I suppose, it's contrivers expected, as they knew that I was not of a torpid disposition : —In october, 1779, I took my leave of the chapel ; and of the men by whose injustice it was profaned.

I will farther tell the reader from what cause this expulsion (which I shall never think a dishonourable one on *my* side) originated. In the time of the execrable war to which I have alluded, and on the tenth of february, 1779, which was a public fast, I preached the sermon for that day, in GROSVENOR-chapel. This was properly Mr. STEVENS's duty ; but as he disliked the object, he very easily prevailed with *me* to encounter it.—I must observe, in my way, that Dr. MOORE had a pew in south-audley-chapel. Indeed I was ambitious of this service of danger ; for it certainly has been in *my* unfortunate, but glorious horoscope, that I should, on any emergency, sacrifice all attention to my convenience, and interest, to a generous enthusiasm for truth, and freedom. In my sermon, I represented the injustice, and barbarity of the american war, before a courtly congregation ; though it had exceptions to that character ; for I observed that not a few gave significant marks of their appro-

bation of my doctrine. It is a common, trite, and tyrannical observation, that a clergyman goes out of his province when he meddles with politics —I reply, that the sacred interests of religion are involved in the government, and policy of nations; and that it is not only in the sphere of a minister of the gospel, but his indispensable, and coercive duty, freely to animadvert on any subject which is intimately, and inseparately connected with publick justice, and humanity. It is certain, however, that this inauspicious discourse was one of the bold, but honest strokes, which was not a little hostile to my future ease, prosperity, and fame. I afterwards found, by experience, that it was not forgiven by the stern primate of all ENGLAND.

After I had quitted my footing in south-audley-chapel, I still found that I had some friends who were anxious for my well-fare.—I was warmly recommended by the rev. Dr. FRANCKLIN, who had a well-deserved eminence in the literary world, to the attention of a worthy gentleman of the law. I take this opportunity of paying my tribute of respect, and gratitude, to the generous, and independent spirit, of that excellent man.—He always continued his esteem for me; his con-

sideration of a scholar, and a poet; after I had perhaps properly forfeited the regard of lord and lady CRAVEN, and of my establishment in their family. By the recommendation of Dr. FRANKLIN, and of this gentleman, I was taken into the family of lord CRAVEN, as a private tutor to his son.—When I knew him, he was a youth of a most amiable and promising disposition: since that time, I am sorry to find, that he has kept bad company; and has been habituated to rough, and inhuman amusements, which are inconsistent with the gentleness, and benevolence of his nature. I entered into my lord CRAVEN's family, toward the close of the year 1779; and I quitted it in the spring, about the april of 1780. I was very much blamed for quitting this office:—in such cases, an humble dependent is always blamed; but I know that I was right: I mean, if, on a trying emergency, an act of disinterested and independent virtue, is allowable in a poor man. My lady CRAVEN (afterwards the margravine of ANSPACH) had collected a company of gentlemen, to take parts with her in her theatrical exploits. To these temporary actors, she proposed to me, to take the honourable department of a prompter. I very reluctantly com-

plied with her humour a few times; but at length I plainly expressed my extreme dislike of that business; which I thought was totally inconsistent; and incompatible with *my* situation. In consequence of this explanation, I gave up my employment.

After I had quitted the family of lord CRAVEN, I was poverty-struck, in the extreme, and knew not what I should do with myself. As I had no prospect of success in ENGLAND, I had often thought of trying my fortune in my clerical capacity, in one of our WEST INDIA islands. What I had frequently meditated, I was now anxious to realize. I communicated my intention to colonel SMITH, whose advice I greatly valued; and who, I well knew, would be happy to take any opportunity of promoting my interest. This gentleman, whom in a former part of these memoirs, I have particularly mentioned, and according to his merit, was *aide-de-camp* to lord GEORGE SACKVILLE, at CHATHAM-camp, and at the battle of MINDEN. He was, by nature, warmly disposed to deeds of benevolence, and friendship; but that amiable disposition was yet more ardently impelled to its corresponding action, by a strong, and unshaken faith in the

christian religion, and by a constant attention to it's precepts. He is the father of sir SIDNEY SMITH; who has immortalized his name, and with a peculiar splendour, both by sea and land. I was lately happy to be informed by a fair correspondent, in whom virtue, talents, and the graces, contend for a superiority*, that my good old friend is yet living, with his affectionate, and excellent sister, and under the cliffs of DOVER; where he never can view the gallic shoar, without recollecting that he gave a hero to his country, whose genius, and intrepidity, have been gloriously signalized in repelling an insolent, and perfidious foe;—a hero, terrible, in battle, and divinely humane in victory.

After I had proposed my object, and consulted with my friend, he assured me that he would take an early opportunity to apply to lord GEORGE GERMAINE in my favour, to whom I had dedicated the essay which defended POPE against WARTON. General DALLING was then the governor of JAMAICA; he was appointed to that high station by the interest of lord GEORGE. That island is the most eligible for the residence of an

* MISS JANE PORTER.

emigrant, of all the rest;—and it contains the most numerous, and most lucrative livings. In JAMAICA, therefore, it was our wish that my lot might be thrown. Colonel SMITH was, at that time, a gentleman-usher to the queen. Soon after our conference on the important subject, he took an early opportunity, at court, to mention me kindly, and to make my request, to lord GEORGE GERMAINE;—who, with *his* usual generosity of soul, after bestowing too exuberant a praise on my literary productions, promised to SMITH that he would give me a letter of warm recommendation to DALLING. The letter was soon sent to me; and it contained more in my favour than I could have wished, or expected.—But alas! my fairy prospect, under an azure sky, and a fervid sun, in a little time, vanished away. I could not raise money, for my voyage, and support, for some time in the island. For whatever liberal hospitality might have awaited me there, I could not bear the idea of being at all burdensome to any person. Besides, I was only in deacon's orders; my faint hopes in the church, had prevented me from taking the ordination of priest; without which, I thought it extremely improper; indeed, conscientiously impracticable,

to officiate, as a clergyman, in JAMAICA. An iron preclusion was set against my priest's orders, by the ill-natured obstinacy of Dr. LOWTH, the bishop of LONDON; who was properly the bishop of the plantations. The practical, and expanded christianity of my open-hearted soldiers, was quashed by the impenetrable, and resentful heart of the priest. I am sorry to pass this sentence on the memory of an elegant, and accomplished scholar, and a spirited, and eloquent writer;—but *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*.

My life had long been fluctuating, and unsettled; but as I wished to proceed in the object of ordination as accurately as I could, I obtained from several clergymen, very honourable testimonies to my character, during the time in which they had known me. On the strength of these testimonials, and of the letter of lord GEORGE GERMAINE to governor DALLING, the prelate would, without any hesitation have ordained me; if he could have shown candour, equity, and liberality, to an unreserved, and independent writer. I went to the episcopal residence at FULHAM. I payed my compliments to his lordship, with the utmost respect, and deference; which he received with dryness; rather with

rudeness. I acquainted him with my motive for waiting on him; I presented to him my credentials; which, after he had read, he told me that they were not sufficiently valid, to warrant him to ordain me. He insisted on a regular, and indispensable title, and on a similar testimonial. I respectfully represented to him the peculiar urgency of my case, in which I thought that such testimonials as I could procure, might be accepted; and that lord GEORGE GERMAINE's letter of recommendation might safely supersede a title from any clergyman. But he rejected my plea with petulance, and ill-manners. I shall now give you a specimen of episcopal urbanity, and wit. With one of my testimonials, I was favoured by my dear friend Mr. PHILLIPS of GOSPORT.—When the bishop had read it, I informed him, with a scrupulous, indeed, with a foolish accuracy, to which he was little entitled by his behaviour, on this occasion, that Mr. PHILLIPS had died since he gave me that testimonial.—“Oh! (replied “the facetious doctor) but I suppose he was “alive when he wrote it.” I now felt within me a strong degree of resentment; though it was cooled, and subdued by an equal degree of contempt. Looking stedfastly at him;—“My lord

“ (said I) to your supposition I must assent;
“ I am very apt to think that he *was alive* when
“ he wrote it.” Such an interview as mine, with
one who pretended to be a leading disciple of
the forgiving, affable, and affectionate JESUS
CHRIST, might certainly have been a test of pa-
tience to a true philosopher.—It is needless to
add, that I went as I came, without being master
of my object.

On my return to town from FULHAM, I waited
on Dr. JOHNSON, and gave him an account of
my unfortunate conference with the bishop.—He
thought that I was hardly treated; and he was
so good as to write a letter to this rigid prelate,
in which he endeavoured to prevail with him to
relax from his resolution not to ordain me. The
bishop sent an attentive, and respectful answer
to Dr. JOHNSON;—but he explicitly, and deci-
sively repeated his refusal to ordain me. The
arguments, and eloquence of a great man, in
the cause of equity, and humanity, could not
soften his hardness and inflexibility;—he verified
one of the oracles of JUNIUS, after it had re-
ceived innumerable sanctions from examples, to
it's indisputable truth;—that “ the malice of a
“ priest is implacable.” This very small part

of ecclesiastical history, which I have faithfully recorded, presents as much of anti-christ, as is exhibited in the character of the church of ROME. —But let us turn away from episcopal meanness, to military nobleness of action.

I have already informed the reader that I dedicated the little book which I wrote on the genuine laws of poetry, and in defence of POPE, to lord GEORGE GERMAINE, who was then his majesty's secretary of state for the american department. In the former part of my dedication, I assert the propriety of dedicating my treatise to *him*, who was endowed with conspicuous talents ; and whose illustrious ancestors had not only been the patrons, and friends of great poets, but poets themselves. Then I add;—
“ These are the motives which dictated this address to your lordship ; not my gratitude, as
“ an englishman, for the progress, or rather continuation of our unconstitutional, sanguinary,
“ and destructive war, over which *you* preside ;
“ not very auspiciously to your political reputation. I pay this homage to the polite scholar, and to the orator ; not a particle of my
“ respect is intended for the minister.—I am,
“ my lord, &c.”—I hope that I may observe,

without presuming too much in my own favour, that these ingenuous, and free sentiments, do credit to the writer;—but I shall with greater confidence observe, that, we may pronounce the result of these sentiments; the reception with which they were honoured;—the return which was made for them, one of the rarest anecdotes, that are to be found in the life of a statesman.— Sometimes we meet with a manly, and generous dedicator, who is disdainful of interest; and only ardent to pay a merited tribute to high desert.— But when we see a person who possesses great wealth, and great power, suffer a poor man to take the boldest liberty with his conduct in matters of government; publickly to reprove his ambition, and to dispute his wisdom;—when we see that he not only suffers, but rewards him for it;—in such a view, a very singular, and wonderful being is brought into our contemplation; an absolute phœnix in the political hemisphere.

In the summer of 1780, as I was totally without employment that was of any advantage to me, my worthy friend sir ADAM GORDON, who had the living of HINXWORTH in HERTFORDSHIRE, on the borders of BEDFORDSHIRE, offered me his curacy there. I accepted his offer

with thanks ; and I continued his curate till the summer of 1781. HINXWORTH is a very mean village ; and where I had not any agreeable society ; a misfortune, which has generally been one of the melancholy circumstances of my life.—I therefore left it, at that time which I have mentioned :—I rather chose, again to encounter extreme hardships in LONDON, than to risk an indolence, and inactivity of mind, to which I was in danger of sinking, amidst the bores of HINXWORTH ; and which it required my most arduous, and determined efforts, to counteract.

To fill and actuate the void which the want of society at HINXWORTH occasioned, I applied to my usual resources, the exercise of my mind, with study ;—and it's exertions in literary composition. I read assiduously while I was there. I remember, that I made some progress in the disagreeable german language ; but, I remember, with pleasure, that I read MARIANA's justly celebrated history of SPAIN. It is a vigorous, luminous, and elegant work. As that history is written, the authour deserved to have the spanish language, which is only excelled in strength, majesty, and splendour, by it's illustrious parent,

the latin, for the vehicle of his information ;—on his narrative, and judgment, too, you may safely depend, where the interest of the jesuit is not concerned :—for, whenever the priest predominates over the man ; even if he is naturally liberal, and generous ; truth, equity, and humanity, give way to prejudice, hypocrisy, and the love of dominion.

At HINXWORTH, I wrote fifteen of the seventeen sermons which I published in the spring of 1784. The sermon on the forgiveness of injuries, I wrote at BERWICK upon TWEED, in the summer of 1779 ; and preached it there, on the 29th of august of that year. At that time, I was most kindly treated, and a fond partiality was shown to my literary talents, and to my eloquence in the pulpit, by my old friends, in a town where I had passed several of my juvenile years. At this juncture, a streak of happiness distinguished, and brightened my clouded life. HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, at that time lived at BERWICK. The graces of her mind, were *then*, as attractive, and charming, as those of her person. She had a tenderness, and delicacy of soul ; and was a sincere friend of all order, moral, civil, and religious. But how frail is the

best nature, when it is powerfully assailed, and gradually, and habitually corrupted, by inhuman, and impious doctrines ; and by licentious, and profligate examples ! The incense of flattery, and the intoxication of vanity, contribute not a little to the fall of mental rectitude. This lady has long been the complete contrast of what she *was*. Her talents, once, were fine ; and she had an elegant literary taste. But by evil communications we catch all their contagion ; they indispose the mind from a true apprehension of the beautiful, and the sublime ; and they weaken, and debase the very essence of it's noblest faculties.— The fallen fair one, whose deep descent I sincerely deplore, while I freely animadvert on it, as a friend of literature, and virtue, hath sunk her attick ideas down to the BÆOTIA, which, in *these* degenerate days, governs the republick of letters, both in ENGLAND and in FRANCE. She is not only insensible to the various genius, and eloquence, that gave to the reign of LOUIS the fourteenth, the augustan age of that country, it's first glory ; but she infinitely prefers before *that* splendid period, the more modern, gothick, and sanguinary french æra ; which, in her perverted enthusiasm, she peoples with an imaginary late,

and highly improved, and cultivated posterity. But on objects more serious ; on objects which are more important, she has adopted the meanest, the most degrading, and profane sentiments. She has, for several years, been the open, ardent, and strenuous advocate for the ferocious, and implacable enemies of whatever is dearest, and most beneficent to mankind. She has been an advocate for the assassins of law, of morality, and of religion. She has, for several years, plunged her soul into the gulph of all anarchy, tyranny, and barbarity.

The very christian, but inauspicious sermon, on humanity to animals, I wrote at BENHAM-place ; the seat of my lord CRAVEN, near NEWBURY, in BERKSHIRE.

As HINXWORTH was within a few miles of BIGGLESWADE in BEDFORDSHIRE, my old station when I was a recruiting officer ; I sometimes took a walk to that town :—it brought painful, and melancholy recollections, and ideas to my mind. Several persons there, and in the neighbourhood, with whom I had passed many convivial, and happy hours ; had been long laid in the dust. I sometimes revisited my old friend Mr. GIBSON, the vicar of the place ; to whose cha-

racter, in a former part of these memoirs, I endeavoured to do particular, and ample justice. Time had greatly weakened his vigour, and changed his aspect; that awful, and instructive monitor, now presented to me one of the most mortifying, but salutary scenes, if we make a proper use of them, to which, from my professional, and peculiar situations, my sensibility, and humanity, have been too often exposed. Paleness, and wrinkles, had taken their place on that cheek which was formerly flushed with the rosy glow of health; and the hearty laugh, which used to break forth, with, or without a cause; and from the mere exuberant flow of animal spirits, had now sunk, on any occasion of mirth, to a languid, and rather extorted smile.

While I was curate to sir ADAM GORDON, I took priest's orders. I had long waved them, because I did not chuse to be fixed to a profession for life, in which I had no prospect of good fortune. Though I had not yet any hope of preferment, I was now determined to be ordained a priest; as by being only a deacon, I had often found it very difficult to have the sacrament properly administered. I was ordained on the trinity-sunday of 1781, in the temple-church,

by Dr. THURLOW, the brother of the great lord-chancellor, who was then bishop of LINCOLN, and afterwards, bishop of DURHAM. On the day previous to that of ordination, I was examined by his chaplain, who was one of the most vulgar, conceited, unmannerly pedants, with whom I ever conversed. A deal of his examination was quite foreign to our object; and it seemed to be his aim, not to see whether I was properly qualified, as a theological scholar, for ordination; but to teize, and overwhelm me with the coarse lumber of his learning; and to make me painfully sensible of the superiour, and authoritative ground on which he stood. However, I sprung out of all his traps; and eluded all his toils; very much, apparently, to his disappointment, and mortification. The name of this man was DONE; it *should* have been DRONE.

We were eighteen candidates for priest's orders; a latin *thesis* was given to us which we were to support, and demonstrate, in the same language. It proposed the following question—"Why the
" age of the advent of JESUS, was the best
" adapted to the reception and diffusion of his
" religion."—My *thesis* had the good fortune not to incur the frown of the learned, and liberal

Mr. DONE. I took an opportunity of showing it to Dr. JOHNSON ; he read it attentively, and honoured it with his warm approbation. I have observed that the number of candidates for orders, were eighteen. “ I am certain,” (said the doctor) “ that all the performances of the rest of “ the eighteen, have been excelled by yours, on “ this occasion.” I shall here transcribe the *thesis*, for the satisfaction of the reader. I do not presume to think that I did justice to the subject : but it certainly deserves the attention of every friend to christianity.

LATIN THESIS FOR PRIEST'S ORDERS,

MARCH 7th, 1781.

Ævum quo advenit Jesus, unde constet esse commodissimum ?

Ævum, quo advenit Christus, non tantum commodissimum fuit huic adventui celesti, sed etiam necessarium ;—*necessarium* : ut oraculorum Dei tenor, et spiritus ; sacri codicis minæ præcipuæ, præcipua promissa, implerentur ; et ut redemptioni nostræ tempus definitum à plurimis prophetis, præsertim a Daniele, illi maximo eventui accuratissimè responderet.

Quomodo periodus Christi adventûs insignis-
simo illi benevolentiae divinæ exemplo accom-
modatissima fuit, animum historiae sæculi istius
paulisper advertendo, claré perspiciemus.

Obtinuerat totum fermè terrarum orbem cog-
nitum potestas romana. Hinc, ad promulgan-
das Cæli veritates, per latissimum Imperium viæ
fuerunt patefactæ;—hinc, mores, et scientia, et
doctrina romana, longè latèque non solùm ir-
repserant, sed in summo vigore floruerunt:—hinc
ratio humana, principium *primum*, prima re-
velatio Divinæ voluntatis, et omnibus religionis
nostræ præceptis consentanea, ad summum acu-
men colebatur. Philosophorum etiam illustrissi-
morum judicia, vita, atque mors, melioris nos-
træ disciplinæ necessitudinem demonstrabant.
Sapientissimus ipse, atque optimus Socrates, sa-
gacitate, et prædictione divinâ, humanum genus
excellentiore morum et virtutis magistro indigere,
discipulis suis declaraverat. Inopem, atque
futilem fuisse Stoicorum celeberrimam in terris
philosophiæ scholam, inconstantes, et incongrui
Zenonis discipulorum mores, Bruti tergiversa-
tio, et avaritia, et atrocis Catonis præmatura, et
absurda mors, certissime probârant. Pax Au-
gusto stabilita; post longam bellorum seriem,

occlusum Jani templum, æternæ pacis leges quasi annunciarunt, et cum Divinâ Potentiâ et auctoritate conspiravere.

Ævum, igitur, quo advenit Christus, à prophetis ad amussimè præfinitum; Religionis Christianæ origini et incremento; et ad conciliandam rationem, et voluntatem humanam, commodissimum esse, evidentissimè constabit.

TRANSLATION OF THE THESIS.

*“ How is it evident that the age in which
“ JESUS took our nature upon him, was the most
“ proper for his coming on earth ?*

*“ The age in which CHRIST came, was not only
“ the most proper for that heavenly event ; but it
“ was the necessary time :—I say, necessary ; that
“ the tenour, and spirit of the oracles of GOD ;
“ the principal threats, and promises, contained in
“ the sacred writings might be fulfilled ; and that
“ the period of our accomplished redemption,
“ which was accurately foretold, distinguished,
“ and fixed by many of the prophets ; but particularly by DANIEL, might exactly correspond
“ with that event.*

*“ If for awhile we give attention to the history
“ of that age, we shall clearly see that the time of*

“CHRIST’S advent was the best, and happiest, to
“answer the ends of that most remarkable instance
“of divine goodness to mankind. The romans
“were *then* masters of the world. Hence the
“divine truths could with ease, be diffused through
“their most extensive empire:—hence the roman
“manners, and learning, had not only widely
“spread, but they vigorously flourished: and hence
“human reason, the first principle; the first reve-
“lation that discovers the Divine will, had arrived
“at it’s highest pitch of cultivation, and refine-
“ment. The tenets, likewise; the life, and death
“of the most illustrious philosophers, demon-
“strated the necessity of the infinitely superiour
“morality of CHRIST. SOCRATES, the best, and
“most eminent of them all, declared to his disci-
“ples, that mankind still wanted a far better in-
“formed instructor than *he* presumed to be. And
“the conduct of the followers of ZENO, which was
“neither firm, nor consistent; the tergiversation,
“and avarice of BRUTUS; and the premature,
“and absurd death of the stern CATO; evidently
“*proved that the stoicks were the disciples of
“a very defective, and futile philosophy.

“Universal peace established by AUGUSTUS;
“the temple of JANUS which was shut, after a

“ long series of wars ; very expressly announced
“ a religion of eternal peace ; and conspired with
“ the divine power, and authority. It is therefore
“ incontestably evident, that the age in which
“ CHRIST came, was predicted by the prophets
“ with a most accurate certainty, and that it was
“ the best, and most happily adapted time, to the
“ use, and propagation of his religion ; to convince
“ the reason, and to gain the affections of mankind.”

* When I did this gross injustice to the most illustrious philosophers and heroes of antiquity, I was infected with the air of LAMBETH. When I am conscious that I have written wrong, I always liberally, and completely retract, on the principles of disinterested, persevering, and sublime virtue. Nothing could be more excellent than the virtue of the stoicks ; and indeed than the virtue of other sects of philosophers, in the ancient greek and roman world. The accusations which I have thrown on the disciples of ZENO ; and on the characters of BRUTUS, and CATO, are most illiberal and ill grounded. Innumerable christians are infinitely their inferiours in virtue. MONTESQUIEU, in his book on the greatness and decline of the romans, asserts that this decline principally proceeded from the falling

off of the stoical sect in ROME. Indeed the virtues of those great men were essentially consonant with the virtues which are inculcated by the christian system. This is a strong corroboration of the precepts of JESUS CHRIST; as it shows how harmoniously and powerfully reason and revelation act together. POPE (whom I am sorry to accuse) committed a great blunder in his idea of the stoical virtue. He says in his essay on man,

In lazy apathy let stoicks boast;
Their virtue fixt; 'tis fixt as in a frost.

Apathy was totally remote from *their* generous and ardent virtues. The learned, and elegant Mr. HARRIS proves in his *Hermes*, that *apatheia* not *apatheia*, *eupathy*, not *apathy*, was the characteristic of the stoicks. *Apathy* signifies a total want of passion; *eupathy*, a proper and manly regulation and government of the passions. I am sorry for POPE's extremely erroneous philosophy; there can be no virtue in a frost of the mind.

In the autumn of 1781, I returned, from HERTFORDSHIRE to LONDON; and in that year, and in 1782, I wrote a treatise on education. It

was entitled—"An examination of the important question, whether education at a great school, or by private tuition is preferable?" The second part of that treatise, is an answer to "liberal education;" a book written by Mr. KNOX, the master of TUNBRIDGE-school. I need not observe to the reader, that Mr. KNOX was a strenuous advocate for education at publick schools; though it can only be supported by selfishness, and prejudice:—for it is not difficult to demonstrate to an unbiassed, and ingenuous mind, that the training of a youth under the care of a domestic tutor properly chosen, is far preferable to the discipline of a great school;—whether we consider the most important object of education, his moral habits; or the great advantage of adapting the modes of literary instruction to the characteristick temper, and talents of the pupil.

My little treatise was published by DODSLEY, in 1782.—My friend, Mr. JERNINGHAM, amidst the hostilities of violent criticism, and the premeditated, determined, and political silence of a more artful, and timid malignity, always maintained the most generous sentiments on my

productions ; and his feeling heart was always gratified when he could give me any intelligence that would console, and animate me in my literary adversity. This gentleman gave me the very pleasing information, that in company where he had met Mr. BURKE, that great judge of intellectual merit spoke warmly in praise of my pamphlet ; and said that it was fraught with genius ; and that I had corroborated my theory by many happy exemplifications of striking facts. I should wish to take an opportunity of making some additions to my treatise on education ; for since I wrote it, the world has been favoured with several tracts on the subject, by respectable names ; who have written in defence of publick education. I think that by encountering *them*, I could corroborate, and confirm my own theory : that by producing some plain, and common instances, I could refute those main topicks, which *they* urge as indisputable evidences of the superior advantages of a publick education. I should wish that age, and the mental weakness with which it is generally accompanied, would permit me to give some additional thoughts on this important subject : for the mere names of respecta-

ble authours may mislead the publick; when their arguments are neither just, nor ingenious; and therefore, should not be decisive.*

While I wrote in defence of private education, I lodged in various parts of the metropolis; in quality-court, chancery-lane;—in BROWN'S coffee-house, in the temple;—and in great NEWPORT street.—I mention these particulars, to inspirit the unfortunate votaries of learning, to an invincible resistance against adverse events;—I mention them, to show that no local changes of situation, which are apt to dissipate, and distract the mind;—that no human accidents that spared my life; could ever long repell my attention to literary pursuits.

By bad fortune, by imprudences, and extravagancies, I was always in straitened circumstances; therefore in the autumn of 1781, I accepted my friend Dr. FRANKLIN'S curacy, at his chapel in great queen's street, lincoln's-inn-fields; as a prize in the lottery of a life, which had almost never drawn any thing but blanks. That curacy I retained till the easter of the next year, 1782; at that time I resigned it,

* I have made the additions that I wished, since I wrote this,

for some disagreeable reasons, which were not at all connected with any discredit to *my* conduct.

In the summer of 1782, I went to GIBSIDE, near NEWCASTLE upon TYNE, on a visit to Mr. BOWES; a gentleman celebrated in the annals of gallantry, and of marriage.—As he had a very favourable opinion of my abilities, he engaged me for his secretary, at a salary of 200*l.* a-year: as after some experience of my connexion with *him*, I found it totally incompatible with my sentiments, and habits, we parted in the beginning of the summer of 1783. Though my situation with Mr. BOWES was far from agreeable, while I was with him, I neglected neither study, nor composition. There was a pretty good library at GIBSIDE; and I availed myself of that advantage. But the reading of a book which was in my own possession, while I was there, has made the most lively impression in my mind. I allude to HERODIAN, the greek historian of the latter CÆSARS; an authour who is justly esteemed for the fidelity of his narration, and for the easy elegance in which it is conveyed.—At GIBSIDE I wrote “my poetical address to sir ASHTON LEVER;” which, with two other poems, “SIDDONS,” and “an elegy on the death of a

“ young officer of the army ;” I published in the spring of 1784.

It has already been in the tenour of these memoirs, to say something of his grace of CANTERBURY. But he must again dignify my scene ; though when I write of *him*, I really treat a subject that is disagreeable to me ; therefore I shall dispatch it as soon as I can.—Legally to hold two livings, some peculiar titles, or qualifications, are requisite. You must be a chaplain to a nobleman ; that favour, on this occasion, the duke of NORTHUMBERLAND granted me.—You must be master of arts ; and you must have a dispensation from the archbishop of CANTERBURY. After being repeatedly rowed over the THAMES to LAMBETH ; after needless demurs and delays ; I was at length honoured by the archbishop, with a useful interview ; in which, in a very austere, and repulsive manner, he consented to give me a LAMBETH-degree, of master of arts ; and a dispensation to hold my two livings.—To confer a favour in this way, was, at least, to expunge it.—His behaviour to me, in our interview, was haughty, and stately, in the extreme ; it was totally inconsistent with his professional character ; and with the example of

that humble, and divine master, whose precepts he presumed to inculcate. That heavenly teacher of all mild, and benevolent righteousness, commonly ate and drank with publicans and sinners; and immediately before his crucifixion, he washed the feet of his disciples; to complete his model of humility.

To hold two livings, I must likewise undergo the formidable ordeal of examination by his grace, or by his grace's chaplain. I was now to go through this trial. And I here take the liberty to think that it was ungentlemanlike, and rude, to have *me* examined, on this occasion; after the many publick, and well known proofs that I had given, neither of incompetent learning, nor of meanabilities:—the sordid, and malicious will say, that I am now arrogant;—expanded, and benign souls will insist, that I am only doing myself justice.

On the day, on which I was to give satisfactory proofs of my learning, I went to LAMBETH, where I was received, at the palace, by Dr. DRAKE.—He immediately introduced me into the room where the clergymen were examined. For *he* was to be the person who was to judge, and decide my acquirements, and merit, as a scholar. At the beginning of this holy farce

(for so I am determined to call it, as it was played upon *me*) a servant entered, with pen, ink, and paper; a new-testament, and a GROTIUS, I believe; and a dictionary, and a lexicon; those humble, but useful, and valuable pioneers of literature. To write a thesis on a sacred subject which was given me, was one part of my task. On observing the dictionary, and lexicon; I resolved to retort some scholastick pride on scholastick impertinence. I desired the servant to take back those books; as I had not the least occasion for them. He obeyed; and Dr. DRAKE was rather confused. He then left me to compose my thesis. I wrote it (for the subject was very important, and demanded some ingenuity) sufficiently to my satisfaction, in two hours.—I wish to GOD that I could now write as much, and what I should think as well, in the same time. I forget the subject; though I remember things of far less consequence, that happened sixty years ago. Unaccountable are the motions, and operations; the strength, and the weakness; the acquisitions, and the losses of the human mind.

Oh! what a miracle to man, is man!

When I had finished my thesis, I rang for the servant; and told him that I wished to see Dr.

DRAKE, who rejoined me immediately.—He read over my thesis; vouchsafed to approve of it extremely on the whole; but presumed to correct some parts of it, in which he thought that I had offended against latin propriety. On the contrary. I proved, by passages of indisputable classical authority, that what I had written properly occasioned *him* to err. I saw that Dr. DRAKE's feelings were far from being agreeable, on this refutation. He expressed, with a kind of hesitation, his surprize, at his mistake; made me a slight bow; and took down my paper to the archbishop; that my parnassian laurel might take a dusky, and inglorious verdure, from the broom of LAMBETH:—Dr. DRAKE soon returned, and told me, that his grace desired to speak with me. It is clear that both he, and his chaplain wished to get rid of me; and in these sentiments, there was a perfect unanimity among the three.

When I waited on the archbishop, he deigned to give my thesis a stiff, and cold approbation. He then made me a short speech; the equal to which I never heard before from polite and liberal men.—“ Mr. STOCKDALE (said he) I wish
“ you very well; but I would not have given you

“ your degree ; if it had not been to entitle you
 “ to enjoy the kindness of the lord chancellor,
 “ and the duke of NORTHUMBERLAND.” I did
 not regret that he now gave me a just, and fair
 opportunity to make a return of some spirit, and
 manly fire (though I expressed them in a tem-
 perate voice) for all the rudeness ; and regular,
 and formal insolence, that he had shown me.—
 Ye lovers of feeling, and independent minds,
you will approve my answer ;—none but the
 meanest of sycophants will condemn it.—“ My
 “ lord (I replied) I know so well on how many
 “ dull, and illiterate people, degrees of every
 “ order, are in every year conferred ; that if my
 “ interest had not obliged me, I never would
 “ have condescended to ask for a degree.” I
 then made him a low bow, and took my leave of
 him.—This was certainly my farewell to Dr.
 MOORE, and to all connexions between him, and
 me, in *this* world.

But I hope that the farewell was not eternal ;
 I hope that we shall meet hereafter, under a go-
 vernment that will be very different from *our*
 miserably imperfect, sublunary, and transitory
 institutions. I hope that we may then recognize,
 and accost each other, with unembarrassed, and

open minds. We may then converse on just, and equal terms; when all artificial excellence; all arbitrary distinctions, and superiority, shall be no more. Our transgressions in life, cannot finally exclude us from our participation of the divine favour; I have no doubt that the worst of sinners will ultimately enjoy everlasting felicity. The moral, and benign economy of the Supreme Being, must comprehend the perpetual happiness of all his rational, and immortal creatures. The horrible reverse of this equitable, and consoling doctrine, is profane, and blasphemous; for it is utterly incompatible with the infinitely benevolent, and amiable nature of the Deity; who must be as perfect in goodness, as he is in power. Guilt will, undoubtedly, be punished in a future state; that it may meet the retribution which it deserves; and that the guilty may receive a salutary discipline, and amendment.— Yet the Creator, and parent of us all, in his displeasure, “will remember mercy;” he will temper the rigour of the judge, with the lenity of the father. But *some* peculiarly odious, and profligate crimes, *must* be expiated; and the beings who committed them, must be meliorated, purified, and made fit inhabitants for heaven, by

punishments, that will be severe, in their infliction ; and lasting in their duration *.

In the summer of 1783, after I had left Mr. BOWES, I went to revisit my friends at BERWICK. I returned to LONDON, in the close of that year. I had often heard that my lord chancellor THURLOW had a fine taste for learning, and that he was a generous patron of learned men. I thought that it could do no harm, to give myself a fair chance for his attention.—I took to his door, one morning, in great ORMOND-street, a volume of seventeen sermons, and a pamphlet of three poems which I had just published. I delivered them to the care of a faithful servant; who assured me that he would take the first opportunity to present them to his lordship. He observed his promise; for in a few days, I received a very polite card from lord THURLOW, which I shall here transcribe:—

“ The chancellor presents his best respects to
“ Mr. STOCKDALE, and returns him many thanks
“ for the volume of sermons ; some of which he
“ has read with great pleasure. He hopes soon
“ to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Stock-

* All that relates to the archbishop of CANTERBURY, was written (before he died) in march, 1804.

“DALE, and of returning him thanks in person.—

“23d april, 1777.”

Business however, and other great objects, which occupied his mind, prevented me for a long time, from being honoured with an interview, which I very much desired. In august 1784, the livings of LESBURY, and LONGHOUGHTON, which I have held since that time, became vacant by the death of Mr. FORSTER.—I was in my forty-eighth year; and I thought that no time was to be lost in endeavouring to procure an establishment for life. I was not a stranger to the severe climate of NORTHUMBERLAND; but I thought that of two evils, it would be more eligible even to be planted there, than to be in danger of a necessitous, and indigent life, in an unfeeling capital, and in approaching age. I was therefore determined on a bold stroke:—I had never yet conversed with lord THURLOW;—but relying on the generosity of his disposition; and on the manner in which he had already expressed himself in my favour, I requested of him, by letter, the living of LESBURY, which is in the gift of the chancellor;—and I added, that if he would be so obliging as

to mention me with some regard to the duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, I should very probably obtain the living of LONGHOUGHTON, which was vacant at the same time. He answered my letter the next day, in a liberal, in a respectful strain. He told me, that it gave him great pleasure to grant my request;—that he had ordered the presentation to the living of LESBURY to be immediately prepared; and that he would write to the duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, in my favour; and in such terms as I deserved. In consequence of lord THURLOW's warm recommendation of me to the duke, I was likewise presented by that nobleman, to the living of LONGHOUGHTON. When I waited on his grace, at NORTHUMBERLAND-house, to pay my respects to him, and to thank him for his favour; I found from his conversation with me, that the chancellor had been largely generous, in his opinion of my learning, and talents. Towards the close of the november of 1784, I came down to NORTHUMBERLAND, and was inducted to my two livings; where I have now resided for eight years.

During my former residence of three years, from 1784, to 1787, in the north, I applied

vigorously to my studies :—I read several excellent authours ; who they all were, various, and distressful events, have expunged from my memory. I read carefully, and with pleasure, the venerable HESIOD ; who deserves our esteem, and reverence, yet more for his moral sentiments, and precepts, than for his rural observations, and instructions. But I never enjoyed nobler, and more animating literary delight, than in perusing the inestimable remains of LIVY ;—the historian of the first people ; and himself, the first historian, in the world. At this time, I wrote several trifling, and some more important pieces :—I composed eight sermons ; and my tragedy of XIMENES, which I inscribed to lord THURLOW ;—I thought there was a considerable pertinence in this publick tribute of my gratitude ; after I had observed how striking was the resemblance, in grandeur, and energy of soul, between the two great men ;—between the illustrious regent of SPAIN, and the lord high-chancellor of GREAT BRITAIN. The eight sermons, and the tragedy were published, when I was in LONDON, in 1788, by FAULDER in new bond-street ; before I sailed for GIBRALTAR.

On the publication of XIMENES, I sent a copy of it to lord THURLOW; who immediately honoured me with the following card:—

“The chancellor’s compliments to Mr. Stock-
“DALE, and will be very glad to see him at any
“time when Mr. S. is at leisure.

“He returns him many thanks for the entertain-
“ment which he received from his XIMENES.”

In writing my XIMENES, I suffered myself to be carried on by the tide of my sentiments; without any regard to it’s fitness to the present manner of the stage.—Though afterwards I ardently wished that it had been acted; both from the impulse of the importance of money;—and from the finer stimulus of poetical ambition. I had the honour of an interview with the chancellor, soon after I had sent it to him; and after I had received a card from him on the subject, which was extremely gratifying to my heart. On this occasion, my tragedy was warmly praised by one of the sincerest, and brightest of men; and he expressed his surprise that I had not endeavoured to have it brought on the stage. I told him that I *had* used my endeavours for that purpose; that it had been sent to HARRIS, who po-

lately declined from accepting it; and that Mrs. POPE (the celebrated miss YOUNG) who was a friend to my interest, and fame, after having perused it most attentively, gave her very favourable opinion of it's poetical spirit, and energy; but at the same time, she "feared that it was "too sublime for the stage." *This*, my lord THURLOW thought a very inconclusive, and vague opinion;—he said "that it *should* have been "acted; for by a few, and easy alterations, it "might have been very well adapted to the stage." On this occasion, the authour's partiality for his own production, was not so kind, and tender, as that of his lordship:—I observed to the chancellor, that there was too continued a strain of gravity, morality, and religion, in *my* tragedy, to please the present times, which were engrossed by trifles, vanity, and pleasure.—"Oh! sir (said 'he) people will for awhile forget their frivolous "persuits, and be attracted to nobler objects, "while their attention to them is invited by poets "who write like you."—*Such* praise, from *such* a man, almost atones to me for the numerous wrongs which I have suffered as an authour; and for the wounds which my heart has received from the insults, and injuries, that have been

thrown on the memories of some of our great departed poets. For my own part; I shall always be eager, and proud (and I shall set it down to the most honourable part of my character) strongly to feel, and openly to express, an ingenuous indignation against those sacrilegious hands, who endeavour to tear the laurels from the tombs of the mighty dead; those hallowed insignia of their glory; which were as dear to them while they lived, either in their present, or future views, as their own existence. To despise or undervalue the works of a great poet, is not only an insult to the feelings, and taste of every good judge of true, and splendid poetry; and to the sacred memory of that poet; it is likewise an impiety to the providence, and decrees of GOD; who gave him his genius; and ordained that it should consecrate, and immortalize his name.

I quitted LESBURY, in the beginning of november, 1787. I had been repeatedly, and warmly invited by the british consul at TANGIER, to quit all the inclemencies of the north, and to reside with *him* in the bosom of friendship, and under a genial sky. Mr. MATRA and I had been very intimate friends in LONDON; we had there taken every opportunity that our respective per-

suits, and connexions, afforded us, to promote the welfare, and happiness of each other.—I therefore determined to sail for AFRICA; where I thought that I might at complete leisure, pursue my studies; and write an entertaining, and interesting account of west BARBARY.—That I might be secure from a prosecution for non-residence, the application of a friend at court procured for me a warrant, signed by the royal hand, by which I was authorized to perform the duties of a clergyman to those of his majesty's subjects, who resided in the dominions of the emperor of MOROCCO; and which required of our consul there, his protection of my person, and of my right to communicate my religious instructions. To this warrant, no salary was annexed; a circumstance to which I was indifferent;—as my imagination was actuated with finer objects; a happy climate; the society of the heart; and of a pleasing acquaintance; the knowledge that I should obtain of a country, that was famous in classical history; and the literary credit that I should acquire, by imparting that knowledge to the publick. After my arrival in LONDON, the anticipation of my african pleasures, yielded to the force of the present more

attractive, and imperious objects ; I still wished to live in that metropolis ; the seat of all that is elegant, and great ; if I could have been happily established there. But as I found this good fortune impracticable ; I sailed for a southern latitude in the autumn of 1788 : and after a tedious, and indeed dangerous, voyage of six weeks, from the old and leaky condition of the ship ; our worn out vessel, at the end of november, anchored in GIBRALTAR bay.

The few books that I possessed, I took to GIBRALTAR. Two of those books, indeed, two of the first authours in the world, were CICERO, and PLUTARCH. When I left the THAMES, I little imagined that ere long, I should be in great need of their noble converse, and consolation, in very trying, and melancholy situations. Before I left LONDON, I had agreed with a bookseller, to translate MARSOLLIER's life of cardinal XIMENES, while I was abroad, for fifty guineas. I executed the work which I had engaged to perform, under a spanish, and mediterranean sky, while I continued at GIBRALTAR ; and while I was chaplain to admiral PEYTON, in the LEANDER. But unfortunately for the poor translator, the agreement was only oral. After my

return to LONDON, the bookseller positively denied our agreement, and would pay no farther regard to it.

I was not eager to quit old CALPE.—I was well accommodated there, by the liberality of my friend Mr. TURNBULL; to whom I was indebted for many civilities; and for several acts of kindness, while I was in the metropolis. Though Mr. TURNBULL resided in LONDON, he was at the head of a commercial house, at GIBRALTAR. He gave me a warm recommendation to Mr. Ross, his partner there; who consequently received me with civility; and entertained me in his house. While I was with him, in my conduct to *him*, I gave him not even a shadow of offence; but he soon treated me in a manner which was very inconsistent with Mr. TURNBULL's disposition, and generosity to me. He grew inattentive; and, at least, negatively rude to me. I shall presently give *one* evident reason * for this behaviour.

GIBRALTAR may be pronounced a prodigy on the face of the earth; whether we consider it,

* Immediately after my description of GIBRALTAR, the reader will see this reason.

in the view of nature, or of art. Its natural situation; the steep defence of its rock; and its fortifications, which, of late years, have been greatly improved, render it inexpugnable. But it is not the warlike theorist alone who has interesting materials here for his contemplation; the circumjacent objects must equally attract, and they must charm the mind of the philosopher, and the poet. To indulge the luxury of sight, and fancy; I frequently ascended to the signal-house; which is built on one of the highest points of the rock. In my very defective picture of immense beauty, and grandeur; which I shall venture to present to you, you are to suppose, that while I take my stand on that great eminence; I am looking towards the west. The vast ATLANTICK flowing into the straits, opens before me: on my left hand, and on the african ground; ABYLA, the brother of CALPE, rears his rugged, similar, and exalted height. Turning round, and still towards the left; the MEDITERRANEAN flows far on; and, at length eludes my view: —the moorish coast of her shoars, is boldly distinguished, and to an indefinite extent, by prominent, variegated, and towering rocks; — and on the christian side; and to the same unli-

mitted distance, nature has thrown her objects of rude, and corresponding grandeur; which are diversified with the towns, and the castles of SPAIN. When I resume my first position, on the right, I survey the spanish town of SANTA ROQUE, and the hills of ANDALUSIA:—below on the left, ALGUEZIRAS presents itself, where SAUMAREZ has made his name immortal. I then view the bay, which winding northward, from the straits, forms, with the MEDITERRANEAN, the isthmus that separates the british lines, from those of SPAIN;—and more immediately below me, I look, with the pleasure, and pride of an englishman, on that town, and those bastions, where the most heroick, and persevering exploits, have been atchieved by my countrymen;—on that town, and those bastions, which are the terror and mortification of SPAIN.

This extended, and magnificent scenery, which took life, and expression, from the pure, and luminous atmosphere in which it was displayed, dilates, and refines the faculties by which it is contemplated, with an elegant, moral, and religious delight; it elevates, and enraptures the soul. One day, while I was on the top of a rock of a pyramidical form, which I believe,

makes almost, if not absolutely, the highest point of CALPE, my eye, and imagination, were struck with a noble, and poetical object; an eagle floating over me, but at an immense elevation, in the unbounded concave of cerulean ether; with vigorous, equable, and steddy wing. He immediately reminded me of the close of GRAY's *progress of poesy*; where our great poet, speaking too modestly of himself; and as I must always think, with extravagant eulogy of PINDAR; compares the theban bard to that soaring monarch of birds, and of olympian royalty.—

Oh! lyre divine, [of DRYDEN] what daring spirit

Wakes thee now!—Though he inherit

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion

That the theban eagle bear,

Sailing, with supreme dominion,

Through the azure deep of air!—&c.

After my arrival at GIBRALTAR, I was in no haste to cross the STRAITS:—by two or three letters which I received from Mr. MATRA, from TANGIER, I thought (and I was not mistaken) that I perceived a coolness from that ardour of friendship which he had long, and often expressed for me. He came over to GIBRALTAR, in the

spring of 1789 ; and at our first meeting, he showed me as much illiberality of manners, as his friend Mr. Ross ; who, though the partner of Mr. TURNBULL, differed extremely from that gentleman, in his behaviour to me. When still with the spirit of friendship, I went to the apartment where he was, he deigned not to rise from his seat to receive me. In addressing me, in this interview, his manner consisted of a most vile, and disgusting composition ;—the arrogance, and insolence of office ;—and a vulgar, and rude familiarity. I was now firmly, and ultimately determined not to visit MAURITANIA.

The ungenerous, and base treatment, which I received from this man, occasioned a coldness of behaviour to me, in many gentlemen of the garrison : this was an effect which naturally flowed from an obdurate and unprincipled cause ; people could not think very favourably of a person who had been so ill received, and at a great distance from ENGLAND, by an old acquaintance, and friend, under whose auspices he had hoped to prosecute his studies ; to enjoy private happiness ; and publickly to discharge the duties of his sacred function. In short, the disagreeable footing on which I now felt myself at GIBRALTAR, was in

consequence of the constant way of the world :
—but he who, in *my* case, could give impression
and action to this way of the world, deserves to
be branded to posterity. I am, by nature, very
placable ; extremely ready to forgive injuries ;
—but there was such a complicated turpitude in
MATRA's usage of me ; that even now I cannot
recall it particularly to my memory, without a
warm resentment.

1808. This expression of “ warm resentment ”
was written six years ago, when Mr. MATRA was
living, and when I expected that my memoirs would
soon come out. I do not often read newspapers ;
but I was lately informed by Mr. HAY of LES-
BURY, that Mr. MATRA had died at TANGIER.
That *warm resentment* had expired long before I
received this melancholy intelligence. What a pity
it is that he should have rudely withered a friend-
ship which had long vigorously flourished in this
metropolis ! But I was determined that the repre-
sentation of the case should stand ; not from any
gloom and malignity of mind ; but from benevo-
lent and expanded views ; that my young readers,
who are apt to be inconsiderate and thoughtless,
may adopt such a prudent, and safe conduct,
that poor, and unprotected, they will never fling

themselves on the mercy of an inhuman world. *Οι πολλοί κακοί*, says **BIAS** of **PRIENE**; the majority of mankind are bad; but there are many amiable and charming exceptions.

I was kindly recommended by my friend **Mr. JERNINGHAM**, to the attention of general **O'HARA**; who was then the commander in chief at **GIBRALTAR**;—as long as I continued there, I was honoured with several invitations, by that gentleman; who behaved to me with unremitted, and equal politeness.

But to the general, and unavoidable consequences of **MATRA**'s unkindness, I can produce another more amiable, and memorable exception; that of lieutenant **THOMAS FRANCKLIN**, of the artillery; the son of the reverend **Dr. FRANCKLIN**, whom I have frequently mentioned; and the brother of captain **WILLIAM FRANCKLIN**, who is in the service of the east-india-company, and who has eminently distinguished himself both in literature, and in arms. There is much of what is base, and abandoned in human nature; but I thank **GOD**, it has likewise it's good, and charming propensities, and habits:—this gentleman showed me his zeal, and friendly affection to the end; never a day passed but he

visited me: my heart used to dance when I heard his steps ascending to my retired chamber in the premises of Mr. Ross;—we had many walks together, which were consecrated by sincere, and indissoluble friendship, in the face of an ardent GIBRALTAR sun; and in the face of *my* cold, and inhospitable world. I have observed that no evils of my life could ever long tear me from the virtuous, and intellectual exercise of my mind; and the observation was verified, among many other instances of it's truth, by the use which I made of my time, during my stay at GIBRALTAR. I proceeded with my translation of MARSOLLIER's life of XIMENES, in the apartment of the mercantile house where I lodged; and in my little noisy cabin, on board of the LEANDER. And I was likewise resolved, very limited as my sources of information were, to endeavour to collect materials for a history of GIBRALTAR;—for this purpose, some important intelligence was communicated to me by a few sensible, and observing persons; and my friend FRANCKLIN often cheerfully, and most obligingly, accompanied me, when I went in quest of knowledge of the remarkable natural objects, and of the military works of the place. I wrote, and took

care of many memoranda that were to come into my plan : and I afterwards arranged, and almost finished my work in LONDON. Unfortunate as my other productions had been, I really believe, that my history of GIBRALTAR, would have sold very well. I had written it with great attention, and diligence ; and with whatever spirit, and elegance I could raise and adorn it ;—in short, I had exerted my best efforts to make it an entertaining, and useful book. My subject, too, was always important to englishmen ; but the last siege had made it still more prominent, and interesting.—I wrote my history of GIBRALTAR, in the year 1790, and 1791, partly in MAY'S-buildings, St. MARTIN'S-lane, where I was an old lodger ; and partly in soho-square. But when I had arrived at within a day's work of it's conclusion ; in consequence of some immediate, and mortifying accidents, and events, which I have now forgotten, my literary adversity, and all my other misfortunes took fast hold of my mind ; oppressed it extremely ; and reduced it to a stage of the deepest dejection, and despondency. In this unhappy view of life ; I made a sudden resolution ;—never more to prosecute the profession of an authour ;—to retire altogether from

the world ; and read only for consolation, and amusement. That I might have the less temptation to break my vow, and to launch again into a troubled sea, I committed to the flames my history of GIBRALTAR, and my translation of MARSOLLIER'S life of cardinal XIMENES ; for which the bookseller had refused to pay me the fifty guineas ; according to our agreement.

Early in the spring of 1789, admiral PEYTON arrived at GIBRALTAR-bay :—he came thither to have the command of the MEDITERRANEAN station. He had no chaplain on board ; and he was a gentleman of a regular, and sober life ; and had a reverence for religion. I applied to him for his chaplainship ; he accepted me very readily. I made the necessary preparatives ; and took my station on board of the LEANDER. My cabin was a very little, confined spot, on the main deck ; almost adjoining to the gun-room ; and was hardly ever free from the sound of noisy feet, oaths, and execrations.

I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canoros.

Yet in this very limited, and obstreporous corner, I payed my court, and I hope not altogether an ineffectual one, to the muses. Here I studied the

astronomy of FERGUSON ; and the more important philosophy of the virtuous, sage, and venerable PLUTARCH ; if we make a good use of it ; and here I translated a great deal of MARSOLLIER ; and wrote thirteen sermons for sea-men, of my own composition. Those sermons I published in LONDON, in 1791 ; and dedicated them to Mr. JERNINGHAM.

I did not continue long the chaplain of the LEANDER. I messed with the officers of the ward-room ; and though no man who knows me will take me for a gloomy priest ; and though I always showed myself disposed to be decently gay with my companions, their conversation was so shockingly blasphemous, and obscene, that I resolved, as soon as possible, to leave them. The more they saw me hurt with their ribaldry, the more they continued it, and the more profane, and horrible they made it. You may be sure that this aggravating circumstance did not relax my determination. There was likewise an insolence, and despotism, in the manners of these men, which disgusted me extremely. After a few of the usual formalities, I got clear of the ship ; and I was well assured, by my sentiments, and experience, that I should never again be a

chaplain to a man of war. Admiral PEYTON might have made my situation tolerable, or pleasant; but he was rigid in command; and ordered all his arrangements on board of his ship, literally, and strictly according to the rules of war.

I returned to GIBRALTAR, and the house of my good friend, Mr. TURNBULL, where I continued till the october of 1789.—About this time I became acquainted with major GREY, an irish gentleman, of the queen's regiment. He seemed to feel extremely (I really believe that for some time he felt sincerely) for my unbefriended situation. He proposed to me to take a voyage with him to ALGIERS, whither he was going to visit his old friend Mr. LOGIE, the british consul there. He was certain, he said, that Mr. LOGIE would give me a kind reception; and that I might be of great service to him in my literary capacity. His proposal was very agreeable to me; and I thought that as I had been disappointed in not having had it in my power to give an account of west BARBARY; I might perhaps be enabled to write something on ALGIERS.

After a tedious, because a frequently becalmed voyage, we reached the port of ALGIERS. It was now november; but the weather was still de-

lightful; and a perfect summer in that latitude. Our consul gave his friend, and myself, a very hospitable reception; and I entertained a hope that I should, for some time, at least, enjoy a truce with the persecution of mankind. But a disappointment was approaching among the many that I had already suffered. Our worthy consul soon completely displayed himself; he was a vain, empty, miserable sot: and his conversation, and his friend GREY's, chiefly consisted of licentiousness, absurdity, and nonsense; and as I did not seem to be at all entertained with it, I easily saw that they took an extreme dislike of me.

But they did not long suppress their disgust.— They soon threw it out, in rudeness, taunts, and drunken insolence. I immediately took my irrevocable determination. I firmly resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to get rid of them, without delay. I would rather have thrown myself on the mercy of the algerine disciples of MAHOMET, than have longer continued with *such* christians.

But fortunately I was not friendless in ALGIERS. I had made an agreeable acquaintance with Mrs. WOLFE, an english widow-lady; whose husband had been consul at that place. I waited on

her, and gave her an account of the treatment which I had received. She felt for me in a very friendly manner; but was not at all surprized at my relation; for LOGIE was well known at ALGIERS; and notwithstanding his respectable situation, he was despised both by christians, and mahometans. Mrs. WOLFE had no room for me in her own house; otherwise I know that she would have accommodated me with great pleasure. But she sent for Mr. FORE, a french watch-maker, a native of MARSEILLES, who had for many years been a house-keeper in ALGIERS; and to whom she communicated the most ungenerous treatment which I had received from my countrymen. He was a man, of a warm heart, and a most liberal disposition. He expressed the greatest indignation at the usage that I had met with; and assured me that I could not oblige him more than by accepting an apartment in his house, and every service that it was in his power to render me. This contrasted language to that of my english, and irish friend, was musick to my ears. I immediately packed up my little baggage; left Mr. LOGIE, and Mr. GREY, in a laconick manner;—the consul, and the major had not apprehended that I would actually leave them;

and when I left them, their faces betrayed confusion, and guilt. I took my new quarters, at the house of Mr. FORE. Here, I found several french masters of ships, who were slaves in ALGIERS;—they were not the politest men; but they were companions far preferable to LOGIE, and GREY. I became one of their mess; their language I understood very well; and as I could fluently converse in it, I passed a part of a winter with them not disagreeably. ALGIERS, though it is in the same latitude with GIBRALTAR, is far inferiour to it's climate. The cold from mount ATLAS renders it not so mild in winter; and the burning winds that blow from the sandy desarts of ZAHARAH, which lies to the south of it, make it hotter in summer than the happy region at the pillars of HERCULES.

LOGIE told me one day, in his cups, that since my arrival at ALGIERS, he had received a letter from Mr. MATRA; and that a part of it's contents related to *me*. The particulars, however, he would not discover; I surely had a right to see them; but as he would not discover them, I disputed the fact. This was more fair and equitable to Mr. MATRA (notwithstanding his former treatment of me) than to be convinced (from the

assertion of a despicable being) that he would prosecute his unkindness eastward ; and endeavour to make me as unpopular on african as he had made me on european ground.

Soon after I went to Mr. FORE's, consuls of different nations came thither to pay their compliments to me. These men would not have entered LOGIE's door. They were afterwards very polite, and hospitable to me ; and I passed a part of the winter agreeably enough in their society. I was particularly pleased with the conversation of the spanish, french, danish, and swedish consuls ; they were men of well-informed, and cultivated minds. The secretary of the french consul was a very learned man ; and a great adept in the arabick language. I asked him what time it would require to be a master of the arabick ? —he answered, ten years !

There was likewise a small society of romish priests at ALGIERS ; whom I found to be intelligent, and sociable men. One of them was remarkably learned, and ingenious ; a great lover of every kind of useful, and elegant knowledge. He had a great desire to learn the english language, and I frankly offered him my instructions. I gave him a lesson almost every day ; and in pro-

portion to his time, he made a great progress. The pronouncing of the t and h, when they come together, he found at first extremely difficult, like the rest of his countrymen; whenever he struck on the inauspicious meeting of those formidable letters; he used to exclaim — “ ah ! voilà le diable, encore à confesser ! ” — However, I soon taught him to pronounce them properly; and I think that this may always easily be effected, if we take a simple, ocular, and palpable method to conquer the difficulty.

Those reverend gentlemen whom I have now mentioned, before they came to ALGIERS, had exercised their sacred functions in the island of MADEIRA; they were lavish (as indeed most people are who have been there) in their praises of it's climate.

I had not many opportunities, while I was at ALGIERS, to expatiate, and view the country. Indeed my spirits, and mind were so broken with adverse events, that I was but ill qualified either for great mental, or personal activity. Hence I had relinquished all thoughts of adding one more to the number of my productions, by writing an account of the kingdom of ALGIERS. I rode sometimes into the vicinity of the city;

where I surveyed scenes, that had a very melancholy, and wretched appearance to a native of ENGLAND. A fine soil was totally uncultivated; and though ALGIERS is extremely populous; you may ride many miles, when you have made some progress into the country, without seeing a single person. The houses make rather a lively show; but *that* aspect is very deceitful:—their apartments are dismal, and destitute of all taste;—and as their houses have no chimneys, consequently no smoke is seen curling into the atmosphere; that light, but expressive emblem of inhabitants; of rural peace, plenty, and satisfaction. When the want of *this* object, which always excites agreeable pictures in the susceptible, and poetical fancy; is felt at the same time with the want of human beings meeting you, as you pass along, or employed in rustick labour; it more strongly impresses the mind of one who has been accustomed to civilized, and polished life, with the ideas of solitude, and desolation.

While I was at ALGIERS, I made a considerable progress in the portuguese language; which I had begun to study when I was at GIBRALTAR. The danish consul was so good as to lend me BARTHELEMI's travels of the younger ANA-

CHARSIS, in GREECE ; I read, with much pleasure, a great part of that book at ALGIERS ;—and I finished it, at DURHAM, in the year 1791. It is written with equal learning, industry, and elegance ;—and is certainly a great acquisition to modern literature. At this time, I improved my knowledge in the greek language ; but what was better, I stored my mind with moral, and virtuous sentiments ; and I endeavoured to fortify it against the evils of life (while I contemplated the examples of the greatest heroes) by reading the lives of PLUTARCH. I finished those lives, at DURHAM, on the 21st of september, 1791 ; and the whole works of that most interesting, instructive, and excellent authour, in MAY'S buildings, in LONDON, 1793.

That I might farther retain, and improve my acquirements in the learned languages ; in my retirement, or exile, at ALGIERS ; and that my wounded mind might receive it's best consolations ; I gave much of my attention there, to the scriptures, in their originals ; which neither the captivating classical authours ; nor the more dangerous seductions of the world, could ever make me neglect.

One may easily suppose that it would have

been very disagreeable to me to stay long at ALGIERS:—I could do no good to myself there; I was on barbarous land; and under the government of a most vulgar, and tyrannical despotism. Besides, I was not overstocked with money;—and how liberal, or just, my receipts must have been, when I was at a great distance from my two small livings, I shall leave clergymen to judge. Therefore I was determined to return to EUROPE, as soon as the winter was over. In the beginning of february, 1790, I set sail in a small french ship that was bound for MARSEILLES, with a Mr. WERNER, for my companion; a german surgeon, who had been, for some years, married, and settled, in his profession, at ALGIERS. At my departure, I took a grateful leave of my friends; and particularly of my very obliging landlord, Mr. FORE; with whom I could not prevail to accept any requital for my accommodation in his best apartment, with which he had favoured me for six weeks. We had a good voyage to MARSEILLES; on our arrival there, we were confined to the lazarette for a month; the station of all those who come thither from the coast of AFRICA.—Reading, and social conversation beguiled that

imprisonment. After I was freed from the lazarette, I passed a few very agreeable days with Mr. WILKIE, and his lady; with whom I had been intimately acquainted in my early youth. Mr. WILKIE, and I were schoolfellows at BERWICK upon TWEED. He was a native of NORTH-UMBERLAND; and had been, for many years, a merchant at MARSEILLES:—Mrs. WILKIE was a caledonian; and of a very respectable family of that country. When he, and I took a most affectionate leave of each other, little could I predict the horrible distresses, and the melancholy fate that awaited him. In the sanguinary reign of ROBESPIERRE, that execrable tyrant would not suffer him to return to ENGLAND.—He had at that time a son in our naval service at TOULON:—a circumstance, which he feared (as he was in the power of a ruthless monster) might prove his own destruction. Agitated with terrou; tormented with anxiety, and plundered of his property, he died of a broken heart.—It pleased Providence to restore his widow in safety, to her country, and to her friends.

Mr. WERNER and I took the diligence through FRANCE; and arrived at LONDON, towards the end of march, in the year 1790.

From april 1790, to may 1791, I lived in LONDON. I have already acquainted the reader with the fate of my translation of MARSOLLIER; and of my history of GIBRALTAR. They perished in the flames; in the gloomy and desperate literary *auto da fe* of a desponding authour.

In the winter of 1790, when I lodged in soho square, I began to study the syriack language; which appears to *me*, to be related to the hebrew, as the portuguese is to the spanish; and the dutch to the german. But it is a language which particularly deserves our love, and veneration; for it was spoken by our blessed SAVIOUR, while he continued upon earth. I have not made a very great progress in it;—but I have read the syriack version of the new testament.

For the summer of 1791, I took a cottage in WINGFIELD-plain, in WINDSOR-forest; where I resolved to lead a tranquil, and serene life; indifferent to contemptuous criticism; and secure from the fever of poetical ambition. It is certain that I should have been happier than I am, if I had manfully kept that resolution; but when I broke it, was I singular in my folly?—No:—many as well as I, have determined to bid adieu

to a world with which they were disgusted; have determined to put themselves out of the power of it's capricious censure, and applause; and to enjoy the best, indeed the only true happiness of man; the practice, and the consciousness of virtue. But the grosser, and restless passions; those rebels, and tyrants to reason, and moral fortitude;—the love of wealth; of pleasure; or of distinction; have again taken possession of their breasts;—have destroyed that happy balance of equanimity, on which their indeprivable self-enjoyment depended; the most invaluable possession of mortals; and have driven them back into a tumultuous, and delusive world, in quest of gay shadows, and extravagant chimeras.

While I was on WINGFIELD-plain, I corresponded with my old friend, Mr. AMBLER, the recorder of DURHAM. He seemed very desirous to enjoy my company there; and as I had soon proposed to quit WINDSOR-forest, I was determined to gratify *him*, and myself. I not only loved AMBLER; but I loved the picturesque, beautiful, and romantick situation of DURHAM: the idea of being within the muddy vortex of

dignified ecclesiasticks, rather acted on my mind repulsively, than with attraction. In the august of 1791, I arrived at DURHAM.

The ardent, and fatal passion for composition, and literary fame, was again burning within me, and I again began to write. While I was at DURHAM, I wrote a poem entitled, "Poetical thoughts, and views on the banks of the WEAR."

Oft, in a vernal morn, with early dawn,
Let my steps brush the dew-drops from the lawn;
See SOL's majestick orb, with orient ray,
Rise, mount, and flame, and dart more vigorous day.
The little active lark inhales his fire;
It's note preluding nature's grateful choir;
Melodious warblers carol all around;
An ancient forest multiplies the sound;
With stronger flush the red carnation blows;
A livelier tint adorns each opening rose;
With glowing colours fragrant odours vie;
Creation wafts it's incense to the sky.

When the day's ardour with it's toil is o'er,
The sun descending to the western shoar;
When sight uninjured meets his gentle rays,
"Shorne of their" fiercer "beams;" * of noontide blaze;

* "Shorne of his beams"—is an expression of MILTON.

When with his calmer fires the mind is blessed,
And sinks in pleasing sympathy to rest;
When deeper shades dismiss the parting day,
Let *me* the majesty of night survey.

See, from the east, the placid, "peerless queen,"
Emerging, bids us read the solemn scene.
Hail, heavenly monitor, refulgent moon,
To *me* still dearer than the god of noon!
Higher and higher now behold her rise,
And silver all the azure of the skies;
The sweet enthusiast says, or seems to say
(She shoots an argument in every ray)
Can I, oh! man! can all our system shine,
And move harmonious, but by power divine!
In the rapt soul her eloquence we feel,
While silence listens to her fair appeal!

Celestial apparatus! while the muse
Your dread magnificence, your beauty views,
How even shall candour soften my disdain
Of trifles which attract the thoughtless train!
Must I not villas, palaces despise,
That charm and sicken vulgar, envious eyes!
Yes, all these childish toys of tortured art
"Play round the head, but ne'er affect the heart;"
A * SANDBY's, and a BROWN's ingenious plan
Direct my thoughts to terminate in man;

* Mr. SANDBY of WINDSOR-park; a gentleman equally
well known as a masterly architect; and as a man of amiable

While PHŒBE, sailing in her orient car,
The strong theology of every star;
The foliage of the grove, of every tree,
Of every flower, presents my God to me.

I likewise wrote a pamphlet there at DURHAM] addressed to Mr. GRANVILLE SHARP, against the infernal slave trade. The poem, and the letter to Mr. SHARP, were published by Mr. PENNINGTON; a bookseller in DURHAM; in 1791.

The subject of the slave trade, I seized, in consequence of having read an account of the insurrection of the negroes, in the island of St. DOMINGO. I am thankful to the Divine Providence, that they have now conquered that island from their white tyrants, and murderers; and I fervently pray to God that they may complete the freedom of their unhappy race;—and enjoy the blessings of liberty, property, peace; and all the happiness that human nature is capable of attaining. My friend Mr. AMBLER died while I was at DURHAM; and I left that city, to return to the metropolis, on the 16th of april, 1792.

manners, and of a friendly heart. He has been dead for some years.—BROWN was eminent in his day, for improving prospects, and making artificial water-pieces.

In the beginning of 1793, HAMILTON, a bookseller, near GRAY's-inn-gate, holborne, published an elegant edition of THOMSON's seasons. He had promised the publick some notes on those beautiful poems.—But the edition was almost printed off, before he had thought of any plan with regard to the notes; and when very little room was left to contain them; and a very short time before the publication, he applied to me; and I engaged to write notes for him, on the seasons; to such an extent as he could admit. I very much regretted that I had not a greater latitude for my more particular observations, and more unlimited eulogy on that amiable, and great poet. In those notes, I had occasion to take notice of some of Dr. JOHNSON's unjust, and futile observations on the seasons;—and in more general terms, of the great injustice, with which, in many instances, he has treated some of our most illustrious poets. To this edition of the seasons, in which there is a life of THOMSON that was not written by me, I prefixed as respectful, and animated a dedication as I could compose, to the earl of BUCHAN. I could have no motives for writing that dedication, but the homage which my sincerity payed to his lordship's love of liter-

ature, and of science ; and to his enthusiasm for the memory of THOMSON ; which did honour both to his head and heart. These, I say, were the motives which dictated that address ; and in this instance of my literary tribute to him, they conquered my very strong disapprobation, and dislike of that fixed, and inveterate antipathy against ENGLAND ; which in our more civilized, and polished times ; and when all national prejudices are extinguished, or at least rendered far more temperate, he has often publickly, and explicitly ; and in the most vindictive, and disdainful terms, expressed. Time should improve our morality, and universal benevolence, the longer we live. In a passage or two of my poems, which I hope will again see the light, I have spoken unfavourably of SCOTLAND ; but not in the violent terms of my lord BUCHAN. They shall stand ; not from any ungenerous obstinacy ; but because, retrenching them would mar the connexion ; which in the present unhappy state of my health, it would be difficult for me to restore.—But I shall roundly damn them in their places. I am a northumbrian ; and old prejudices are too long, and absurdly retained. For entertaining, and expressing those prejudices, I take

this opportunity publickly, and severely to condemn myself.

Lenior et melior fis, accedente senectâ? HORACE.

In the same year 1793, I wrote a letter to Mr. BRYANT, that very singular antiquarian, who has positively asserted, and obstinately maintained the most groundless, and extravagant absurdities; on his equally ill-founded, and ungenerous remarks on the introductory stanza of POPE's universal prayer. In a most devout, and sublime exordium, he invokes the Deity; he invokes him as the Supreme Being; as the great creator of the universe; who is worshipped with the adoration of the inhabitants of every clime; of every country of the globe. This invocation, which is equally beautiful, and highly elevated, fervently breathes the spirit of natural, and eternal religion; the parent, and the awful, and salutary companion of all religion. Mr. BRYANT insists, with a blunder of which a well educated school-boy would not have been guilty; that the poet, by thus comprehensively, and collectively expressing the various kinds of homage which the Almighty receives from his rational, and immortal creatures, over the whole earth, indiscriminately, and pro-

fanelly confounds all religions ; and evidently shows a disrespect, and irreverence to the christian revelation. This charge of Mr. BRYANT against POPE, is not only so uncharitable ; but so totally destitute of foundation, that the solemn and affecting truth which the poet enounces (though his austere hypercritick endeavours to controvert it) is not only extremely favourable to all true religion ; but it is even, in some degree, essential to it's proper reception, and belief. It enforces the existence, omnipresence ; and universal, and powerful influence of the Deity ; and it is so far from tending to weaken it's authority ; that it helps to corroborate, and confirm the theology of the mosaick, and the christian code. Indeed it is analogous, and similar to several texts both in the old, and new testament ; which inform us of the strong and awful sense with which all the nations of the earth were impressed, of the being and attributes of a GOD ; and which likewise inform us that he had the worship, and adoration of them all.

Dr. WARTON, asks us, what there is transcendently sublime in POPE ? This universal prayer is not only fraught with a pure, and manly piety ; but it is likewise transcendently sublime. Indeed,

poetical glory bursts, at length, so irresistibly on the Doctor's mind, that he proclaims his self-conviction, and confutation; and acknowledges that there are many examples in POPE (and some of them he particularly mentions) of transcendent excellence, in descriptive, pathetick, and sublime poetry.

While I was writing these passages, they reminded me of a piece of criticism of COWPER, which is given to us by Mr. HAYLEY; of which I cannot avoid to take a particular and explicit notice, without any disrespect to the memory of the dead; or to the reputation of the living authour.

“COWPER conceived that POPE, by adhering
“too closely to the use of pure iambick feet, in
“his verse, deprived himself of an advantage to
“be gained, by a more liberal admission of other
“feet, and particularly spondees; which, ac-
“cording to COWPER's idea, have a very happy
“effect, in giving variety, dignity, and force.”

This is really a very mechanical kind of a remark; and it is particularly absurd and unaccountable, as it was made by one, who was a poet himself. Unfortunate is the poet, or rather poetaster, who, when he has invoked his muse,

deliberately, and coldly considers where he is to bring a dactyl, or a spondee, or an iambick, into his verse. Inspiration hath seized him, and all, with spirit, and ardour, goes on to perfection. Is he then to weigh words, and adjust syllables? —In POPE, as in every true poet, (and my observation is warranted in *him* with a most charming variety) the harmonious undulations of sounds; —the swells, and the softer tones; the rises, and the falls; —in short, the measure, and cadence of the verse; must be agreeable to the changing flow; to the progress of the sentiments.—To read my lord KAIMES's elements of criticism, and some of COWPER's critical theory (as it is here presented to us by Mr. HAYLEY, whom I very much respect) one might imagine that a poem was a mere system of weights, and levers; and that it was composed by a mechanism similar to that which makes a clock. I am sorry to observe that the remarks which I have cited are very unworthy of a poet*, who by the force, and magick of a divine genius, made an old bard entertaining, and delightful; who, without such an auxiliary, and in a more faithful translation, would often inevitably be dry, tedious, and dis-

* POPE.

gusting. I am not infatuated with greek learning, nor with presumptive praise; therefore with deference to those whose opinion is contrary to mine, I am convinced that POPE improved, beautified, and ennobled HOMER. There never was a poet in whom elegance; beauty; energy; and sublimity, were so eminently, forcibly, and happily united, as in POPE.

Mr. HAYLEY's friend, (Dr. WARTON) "remark-
" ed in his life of POPE" (he means his essay on the
" writings, and genius of POPE) that " in the va-
" rious sorts of composition in which the english
" have excelled, we perhaps have the least claim
" to excellence in the article of letters of our
" celebrated countrymen. Those of POPE are
" generally thought deficient in that air of perfect
" ease; that unstudied flow of affection; which
" gives the highest charm to epistolary writing.
" But those unaffected graces, which the delicate
" critick wished in vain to find in the letters of
" POPE, may be found abundant, and complete,
" in the various correspondence of COWPER."

I never read any criticism more injurious to the memory of a very great authour, than that which we have here from Mr. HAYLEY, and his friend Dr. WARTON. POPE was incapable of

affectation; it is incompatible with great, and illustrious genius; it is never found in company with it. If ever there was an unstudied, and charming flow of affection, both to parents, and friends, in each kind of writing, it is to be found in the productions of POPE. Perfect ease, and elegance, are the principal, and distinguishing characteristics of his epistolary correspondence. But as he, and his friends often wrote to each other on subjects of importance and dignity;—for instance, on literature, morality, and religion;—they naturally, they necessarily, expressed their thoughts in corresponding language; in a vigorous, luminous, and properly elevated style. I love and esteem the letters of COWPER; but they are very inferior to those of POPE; and of several of his illustrious correspondents: and the preference could only have been given to the former, by an amiable, friendly partiality, which with liberal and generous minds, almost redeems great critical errors. Let me be permitted again to observe, that there is not in any language of EUROPE, a more elegant, interesting, and entertaining collection of letters, than those of POPE, and the great men, of whom he was the friend, and correspondent.

As I have always had unfortunately too exquisite a sensibility on every object, I am here impatient to avail myself of one of it's meritorious effects; and to give my ardent thanks to Mr. HAYLEY for the very respectful and kind manner in which he has mentioned, indeed quoted my moral defence of our divine MILTON against the immoral virulence of JOHNSON. What a pity it is that the genius, and critical powers of that great man should have so often been shaded, perverted, and disgraced by political, and religious principles! My nervous disorder, and my old age prohibit me from reading, and from mixing much with the world. The passage in my favour to which I refer, was transcribed, and sent to me by an old friend, whom I highly esteem, and venerate. I will not think so uncandidly of Mr. HAYLEY as not to conclude that he deems it a fair privilege in the literary world, for one critick explicitly and fully to oppose the sentiments of another; and to refute them, if he has justice on his side. There can be nothing of any weight objected to this kind of opposition, if it is made with good temper, and respect. And I flatter myself that Mr. HAYLEY will agree with me, that without such unprejudiced, and

ample discussions, literary errors cannot be corrected, nor literary truths ascertained. I hope that these memoirs will be honoured with his perusal; and that he will think great parts of them burnished with that splendour which he gave to my miltonian display.

I now wished to tear myself from LONDON, which had torne a great deal of interest, and satisfaction from *me*.—I had heard much of the elysian country (and I afterwards found that the accounts had not been exaggerated) through which the WYE flows.—I proposed (in the burning summer of 1793) to reside at MONMOUTH some time. Indeed the heat, during that whole summer, was as great as could ever have been known in ENGLAND. In july, I arrived at that delightfully situated town, where I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. LUCAS, who kept a grocer's shop, and lived opposite the town-hall.—I returned to LONDON in OCTOBER.

At LONDON, in the beginning of 1794, was printed, under my inspection, a small collection of poems, written by SAMUEL MARSH ORAM, a native of SHAFTSBURY; of whom the world had been lately, and in his youth, deprived. A very promising poetical genius, is evident in

his productions. At the request of my old, and dear friend, Mr. LOGGEN, I wrote an introduction to those poems ; in which I gave some account of the life, and character of the authour. For this publication a good subscription was raised, which was very warmly, and considerably promoted by Mr. LOGGEN ; for the benefit of the virtuous, and amiable sister of the deceased young poet. The poems were printed at the philanthropick press : and were published by CADELL.

In the february of this year, I wrote “ a letter “ to a gentleman of the philanthropick society, “ on the liberty of the press ;” which was published by JORDAN, a bookseller, at the corner of JOHNSON’S court, in fleet-street.

In the spring of 1794, and at no. 7, great NEWPORT-street ; I composed two sermons, for publick occasions ; for a charitable institution, which educated, and put out, poor orphans, apprentices ; and for another, which provided for the delivery, and care, in child-bed, of poor married women, at their own houses.—I preached my sermon for the former charity, at St. BOTOLPH’S, aldersgate, on the 4th of may ; and that which I wrote for the latter, at St. MARY ABBOT, KEN-

SINGTON, on the 25th of that month. The request of the governours of the respective charities, and their practical, and most beneficent humanity, were the only motives of my humble endeavours, and their best rewards. The congregations were numerous; and the collections were large.

In the summer of 1794, I revisited MONMOUTH; where I intended to prosecute a very interesting, and arduous production. After many painful interruptions; after the *patriæ manus* had often fallen; it was finished but a year, and a half ago.—Will it bring me the fame for which I wished, as the reward of it, while I live?—*That* is problematical; the chances are rather against me. But if I live to publish it properly, and diffusively; I foresee that it will long survive it's authour; that it will obtain from posterity, when it shall be annoyed by no temporary, personal, or political prejudices, that liberality, and praise, which, by an envious, and resentful world, were denied to my best literary efforts in my life:—I foresee that it will produce laurels for my tomb.

I shall now acquaint the reader with the objects, and aim of the work which I had premedi-

tated. I had long intended to write my sentiments, in the form of lectures, on our truly eminent english poets ; in which I naturally intended to illustrate their excellencies, and to show their faults ; in short, to do all the justice to their respective characters, that was in the power of my best abilities. Nor did I think that what I had thus proposed to myself, was precluded by Dr. JOHNSON's lives of the poets : for though I am warmly sensible of the extraordinary talents, and splendid productions of that justly celebrated writer ; and though he has favoured the world with a great deal of vigorous, and masterly criticism on the works of those poets ; yet impartiality, and unprejudiced discernment must own, that it is largely interspersed, and deeply shaded with much fastidious, and malevolent detraction from their merits.

In my way to MONMOUTH, a very unseasonable, and dangerous accident befell me ; which corresponded with the general tenour of my fate. OXFORD is in the way, from LONDON, to MONMOUTH. I had recommendatory letters to some very respectable gentlemen of that celebrated seat of the muses ; where I proposed to stay for a week ; that I might be acquainted with several of it's

interesting objects.—From OXFORD, I accompanied some gentlemen of NORTHUMBERLAND to BLENHEIM, and STOW. The house, or palace of BLENHEIM is a noble building; but rather heavy; and in the common style of sir JOHN VANBURGH, it's architect. Yet let us do justice to the artist; it was judicious in him to construct that edifice for a very long duration; as it was intended for a monument of MARLBOROUGH's glory. It is adorned with capital statues, paintings, and tapestry. The very extensive park of BLENHEIM, and the great number, and variety of it's noble trees, make it, at least, as interesting an object as the house. From BLENHEIM we went to STOW; to take a view of BUCKINGHAM-house, and of COBHAM-gardens. The house is not remarkably magnificent; but it contains many fine pictures; not a few of which are very beautifully executed by the lady of the mansion; by the countess of TEMPLE herself.—So much has been said of the famous gardens of STOW, that it would be superfluous, and impertinent in *me* to dwell on them particularly.—I shall only observe, that he who is most highly delighted with the curious, and grand specimens of human art, will be much interested, and gra-

tified, in viewing those gardens ; but that they will not be so attractive, and charming, to him who prefers the simple, yet various, and affecting elegance, and majesty of nature ; which powerfully speak a tender, and captivating language to the heart ; which unite the pleasures of sense, with those of the purest, and most refined sentiment ; which give to a rational, and engaging amusement, the dignity, and sanctity of religion ; which elevate the soul from earth, to it's creator.

In returning to OXFORD, we dined at MIDDLETON-STONY ; about twelve miles from that city. The gentlemen who were with me drank very much after dinner, and consequently were equipped for frolick and absurdity.—We set off in the evening, for OXFORD ; the company were in two gigs, and a post-chaise. I was one of three who were in the post-chaise. When we had advanced about a mile, the gigs with their young oxonians, passed us with rapidity ; one of my companions in the post-chaise, foolishly eager to get before the gigs, ordered the postillion to drive as fast as he could :—as the man was drunk, he obeyed the order with the more alacrity.—Down came the chaise with a violent fall : he who was the cause of the accident, was quite unin-

jured; the other gentleman received a bad contusion in his forehead;—but this fall of the carriage almost occasioned *my* death, and consequently, my deliverance from all my earthly troubles. My under lip was cut through; my left thigh was terribly strained; the pain which it gave me was extreme, and durable; it was long before I could raise my left leg from the bed to which I was confined for a fortnight.—Another melancholy effect of this folly, was, a fracture in my left shoulder; which has never recovered it's proper position; it will always be lower than the other. I was attended by Mr. GROSVENOR; an eminent surgeon of OXFORD: to whose care, under providence, I was indebted for my recovery. I was likewise much obliged to the reverend Dr. REEVES, who had the living of MIDDLETON-STONY, for frequently visiting me, as my spiritual friend.—For my case was, for some time dubious; indeed, it was rather probable that I should die. The extreme heat of the weather, and the pain that I suffered, produced a fever, that was attended with alarming symptoms.—In a fortnight, however, I had so far recovered, that I proceeded, though with great difficulty, to MONMOUTH: for

I could hardly endure the motion of the chaise. —In this journey, as I was too weak, entirely to support myself, I was favoured with the company of the impetuous hero ; who, conspiring with my evil constellation, or acting under it's influence, ran against the gigs.

When I was at the most painful stage of my illness ; indeed, when I almost despaired of my life ; I composed, in my bed, a little poem, of thirty-four lines, addressed to OXFORD.—In those verses, I express my regret that I had not been educated at that celebrated university ; and I imagine the probability, that my poetical fame would have luxuriantly flourished ; that I should have enjoyed it happily, while I lived ; and that it would have been fixed on a firm, and lasting foundation ; if I had been honoured with the instructions, and with the protection, and praises, of that favourite residence of the muses. Perhaps nothing high can be said, to the advantage of that little poem ; yet, probably, the humane, and generous will ascribe no little merit to it ; when they consider the deplorable condition in which I lay, when I composed it.—A young gentleman from OXFORD, who visited me, committed it to writing, as I repeated it to him, in

my bed; it was inserted in an OXFORD newspaper; and I was afterwards told by a student of ORIEL college, that it was kindly, and respectfully received, by several men of learning, and taste in the university, whose warm approbation was honourable to a poet. I republished it in a small collection of poems, in the year 1800; at ALNWICK; the place of my early and boyish days.

I take this publick opportunity to express my gratitude to Mr. SELBY of SWAN's fields, and to Mr. BURRELL of BROOMPARK, for the benevolent attention and care which they showed to me in that melancholy, I may say, dangerous situation. I shall now here insert the verses which, at that time, I addressed to the university of OXFORD; with the preliminary introduction; as it was printed in the little pamphlet to which I have just alluded.

———— The fixed, and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to it's own advantage.

YOUNG?

The following verses were the ruling object of their authour, when he could not move himself, nor be moved, without agony. They were com-

posed by several short exertions of his mind, which were interrupted by debility, or by pain. After this honest apology, they will never incur the frown of generous criticism.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO OXFORD.

Fair seat of sages, and of bards divine !
Terrestrial residence of all the nine !
Oh ! had my ardent, and aspiring youth
Felt in thy hallowed groves important truth ;
Inhaled, in *them*, the God's inspiring ray ;
Caught the strong thought, and waked the glowing lay ;
Then reason, fancy, happily combined,
And tuneful diction had my verse refined ;
Then would *thy* liberal sons have raised my fame ;
And high above my merit fixed my name.

But now my life's, my mind's meridian o'er ;
Poetick vigour ; active hope no more ;
Thy shades my faint, my setting fires receive,
Just ere our vital hemisphere they leave.
Yet could I live, *one* effort more to make,
For verse's, and for fairer virtue's sake,
(Oh ! might I fill our ancient province *here*,
And prove, at once, a poet, and a seer)
Haply some verdict of decisive praise,
Would crown my memory with perpetual bays.
OXFORD herself might mark my merit's tomb ;
Restore it's life, and bid it's honours bloom.

Thus, (for like MARO's swain, an object small
I near a great one place) at DRYDEN's call,

Britons enamoured grew of nature's rules,
And spurned the jargon of the doating schools ;
(For mildews threaten still, the laurelled brow
And ignorance acted then, like malice now)
To genius, and to taste, were converts made ;
With wonder MILTON's vast sublime surveyed ;
Imbined seraphick rapture from his page,
To glory rescued from a barbarous age.

MIDDLETON STONY, OXFORDSHIRE,

July 10th, 1794.

I continued at MONMOUTH, from august, 1794, to may, 1796.—During that time, I applied closely to my studies : I do not recollect all the books which I then read ; but I recollect some of them. As I was always ambitious to conquer honourable difficulties, (and with such difficulties those of learning may surely be ranked) I still moved against the stream of my taste ; and made a farther progress in the rough, and vulgar german language. I read, with care, and with great pleasure, the ecclesiastical polity of HOOKER ; it is a very learned work ; and will always invite the attention of those who love the theory of church-government. The simple, and venerable ; yet elegant, and vigorous manner of writing, of that great authour ; is a model for composition (as far as the choice, and arrangement of words

make a part of it) to all after-ages.—At this time, too, I finished **LUCRETIVS**; a part of whose poem I had read before I came to **MONMOUTH**.—How much is it to be regretted, that a great, and beautiful genius, who might have been employed on charming, important, and eternal subjects; to the delight, and improvement of mankind, should have expended, and wasted his powers, on the ridiculous atomical philosophy!—I proceeded in the study of the portuguese language. I read the **LUSIAD** of **CAMOENS**, a very vigorous, animated; and in many respects, an original poem; but the rich, and ardent imagination of it's author, is not sufficiently tempered with judgment. He is guilty of one evident, and great fault,—he often mixes, and confounds the mosaick, and christian system, with the heathen mythology.—A highly spirited, and elegant translation of this poem was written, and published many years ago, by **JULIUS MICKLE**, who was a native of **SCOTLAND**.

But I gave my principal, and most anxious attention to those great english poets, on whose works I was going to write my long-intended lectures; on whose faults it was my design, with a fair freedom, yet with a due reverence, to

animadvert; and to endeavour to rescue many of their excellencies from the unjust censure of prejudice and malignity. Previously to my reflexions, and observations on each poet, I carefully read all his poetry; and all that he had written on elegant literature. While I was at MONMOUTH, I wrote an introduction to my hardy enterprize;—and lectures on SPENSER, and on SHAKESPEARE. I likewise wrote my lectures on MILTON, and on DRYDEN, to a very large extent. On the last-mentioned poet, I have been more copious than on any other of our illustrious poets: because, in *his* time, the general strain of our poetry took a new æra of reformation.—I say, the general strain of our poetry; because, in particular instances; by the energy, and execution, by the natural, and eternal taste; of particular men;—by SHAKESPEARE, and by MILTON, it had been raised to as high a pitch of pathos, beauty, and grandeur, as it was possible for poetry to reach. My observations on DRYDEN were more extensive than on any other poet, for a good, and I hope, a satisfactory reason. The epocha of reformation in our poetry, which I have mentioned; and which took place in his time, that great genius himself, principally formed.—He

writes a great deal of excellent, and admirable prose, on his favourite, professional, and divine art:—his prose is so glowing; so elegant; so animated; and so highly-coloured;—that by *this* species of composition alone;—if he had not subdued the world by numbers, he would have acquired immortality;—he would have equalled the most eloquent men of any age, or nation. On that account; that I might pay what I thought the requisite, and merited attention, to this part of the exertions, and glory of that great man; I wrote more (pardon me, if I was more diffuse) on DRYDEN than on any other of our poets.—SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and DRYDEN; were the truly eminent english poets, on whom I ventured my criticism, and various other remarks, while I continued at MONMOUTH.

Very unjust, and illiberal sarcasms have often been thrown at the inhabitants of WALES; as a people very defective in understanding, and taste. It would be ungrateful in *me* to join in this obloquy. If I did not equally, and thoroughly enjoy their attention, and respect, it was my own fault; I have only to blame my own generous, and humane ardour; which at the same time was my social, and convivial absurdity. The unguarded, and

heated imagination of a poet, is apt to imagine that he can create a race of human beings, who will warmly adopt, in theory; and be eager to practise, his romantick, but noble sentiments.

But whatever generous, and glorious conduct, poetry may enforce, and endeavour to inspire; and however impressive it may be;—mankind, in their essential, and general nature; and in their corresponding actions, will ever be the same, in all countries; and in all ages. I first publickly offended, by some sportive, and idle verses; which, I thought, should not have given any displeasure; because they would not have displeased *me*; if they had been written on myself. The great Dr. SWIFT, to whose memory I look up, with the highest esteem, and veneration, used to cry, *vive la bagatelle*!—I too, in my hours of relaxation, and gaiety, unfortunately liked the *bagatelle* as well as *he*; but I did not throw it off, from a situation which was so safe, and well-guarded as that which *he* enjoyed;—I was *isolé*; I was poor;—as a man, I was calumniated; as an authour, I was treated with the grossest injustice; and with implacable malevolence;—but SWIFT had all the celebrity which his extraordinary genius, and original writings deserved;—

and by a strange throw, in the infinitely varied caprice of human life, a clergyman, by his prerogatives from nature, of splendid talents, and of his exercise of them, was absolutely a first minister of state ;—he was the friend, and counselor of an ORFORD, and a BOLINGBROKE ; and he often dictated, and controuled their measures.

But one of my most remarkable poetical acts, gave a *coup de grace* to my popularity at MONMOUTH. A weak, and innocent young man, the son of a clergyman ; in the time of his greatest need ; was refused that assistance, and protection, which had often been most explicitly, and ardently promised him by a country squire, of a very large estate in the neighbourhood of MONMOUTH :—a selfish ; vulgar ; narrow-spirited creature. I was acquainted with the young gentleman ; I felt great compassion for his unfortunate, and unfriended situation ; and I equally felt a disinterested, and generous resentment against the cruel, and obdurate behaviour of the other. I exposed his avarice, and hardness of heart, in this remarkable instance, in some severe verses. They were well enough written to occasion the falling off of my acquaintance, and friends ; and to make me a cardinal WOLSEY in

miniature. Could I fancy myself living in old ROME, in the time of FABRICIUS; or in old SPARTA, after the legislation of LYCURGUS?—Were literature, and talents, to be lords paramount, in the favour of the publick, over eight thousand pounds a year?—Were idle, and empty songs, however harmonious, and poetical, to be more attractive than large entertainments which were occasionally given?—Were they to be more important than the mere idea of knowing, and frequently visiting a very rich human animal; an idea; which even when it has not that of interest, and real advantage annexed to it, is so soothing, and delightful to mean, and servile vanity. I bore the defection of HOTSPUR'S * “half-faced fellowship,” with the independent spirit of a man, who was conscious that he had acted from pure, and noble motives. My books looked as benignly, and propitiously on me as ever; and I was not at all deserted by the luminous, and sprightly current of my mind.

* A selfish, and pusillanimous surgeon, and apothecary; who lived next door to the house where I lodged, from time to time molested me with many low, and indecent machinations; with the mention of which, I shall not disgrace my page.

I left MONMOUTH, in may, 1796, and returned to LONDON. I left it; but I took with me, whithersoever I went, “in my mind’s eye, HORATIO,”—“the form, and pressure;”—the various, and captivating imagery of the county of MONMOUTH; and of the adjoining idalium of HEREFORD. The various, rich, and expanded views, in the vicinage of Ross; that purple region of VERTUMNUS, and POMONA, are still fresh in my imagination. There, the walks of KYRLL (the man of Ross) on eminent, and commanding ground; his causeway, with the shaded seats; and the “heaven-directed spire;” remind us of the philanthropy of that worthy man; and of the generous eulogy with which he was honoured by POPE. The mild, and serene situation of MONMOUTH; with it’s gentle, and approaching graces; where I passed two years of my life; is yet more strongly impressed in my fancy, and my heart.—All it’s enchanting landscape is, at this moment, before me. I think that I now see the lively, and murmuring confluence of it’s two rivers;—I think that I now see the adjacent elysian fields; and the transparent WYE, which nature formed for poetical pleasure, and description; winding between banks

of a glowing verdure, and of an aromattick fragrance; and to complete the interest of the scene, the blooming hills, adorned with wood, or cultivated on their summits; and which, in the bold, figurative, and personifying language of the psalmist, may be said, “to laugh, and sing.”

The passage from Ross, down the WYE, shall never be obliterated from the most active, and exuberant powers of my memory. Can I ever forget the beautiful day when I enjoyed that passage; a day, whose temperature, and serenity were enhanced by the objects which it presented? Can I ever forget the pure bosom of the WYE, and its variegated meanders; flowing with a wanton, yet placid course; and seeming to triumph in that gaiety, and magnificence of nature, of which he was the god?—I am borne along, in fancy, through scenes of the most vivid, animated, and august expression;—through trees, and the humbler vegetative embellishments of summer; of luxuriant growth, and fantastick attitudes; sometimes through rocks, impending over the bank, in rude, and grotesque forms; or unexpectedly bursting on the eye, like adamantine pillars of bold prominence, and immense magnitude. There the impressive ruin of TINTERN

abbey salutes my eye, in high, and awful situation. It calls to my mind, the acts, and holy sentiments, of old, and venerable piety; whose sequestered sons have long reposed in the dust. The prospect is now pleasingly varied with the sight of a cheerful, and smoaking village; gradually recumbent on the slope. From the last object, I recollected the persevering sanctity; and religious mortifications of the *dead*; from the present, I figure to myself, the sound, and balmy sleep; the high health, and rustick revels of the *living*. The close of the long train of this beautiful, and grand scenery, is worthy of all it's progress; it is terminated by a view of the rapid, and imperious SEVERN; and by the striking, original, and romantick charms, of CHEPSTOW.

Nor can I ever forget the various, and strongly diversified charms of ABERGAVENNY; the clear, and gentle USKE, winding through it's arcadian vale; and higher in it's course, adorned with little picturesque islands; and all these humbler, and softer beauties, boldly, and awfully contrasted, with the impending majesty; with the lofty grandeur of the black mountains; the SKIRRID; and the BLORENCE.

In may, 1796, I returned from WALES, to

LONDON. In the summer of that year, I took lodgings at EGHAM in SURREY; where I stayed till the autumn. I then made a visit to my old friend, Mr. THOMAS SANDBY, the architect, in WINDSOR great-park; where I passed some weeks, very agreeably. He was a man of a most ingenuous, friendly, and warm heart;—he had a great regard for me; and always entertained a kind solicitude for my welfare. I was sorry to observe that he was then in a very drooping, and declining state. He was far advanced in age; and he died within a year after the time of which I am now writing.

To persue my studies in retirement, I went into lodgings, at BISHOPGATE, at the entrance into the great park; where I was very near Mr. SANDBY, and visited him frequently. In my new situation, I made a very agreeable acquaintance with my neighbour, Mr. HAMILTON; a scotch gentleman, who has been dead for several years. He was a worthy, and a truly good man; and I shall ever entertain the greatest affection, and esteem for his memory. During my stay at BISHOPGATE, he treated me with kindness, and hospitality. He had made a fortune in the island of TOBAGO, by the african trade; a mode of acquiring wealth, which was

very inconsistent with *his* mild, and merciful disposition. But he had always kept his heart, and conduct essentially untainted, and undeformed, by his manner of accumulating property;—he was, through life, a benevolent, generous, humane man. Nothing can seduce, corrupt, and spoil, an absolutely good heart;—nothing can humanize, purify, and refine, an absolutely bad one. In april, 1797, I returned to LONDON.

I do not recollect all my reading in this last year. But I well remember that I read the witty, and wanton *decameron* of BOCCACCIO, in the original italian; and an authour of a very different character, and who presents very different objects to the reader;—THUCYDIDES;—the grave, and celebrated historian of the peloponnesian war. Yet, notwithstanding his attick dialect, and his long established fame;—I must always think his manner of writing, abrupt, perplexed; and very disagreeable. Pardon my freedom, ye great, and consummate grecians!—I have a deference for *your* superiour learning; therefore do not frown on me, with a dogmatical severity;—if I always ingenuously, and faithfully, relate the feelings with which I am impressed by my literary instructors;—and the sincere,

but unassuming judgment which I form of their works. I am naturally open, and warm; therefore I have always been very apt to give my explicit opinion, of men, as well as books; when it was particularly excited by the occasion. This habitual frankness does no discredit to my heart; but it certainly is by no means an instance of my worldly wisdom. In this year, I perused all the writings of POPE, and YOUNG; and while I was at BISHOPGATE, I wrote my lectures on those two very great poets.

Though I well knew, by long, and dear bought experience, the general, and durable characteristics of human nature; yet, by the prevailing, and too powerful influence of my own peculiarly frank, and lively disposition, I was extremely subject, egregiously to err; enormously to blunder, in my local, and transitory social, and moral conjectures. In particular cases, which I was ingenious to form in a manner propitious to my wishes; without much difficulty, I brought my imagination to be assured, that others would be as free from selfishness; as nobly disinterested; and as incapable of lasting resentments, as I was myself.—For if my worst enemy was to meet me with civility; I could immediately enter into easy,

and gay conversation with him; *not* with constrained dissimulation, and hypocrisy; but with unfeigned, and cordial pleasure. Actuated, and transported, out of the province of reason, by this quixotick, and utopian theory; in the beginning of the summer of 1797, I went down to DURHAM, with a determination, permanently to reside there. To rivet my absurdity; and that I might decisively act like no body but myself; I took a house in DURHAM, and furnished it. I shall be as concise as possible, on this chimerical period, and it's necessary effects; the sagacious, and experienced reader will anticipate them all. A few of the families, who had been extremely attentive to me before, showed me *some* civilities; but, you may be sure, in a more reserved, and distant manner. Even the ardour of my most classical friends; of those who were once pleased to admire my productions; repressed it's imprudent heat; and took a moderate, and nicely adjusted temper. But I forgave the poor creatures; they *durst* not be polite, and respectful to me.— For they knew that it made for their interest, and for the gratification of their vanity, by their coldness to *me*, to pay an indirect, and oblique, but very acceptable homage, to superiour authority.

But neither the heavy brothers of the college; nor that pile of enormous mass, their saxon cathedral—(a complete, and most expressive emblem of *their* ponderous bodies)—with all the gravitating, and powerful weight with which they humbled, and controuled, their holy city;—the whole of that collected, and oppressive load of inert matter, could not smother, nor, in the least degree, weaken the alacrity, and fire of my mind. In the gloom that surrounded me; and in the worst solitude—a solitude in the midst of human beings;—I kept that mind serene, and active. I read much in the languages that I knew; but I never enjoyed more intellectual pleasure, than in conversation with DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS.—I read his learned, judicious, and accurate treatise, *περί συνταξέως ὁνομασίαν*—or, on style. Well might POPE sing:—

See DIONYSIUS, HOMER's thoughts refine;
And call new beauties forth from every line!

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

But the highest entertainment, and improvement that he gave me, was from the perusal of his roman history; a most invaluable monument of the genius of ancient GREECE. DIONYSIUS

unites in himself, all the requisite, and excellent qualities of a great historian; he chuses his facts with sentiment, and judgment; he arranges them in a natural, and luminous order;—and he properly distinguishes, and applies the respective attention that he should pay them. His narration flows with an easy energy;—and it is simply, and modestly, and therefore beautifully adorned, with an attick elegance. He takes every favourable, and striking opportunity, to inculcate, and impress the most generous, exalted, and heroick morality; therefore, when you are reading DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS, you are attending a school of the purest, and sublimest virtue.

1808. I shall here insert, what I *should* have inserted at page 177; where CICERO prefers the latin before the greek language. Lord BOLINGBROKE, alluding to the genius, and execution, not to the language of the historians, asserts that “even POLYBIUS, and DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS must bow before the great roman authours.” Of the different greek historians whom I have read, I have received most instruction, and pleasure from the perusal of DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS, and of PLUTARCH. It may be here objected to me, that I have given

to DIONYSIUS every requisite of an historian.—To this I reply, that there are degrees of excellence; and that I can conceive an excellence superiour to that which I have attributed to DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS. Nothing can exceed the accuracy, energy, and beauty of a SALUST, a CÆSAR, a LIVY, and a TACITUS.

I must do farther justice to my good, and liberal habits, by adding to my reading while I was at DURHAM, that I there likewise read VALERIUS MAXIMUS, and VELLEIUS PATERCULUS. The former authour is an excellent moral companion; he presents to the reader the most admonitory, and home examples of profligate vice, and of consummate virtue. VELLEIUS PATERCULUS I read, with pleasure, and with pain:—I loved his eloquence, and elegance; though they bore the evident marks of the declining, and degenerate state of roman literature;—but I hated, and despised his adulation of the CÆSARS.

I continued to exert what abilities God had given me, and in good causes, as an authour; and I hope that what I wrote in DURHAM, at this time, was not contemptible. I carefully read the works of THOMSON, and wrote lectures on that

amiable, beautiful, and great poet. The gasconading french threat of an invasion of BRITAIN, roused my poetical spirit, as an englishman; and excited me to write my poem of “the invincible island.” Whatever may be it’s merit (*that* may, one day, be ascertained, and perhaps not to my discredit) I never thought that I found myself in a happier disposition to compose, than when I wrote it, nor did I ever write with more pleasure. The poem consists of seven hundred lines.—I somewhere have a memorandum of the time in which I composed it; but I cannot now find it.—I am certain that I wrote it within a week. From the momentous crisis at which it was written; and from some poetical force, and fire, with which I flattered myself that it was animated; I presumed warmly to hope, that unless inveterate prejudice, and malice, were as invincible as our island itself, it would have the diffusive circulation which I earnestly desired.

Flushed with this idea;—borne impetuously along, by ambition, and by hope; though they had often deluded me; I set off in the mail-coach from DURHAM, for LONDON, on the 9th of december, 1797, at midnight, and in a severe storm. On my arrival in town, my poem was

advertised, printed, and published, with great expedition. It was printed for CLARKE, in new bond-street. For several days, the sale was very promising; and my bookseller, as well as myself, entertained sanguine hopes of our eventual good success. But the demand for the poem relaxed gradually; and our ultimate bad fortune did not correspond with the magnitude of the object; nor, I trust, was it merited by the languour of the performance. Had I imputed it to my great defects as a poet, I should absurdly have given the lye to my sensibility, and my conscience.— From this last, therefore, of many literary misfortunes, I inferred, that prejudice, and malignity, in my fate as an authour, seemed, indeed, to be invincible*.

I shall here quote the conclusion of my poem of the invincible island.

* The invincible island was extremely approved, and warmly praised by very able judges of poetical merit; yet, consistently with all my fortune, as an authour, it sold very poorly; though it was so well adapted to the particular time; and though it had given great pleasure to men of a truly poetical taste. But still, something within me, calmly, yet distinctly told me, that it *should* have been otherwise; therefore I proceeded in my literary course.

O! Thou! at whose benign, all-powerful call,
Up sprung, from chaos, our stupendous ball;
And who, from tumult, still, of field, or flood,
From present ill educest greater good;
Propitious hear thy humble suppliant's prayer;
Is not thy creature his Creator's care?
Sufficient influence of thy spirit give;
That in the little space I now can live,
Each hour I may respect; and thus atone
For all my wrongs from others, and my own!
Oh! let my common, meaner wants be few;
My mental treasures various, rich, and new;
Then shall my nature for itself suffice;
Perpetual flux, and reflux of supplies;
Old years in renovated youth shall roll;
Well strung my nerves of body, and of soul:
Temperance my system will exalt, at home;
A wanderer abroad I need not roam;
Of a precarious world my life the sport;
Tossed on the waves of caprice for support.

As independence, even unarmed with power,
Speaks, writes the truth, whatever dangers lower;
Snares to it's weal as foes in ambush lay,
And poor, pretended friendship sneaks away;
Teach me, by virtuous discipline to find
A comprehensive kingdom in my mind;*

* In proportion as a created being, in any mode of it's existing or acting, resembles the Supreme Being (though,

There, with serene, yet with despotick reign,
To guard the small, but well improved domain.

Concentered, then, with more effectual force,
My faculties will hold their destined course;
Will execute their duties here below;
To all *thy* foes, an active, ardent foe;
But mounting above nature's works, they'll flee,
Still with the greatest energy to THEE!

And as the raptures of the poet rise
Above the *pleasures of the good, and wise;
Goodness and wisdom too as he can teach
With greater emphasis than SHERLOCKS preach;
Let poetry still bless thy suppliant's views;
It's beauteous images; it's vivid hues;
It's fire celestial; all-sufficient store;
Kings; emperours; none but THOU can give us more!
And while the grosser lumps of mortals lie,
(A living death!) in EPICURUS' sty;
To ruin's gloom while meteors draw the vain;
While avarice petrifies *her* shivering train;
Grant *me*, with pure, and strong parnassian ray,
To float, and wanton in the blaze of day.

at the best, in an insignificant comparative degree) the general happiness of that being is augmented. Now the Supreme Being is pure mind; He is all MIND.

* Here I refer to the immediate degree of impulse, and impression. God forbid that I should insinuate that, in the amount of life, it is better to be a poet than a truly wise and virtuous man.

In the spring of 1798, before I left DURHAM, I addressed a letter to the bishop of that diocese, on the detestable slave-trade, which was published by PENNINGTON, a DURHAM-bookseller.

I composed four sermons while I was at DURHAM. A remarkable circumstance in the politics of that city, contributed to make me unpopular there. The principal inhabitants of the place were divided into aristocratick, and republican zealots. The church-men were at the head of the one party; and some gentlemen of the laity, whom I was prepared highly to esteem, and whose abilities were worthy of a more moderate, and reasonable way of thinking, inflamed, and governed the other. It has always been *my* rule, and my habit, to endeavour to keep free from political prejudices;—to speak, and write impartially on publick affairs; and consequently, to exercise the right of an englishman, in approving, or censuring the sentiments, and conduct of men in high stations, and office; without any regard to their attachment, or opposition to government. This love, and practice of perfect freedom, has, I believe, on several occasions, been injurious to my interest, and social satisfaction. It will not *do*, for JOHN BULL; nay, let me be fair

to my friend, and countryman ;—it will offend the politicians, and statesmen of any nation :—for human nature is selfish, and has an inordinate lust for power ; therefore, whatever in the smallest degree counteracts that selfishness, and that inordinate passion, must, every-where, be very displeasing to our species, and must excite their hatred, and resentment. In their enjoyment of power, or in their aspiring to it, if you are not undistinguishingly, and ardently, *for* them ; you are diametrically, and criminally, *against* them. The illiberal, and baneful effects of this disposition, my unbiassed principles, and ingenuous language, now experienced at DURHAM. Two hostile, and contending parties, will always treat a dispassionate, and moderate man, as a kind of political outlaw ;—they will crush him between them, if they *can*.

At whitsuntide, 1799, I left DURHAM, and came to a fixed residence in my vicarage house, at LESBURY ; after an absence from it, of almost twelve years. And I have continued here from that time, to the day on which I am, now, writing :—the 22nd of march, 1804. My wish to do the duties of my office, and to obtain the civilities, and love of my parishioners ; was one of the

strongest motives that induced me to resume my abode in this place.

I have written much, and read not a little, during my last almost five years at LESBURY.— Though my studies, in that time, have been greatly interrupted; sometimes, by indisposition, of which an extreme, and mortifying nervous weakness made the principal part;—and frequently by unfortunate, and disagreeable accidents; or events. Of the greek oracles of wisdom, and imagination, I was not forgetful;—I read a selection from the sublime, though sometimes confused, and almost unintelligible PLATO; and another from that elegant, keen, and comick moral satirist, LUCIAN. I likewise read once more, the iliad of HOMER; the father of the grecian poetry; with great pleasure, certainly; but not with that indiscriminate, and impetuous rapture, and admiration, with which he hurried me along, in my juvenile, and more injudicious days. I read some of the shorter, and detached pieces of DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS; and CORNELIUS NEPOS; the lives of whose illustrious grecian commanders, are related more concisely, indeed, than I could have wished; yet in a manner worthy of them; in a simple, pure,

and beautiful elegance. I shall not be more particular on my reading, during this period; though I read a great deal more, in various literature, than what I have mentioned. I only hope that the humane, and generous reader will be convinced by all that I have said, that neither changes of place, nor of circumstances;—that no species of adversity;—and that even the infirmities, and maladies of old age, could not quell the ardour, and progress of my literary pursuits. My unremitting perseverance in this most glorious career, which almost redeems some of my great transgressions, makes me feel a manly pride in my enduring fortitude; in my arduous intellectual victories;—and emboldens me to recommend my example, in *this* part of my conduct, to the emulation of my cotemporaries, and of posterity.

Indeed, I at length acquired such a philosophical indifference to the worst external evils that invaded me; that when my mind was completely engaged in reading, or in composition; it was almost in as impregnable a state as that of the great ARCHIMEDES; who told the roman soldier by whom he was slain, that he had spoiled an excellent demonstration;—or it was almost

as intensely, and ardently engrossed, by the objects of it's immediate application, as the mind of the oriental hero ; who was playing at chess, when a messenger came to conduct him to execution ; and who desired him to wait for a single minute ; for he had discovered check-mate against KEUTHAR.

I published thrice, at LESBURY ; the publications were small ; but I hope, not insignificant :—1st. “ a collection of poems ;” which I dedicated, in 1800, to my dear friend the rev. WILLIAM BEVILLE ; whose long, and kind attention, has been a palliative, of great consolation, and pleasure to my many misfortunes. Though my inauspicious destiny hath kept us, for many years, far distant from each other ; I shall always retain a warm and grateful remembrance of the respectful, and affectionate friendship of an excellent, and polite scholar ; a man of the most amiable, and engaging social manners ; and one who possesses the noblest ornament, and the most invaluable treasure of human nature ; that christian virtue which he publickly, and eloquently defends.—2d. In 1801, I published a sermon on the duties, and advantages of old age ;” which I dedicated to my old friend, Mr. JER-

NINGHAM. These two publications, were printed, and sold by Mr. CATUACK, of ALNWICK. —3d. In 1802, Mr. GRAHAM, another bookseller in ALNWICK, printed, and published for me, “A remonstrance against inhumanity to animals; and particularly, against the savage practice of bull-baiting.”—The writing of this little treatise was principally occasioned by the unfortunate fate of a humane bill which was brought into the house of commons by some worthy gentlemen, with credit both to their hearts and heads, for the abolition of an old, stupid and infamous act of parliament, which instituted bull-baiting. This act was defended in the senate; it is difficult to say, whether with greater inhumanity of sentiment, or absurdity of argument.—For a full refutation of that defence, I must, at present refer my readers to the little treatise which was published by GRAHAM in 1802, and which I hope will soon appear again in publick, with better fortune and with larger diffusion. The bill was thrown out, greatly to the discredit of our legislature.

Worse consequences were produced by the rejection of this bill than the mere defeat of the benevolent intention of those who introduced it.

Whenever low minds retain their detestable advantages over the opposition of their superiours, they seize every opportunity to show their vulgar insolence. Bull-baiting, on this occasion, was resumed in many towns of England, where it had not, for many years been practised. The poor animals were again tortured, bound to a stake, against the cowards, with repeated, and exulting yells of acclamation. How I shudder to think that I am of the same shape with those savages. Their sport, as they are pleased to call it; for it can only be a sport to diabolical souls, was now more frequent, more barbarous, and more triumphant.

I have composed nine sermons while I have been at LESBURY. I take this opportunity to observe, that in the long course of my literary life, I have published several very small pieces, which I have not mentioned in these memoirs. Perhaps they may be worthy of being preserved, and communicated to the publick, with my other more important publications.

But according to the literary plan which I had formed for my declining years; here, as in the other places of my temporary residence, my lectures on our poets, engaged my longest, and warmest

attention, and application. I wrote a second introductory lecture; and I afterwards prepared my mind for the just defence, and praise of the most astonishingly great, and most dreadfully unfortunate CHATTERTON; by carefully reading all his works, (in which I was not so doating an antiquarian, as not to include those of the fictitious ROWLEY) and likewise by reading the principal publications that had been written on the life, genius, and tragical fate of that immortal youth.—I was far more copious on CHATTERTON, than I had been on any other of our great poets; and I hope, for sufficient reasons:—the unexampled, and prodigious talents of that young man; his masterly, and wonderful art in adopting, and imitating our old language; the generosity, and nobleness of his nature; the shameful treatment that he received from that proud, and cold-hearted being, HORACE WALPOLE; and the shocking crisis that terminated his sub-lunary existence; all these very singular objects in *his* melancholy history, made him peculiarly the subject of my particular, and large disquisition, criticism, and encomium.

With CHATTERTON I had long intended to close my lectures. For it was my original de-

sign to give my sentiments only on those english poets who had written much, as well as with excellence. But after I had written on CHATTERTON, I determined to conclude with lectures on GRAY. I made this determination from having again perused Dr. JOHNSON's most illiberal, unjust, and absurd observations, and strictures, on that beautiful, and sublime poet.—With GRAY, therefore, I terminated the long, and often interrupted task which I had imposed on myself; in this last exertion, I did all that was in my power, to vindicate, with an honest, and equitable zeal, the memory of a much admired poet, from the gross injuries which it had received from unaccountable critical errors, and absurdities; and from still more unaccountable malignant charges; written without elegance, and without force.

These lectures on our truly eminent english poets were published about a year ago by — CLARKE, bookseller, at no. 38, in new bond-street. They are sold by him, and by LONGMAN, HURST, REES, and ORME, in paternoster-row. —If the readers of these memoirs will honour those lectures with their attention, I flatter myself they will find that their indifferent success

has not proceeded from intellectual, and literary demerit; but from an impartial and free spirit, which, in this world, is a very unpropitious endowment.

I have just again read with that warmth of gratitude and affection which it deserves, my friend Mr. JERNINGHAM's letter on my lectures on CHATTERTON, which I here insert.

“ Dear Hermit of the North,

“ Your lectures were sent to me on saturday
“ evening; and I was induced, or rather im-
“ pelled by an inexplicable attractive preference,
“ to peruse the life of CHATTERTON. I finished
“ those six lectures about half an hour ago; and
“ I hasten to write to you while I am still under
“ the pressure of that overwhelming composi-
“ tion. ‘ Thoughts that breathe, and words that
“ ‘ burn,’ meet me in every page, and warm me
“ with delight. The argumentative parts are
“ finely relieved by glowing illustrations; and your
“ metaphoric expression conveys new and unde-
“ rived images made at home; moulded, heated,
“ and purified in the focus of your own genius.

“ The ver assiduum, and the alienis mensibus
“ æstas, may justly be applied to *your* time of

“ life. Fortunate senex ! Tua rura manebunt ;
“ not the rura covered with golden dust ; but the
“ possessions of the mind are given you, free
“ from the taxation of time and infirmity.

“ I make no doubt but that I shall receive
“ equal gratification (if possible) from your other
“ lectures. With regard to your lectures on
“ CHATTERTON, I am so sincere in this effu-
“ sion of my judgment, and so invincibly pos-
“ sessed with their excellence, that you may, if
“ you please, insert this letter when you come
“ to the period of the publication of the lectures
“ in your memoirs.

“ Ever yours most sincerely,

“ EDWARD JERNINGHAM.”

If I had not employed much of my time in composition, I should have been in great want of good books, since I have resided at LESBURY. The want which I have now mentioned, has, of late, been largely, and generously supplied, by the very obliging politeness, of the honourable CHARLES GREY,* of HOWICK ; who is so kind as to let me have the free, and unlimited use, of his well-chosen, and elegant library.—From this

* Now earl GREY.

gentleman the county of NORTHUMBERLAND derives great honour, as it's native, and representative, on account of his vigorous, and shining abilities. But as an englishman; and as one who is honoured with his friendly attention, I still feel a nobler pleasure, in my love of the integrity of his heart; of his independent public spirit; than even in my high esteem of his talents. He has long, and strenuously opposed a statesman whom I extremely admire; for the sake of those liberties which we inherit from our ancestors, may the people of ENGLAND never want such honest, and able senators as the honourable CHARLES GREY, to oppose, and check, the arrogance, and encroachments, of government.

Soon after my "remonstrance against inhumanity to animals," came out, which was published at ALNWICK, in 1802, it was honoured with a public tribute of warm approbation; which I thought an extraordinary instance of liberality, either when I considered the frugality of fame, which I had received from the world; or the unchristian antipathy which a difference of religious tenets is apt to produce. The reverend Mr. MARSHALL was a native of SCOTLAND; and a dissenting minister at ALNWICK.—In

matters of religion, perhaps he had his unfair prejudices; and very few men of the sacred function are without them. But he was a man of great probity, and virtue; and practically, and earnestly attentive to every object which he thought intimately connected with his duty.—On one sunday, while in the pulpit, he was impressing his congregation with sentiments of humanity, he recommended to them, in terms of very generous praise, the little pamphlet in which I had exerted my best efforts to protect the animal creation. This uncommonly benevolent treatment of me as an authour; after all the coldness, and malevolence, that I had experienced in that capacity, excited my ardent gratitude; which I expressed as unreservedly, and completely as I could, in the following letter to Mr. MARSHALL.

“ LESBURY, 29th december, 1802.

“ To the reverend JOHN MARSHALL.

“ Sir,

“ Permit me *publickly* to thank you for the
“ *publick* and generous manner in which you
“ lately honoured the little pamphlet that I
“ wrote in the cause of humanity.

“ I hope that I have a grateful disposition ;
“ but an uncommonly kind office must inevitably
“ make a forcible impression in *my* mind, if I
“ have but a spark of liberal sentiment ; as I
“ owe very little to the world.

“ That so virtuous and conscientious a mini-
“ ster of the gospel as *you* are, should have
“ made it a part of your duty, on a sacred day,
“ and on sacred ground, emphatically to express
“ your approbation of *my* humble, but zealous
“ opposition to infamous barbarity, was one of
“ the greatest literary honours that I could have
“ received.

“ There are circumstances attending *my* fate
“ which a man of the world would call *whimsical* ;
“ but I trust that, in the AWFUL END, I shall
“ find them *providential*, and *salutary*. A ge-
“ nerous tribute has been payed to me by a
“ minister who is *not of our communion*. Dif-
“ ferences, comparatively adscititious, and su-
“ perficial, have almost through every age of
“ ecclesiastical history, unfortunately disunited
“ those, who, in the true substance, and spirit
“ of our benevolent religion, should have thought,
“ and acted, as affectionate brethren of THE
“ UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF CHRIST.

“ But when, sir, I consider *your* character ;
 “ your conduct to *me*, as it came from *you*, was
 “ not surprizing, nor singular ; it was essentially
 “ connected with your practical system ; it was
 “ easy, spontaneous ; naturally, nay, with a
 “ beautiful necessity, flowing from the discipline,
 “ and habits of your life.

“ I am, sir,

“ With great esteem, and respect,
 “ Your much obliged, and most obedient servant,
 “ PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.”

This worthy gentleman died on the — of february, 1805 ; and I wrote the following epitaph, as a sincere, and affectionate tribute to his memory.

AN EPITAPH

On the REVEREND JOHN MARSHALL, a pious, and most amiable dissenting Minister.

In earth the mortal frame of MARSHALL lies ;

His GOD rewards his virtue in the skies.—

Our saint, from active youth, to languid age,

Taught, and exemplified the sacred page.—

Oh ! for *thy* sake, may Heaven preserve the verse

That joins the grief which now bedews thy hearse :

May I with palms immortal crown thy shade !

For what thy words enforced, thy life displayed,

LESBURY, february 24, 1805.

With the conclusion of these memoirs, I shall conclude my arduous literary exertions ; for I have always endeavoured (whether my endeavours have been successful or not) to write well ; —and to write well, even on easy, and familiar subjects, is not *easily* atchieved ; though from the precipitate, and immense profusion of our very modern publications, the reverse of this opinion seems, in these times, to prevail. It is surely high time, on many accounts, that I should seriously, and practically, attend to the advice that was given to HORACE ;—

Est mihi purgatam crebrò qui personat aurem ;

Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne

Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

In the more usefully memorable passages of my life ; in those which contained most edifying information, and salutary instruction ; and which I have unreservedly, and explicitly related, without any indulgence to self-love ; I have principally had in view, the welfare of the rising generation. To persuade ;—to prevail with people who are mature in manhood, or advanced in age ; and whose habits are fixed, and inveterate, to exchange their attachment to ignoble, for the love,

and acquisition of honourable objects ; is an arduous ; a desperate task. But young minds are of a tender, flexible, and plastick nature ; they are easily, and equally formed to good or evil.—From the very disadvantageous, humiliating, and insurmountably necessary consequences of my errors, extravagancies, and faults, *they* may learn the inestimable importance, and the delicious, and blessed fruits of prudence, and virtue ;—and hence they may be effectually induced to practise them.—After finishing this work ; which I have been very solicitous to complete to my satisfaction, and during the progress of which, many obstructions, difficult to be surmounted ; many cruel impediments, which it demanded the strongest, and firmest resolution to repel, have fallen in my way ; I shall have little anxiety about the objects of this world ; or about the duration of my life.—Bad fortune, perhaps, has wrought in my mind that detachment from pungent care ; that freedom from mental agitation, in conjecturing future events ; which philosophy should have formed, and established. My thorough knowledge of mankind, too, (especially, as their leading characteristicks have particularly assailed, and wounded *me*) has greatly contributed to the

emancipation of my soul from earth.—For such a knowledge of our fellow-creatures (of those beings from whom we should expect our best pleasures, and delights) when it is acquired by painful experience, throws a melancholy cloud over human life; and makes it the easier to resign it.

If I ever shall have it in my power to put these memoirs into such a state that they may survive their authour; and if ever they are read by young persons, on whom nature may have bestowed ingenuous, and elegant minds; let me once more recommend to them (to whatever rank, or profession they may be destined) an earnest, and ardent application to polite literature.—In the best, and most elevated situations of life, it is a noble ornament; and a high, and most refined pleasure;—in the worst, it is a powerful inspirer of resignation, and fortitude;—it is a heart-felt consolation, to it's possessour. This observation reminds me of an eloquent, beautiful, and well-known passage, in CICERO's oration for the poet ARCHIAS.—“*Hæc studia*
“*adolescensiam alunt; senectutem oblectant;*
“*secundas res ornant; adversis perfugium et*
“*solatium præbent; delectant dami; non im-*

“pediunt foris ; pernoctant nobiscum ; peregrinantur ; rusticantur.”—Let no rude accident ; no formidable misfortune make you timidly relinquish the vigour of your intellectual pursuits. Should they produce that inglorious effect, you would lose a strong, and durable sheet-anchor, against the capricious gales of fortune ;—against the storms of the world.

In this excellent merit, which I sincerely, and fervently wish that you may attain ; I think that I may without arrogance, or presumption, propose my own conduct as an example for your persevering, and invincible emulation. In a long life, which has not been chequered, but overspread, and darkened with misfortunes ; I have strenuously maintained ;—I may say, that I have continued my literary course :—I have studied several languages ; I have read (*glowing* while I read) the principal, and most illustrious authours of GREECE, and ROME ;—and I have written many productions ; more unfortunate, I hope, than ill-composed. When I shall be *thus* known to posterity, I doubt not that *their* impartial, and equitable judgment, will atone for the illiberality, and malice of my cotemporaries ;—they will probably think (notwithstanding my unfortu-

nate ambition, while I lived) that I was entitled to literary honours, and rewards.—Such was the irresistible, and charming attraction; such was the bright magick, and enchantment of this pure, generous, and sublime employment; that it made a life, which in other respects, was melancholy, and oppressed; not only tolerable, but even desirable.—But avoid, as worse than death, my faults, my extravagancies, and my excesses; avoid them with a watchfulness, and care, proportioned to the industry, and ardour, with which I hope that you will emulate my deserts. There is nothing upon earth that deserves our solicitude, but virtue; there is no evil so great as a desertion from the perfect freedom, and serene, and rapturous enjoyment, which *her* service bestows;—even the powers, and splendour of genius, fade before the energy, and glory of *her* celestial charms. Let virtue, then, be the goddess of your first; of your most pious, and devoted worship: let MINERVA, too, be the deity of your warm, but secondary, and inferiour adoration.—When learning, and virtue are united in the same breast, they produce the supreme happiness of our well-regulated, and highly cultivated nature.—The

beautiful, and divine sisters, wonderfully animate, and befriend each other. Virtue gives an acute, and vigorous apprehension; a truly elegant, and attick taste (uncontaminated with meretricious fancy) and a fine, and heavenly enthusiasm, to learning; while learning, on *her* part, informs, expands, and dignifies virtue.—Ye mistaken fools of sensuality, and dissipation; you defeat the interests of your own pleasures! By that temperance which virtue prescribes;—by that health, and vigour, which are it's natural rewards;—and by that satisfaction, and serenity of mind, which constantly flow from a good conscience;—by *these* happy causes, and effects alone, the gratifications of sense, and the relaxations of amusement, are enjoyed in perfection.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX

A narrow strip of land, the width of
the wind at times when it should be met and
located.

At 9.30, after a short stay at the
admiralty, I went to the house in which I was
stayed, and to the house to be situated
off. I found that only a small number of
which he had reached his destination, and
there so high that it was impossible for him to
see to understand it. The object remains the
same, but the result is different.

It is in the nature of the thing, and
whether he thinks or little of it or much.

The whole of the matter is a great
question, and a question of the highest
importance. I cannot see how it can be
any other way.

APPENDIX.

A nervous disorder disconcerts the attention of of the mind at times when it should be most collected.

At p. 359, vol. 1st. I was very sorry that I inadvertently suffered the passage in which I attributed nonsense to DAVID HUME to be thrown off. I alluded then only to some passages in which he had winded up his metaphysical doctrine so high that it was impossible for his readers to understand it. This object reminds me of what POPE ascribes to man.

Alike in ignorance his reason such
Whether he thinks too little or too much.

But when I take a eneral view of him as a philosopher, and a historian, he has my highest esteem. I admire his learning, his great abilities, and his virtues.

At p. 34, vol. 2, I have spoken rather with

too much contempt of the french poets. I should have written in some degree more advantageously of them. But I still think that comparatively with poetical excellence, they are poets of a very inferior degree.

Whether or no I mentioned in my lectures on CHATTERTON, the following infamous observation of HORACE WALPOLE against the memory of that great youth, I know not. But he asserted that if he had not made away with himself the executioner would have done it. It is my ardent zeal that this miscreant should be “damned to everlasting fame.”—These are the words which POPE applies to CROMWELL. I beg pardon of CROMWELL’s memory, when I apply the expressions to a pigmy; which were ascribed to a giant in greatness. CHATTERTON’s moral character was generous, and noble. When he was in the most alarming distress, he used to send presents to his mother, and sister. WALPOLE’s classing his innocent forgery of ROWLEY’s poems, a forgery indeed, which deserved the highest rewards, with forging a bank note, is too contemptible, is too odious for a refutation. The coward, with the most abandoned callousness of heart, makes CHATTERTON guilty of the deepest crimes,

that he might save himself from publick censure, for his neglect of him. If it had been possible, in publick justice, that the executioner should have killed the body of CHATTERTON; HORACE WALPOLE, with the grossest, and most barbarous injustice, has been the hangman of his heart and mind. I wish that he had possessed a particle of that virtue which he exacted from CHATTERTON.

I shall now relate a most munificent anecdote of HORACE WALPOLE, when he became the earl of ORFORD; which will atone for what I have alledged against him. His elder brother was very fond of musick; and a gentleman who excelled in that profession, was domesticated with him. He frequently engaged for his lordship great proficients in musick, when he chose to have an elegant concert. On the death of this lord ORFORD, he waited on his brother; told him the situation in which he had been with him; and that he had lost opportunities of many good establishments, by continuing with him. In this part of my narrative it will appear that the late earl of ORFORD had been shamefully neglectful of him in his will; and that he was not by far so generous as his successour will be found

to be. He added, that by several unforeseen misfortunes, he was reduced to distressed circumstances. Sir, said the new lord ORFORD, if you can give me assurances of what you say, I will certainly reward you. He went to Mr. MURPHY, and communicated to *him* what had passed between him, and lord ORFORD. He then informed him of the particulars of his case, which Mr. MURPHY drew up with accuracy, and perspicuity. He got it signed by lord TOWNSHEND, and other noblemen, and gentlemen who had frequented the concerts of the late lord ORFORD. The musician waited on the present lord ORFORD, with the paper; which after he had read with great, and minute attention, he gave him half a guinea. I am sorry, and mortified to add, that he received it. His poverty will be a plea, but not altogether a sufficient one, for his having received it, with liberal, and charitable minds. There was a degree of meanness of spirit in the receiver; but the sordid spirit was infinite in the giver.—So much for the characteristicks of HORACE WALPOLE'S heart and mind.

I never publish strong facts on weak authority. This anecdote was very lately communi-

cated to me by my old, and dear friend, JESSE FOOT, surgeon in dean-street, soho.—It was communicated to him by Mr. MURPHY, that most respectable gentleman, of whose will and testament Mr. Foot is the executor.

It is natural for a long series of misfortunes to tinge the mind of the sufferer with inauspicious, and very unfavourable ideas of this world. On looking back, at the present hour, on the complexion of these memoirs, I recognize that they are shaded with many observations which are not to the honour of the human species. But I must do myself the justice to observe, that I have taken every fair opportunity to bring to publick view their luminous, and glorious characteristics, which have prevailed, comparatively, but in few men. When I was very young I reprobated the moral theory of ROCHEFOUCAULT, FONTENELLE, LA BRUYERE, SWIFT, and HELVETIUS; but a long, and painful experience made me adopt their system. For no mere theory ever decided my opinion on important subjects; they have given me useful information, and entertainment, and I have adopted them when they were confirmed by my own experience. There are many amiable, and gener-

ous characters in the world ; but I am sorry to subscribe to the maxim of BIAS of PRIENE, that the very great majority of mankind are bad.

Let me turn my mind now, to a more agreeable, and living prospect.—Let me revert my historical view to the past barbarous, cruel, and inhuman ages ; and let me compare them with the present age ; in which those enormities are no more. I must confess that in these memoirs I have occasionally treated our prevailing luxury, and dissipation, perhaps with too severe a censure ; but this was not the sentiments, and the language of a mild philosophy. *That* luxury and dissipation are the natural, almost the necessary effects of immense wealth, and extreme refinement of manners. I am no enemy to pleasure, and gaiety ; on the contrary, I am certain that if I had been very rich, I should have had my share of them. It gives me great pleasure to know from unquestionable authority that some persons of high rank, and great opulence, whose objects are apt to make them neglectful of the situations of the helpless and unfortunate, are very attentive to relieve the indigence of their fellow-creatures. I am sure of my men ; there-

fore I take the liberty to mention the duke of NORFOLK ; the duke of GRAFTON ; and the earl of CARLISLE. I mix little with the world ; therefore I have no doubt that there are several noblemen, and gentlemen of large fortunes in this country, who act with that beneficent spirit which practically influences the peers whom I have just had the pleasure to praise. With these pleasing reflexions I close my appendix.

2, BATEMAN'S-BUILDINGS, SOHO-SQUARE,

January 24th, 1809.

OBSERVATIONS
ON
CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

LESBURY, 1804.

A LEARNED lawyer (lord ELDON, the present lord chancellor) seems to me, to strike the word *punishments*, and consequently, the substance, or rather the essence of it's meaning, out of our english dictionaries ; and out of our *penal* laws ; or in other words, out of those laws by which *punishments* are adjusted. In speaking to the divorce-bill of the virtuous lord AUCKLAND, he tells us, “ that in animadverting on criminals, it “ is absurd to talk of punishments ; for whatever “ is inflicted on them by the laws, is merely intended to be a preventive of crimes.” Some people, in proposing, and asserting their singularities ; depart so extravagantly from well-established truths ; from the general regulations of society ; and indeed from the dictates of com-

mon sense ; that it is impossible to express our agreement with them ; it is difficult to argue with them ; without inventing new ideas, and a new language. I shall, however, beg leave to express my sentiments on this most important subject, in the commonly well-accepted strain of style, and argument ; and I hope that what I have to advance, will be clearly understood, and that it will be approved, by sensible and judicious minds ; by those whose knowledge is founded on just, and liberal principles ;—however unintelligible, or contemptible, it may appear to his lordship. Indeed *his* very partial, and defective idea of the rigorous cognizance which we take of crimes, is perfectly inconsistent with the proper ideas of eternal, moral, and political justice ; and of mild, and tender benevolence. If, in *punishing* a man for any great offence against the community (for I *must* use the common, and legitimate words of the english language till my lord ELDON supplies me with better) our only design is to prevent others from committing similar offences ; with a selfish, cold, and cruel view of our office, we comprehend but one half of the proper aim of punishment. The life, and well-being of every individual in society, have

always been dear to wise, and good legislators; hence, they have been as deeply interested in the reformation of the man, as in the terrour of the example. The former most desirable, and amiable consequence, could only be effected by punishments that granted life; by punishments, at once, of mortifying affliction, and of mild admonition. It was the wish, and the aim (and the blessing took effect, in the hands of those great, and benevolent men who instituted those salutary punishments) to make vice contribute to private, and publick weal, by wise, and benevolent legislation; agreeably to the tendency of virtue, in the constant genius of it's operation. For sensible, and spirited, yet humane penal laws, at once, and equally, like virtue, promote the true interest, and happiness of the individual, and of mankind. In enacting *their* laws, *they* looked up for their divine precedent, to the temporal, and eternal economy of the Almighty; precedents, which have not always drawn that practical attention, and veneration which they deserved. The legislators to whom I allude, in framing *their* penal sentences on a moral basis (without which all laws, in eternal truth, abrogate themselves) considered that the Deity is not in *this* world

“ extreme to mark what is done amiss ;” that in general, he gives his criminal time to repent, and to become a better man ; and that his severest punishments are evidently, and happily intended to promote, and complete these good effects. And those virtuous, and sensibly pious men were assured through the medium of reason and faith ; that notwithstanding the blunders of ignorant commentators, and the blasphemous denunciations of gloomy priests, *his* consistent, harmonious, and equitable economy, would be equally paternal, and salutary, in a future state.

The sentiments of the great, and amiable MONTESQUIEU, and those of his disciple, and rival, the marquis of BECCARIA, though they were the subjects of arbitrary states, are extremely different from the opinion of lord ELDON, on the proper spirit, and object of penal laws. But political, and liberal philosophy will always speak a more elevated, and benevolent language than that of circumscribed, and vulgar law. The strain of *their* feelings, and arguments, is, every where, tender, and humane ; *they* are always anxious to spare the life, and to amend the morals of the criminal ; in *them*, the necessary rigour of the law-giver is always judiciously, and

happily blended, and tempered with the affection of the father, and the friend.

The philanthropical, and noble milanese, in powerful unison with *my* heart, would, in no case, inflict a capital punishment. I must beg leave, however, to think differently; and from the very spirit of humanity: if I was a law-giver, I would, in the case of murder, adopt the mosaical law:—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—And murder should constantly be my only capital crime.

Not long ago, above one hundred and sixty offences, were, by our penal laws, capital, without benefit of clergy:—by this time, I suppose, that two hundred are of that description.

This summary kind of justice, undoubtedly, in *one* view, completely answers the end of my lord ELDON's preventive of future offences: for when the man is executed, he can offend no more. But I request his lordship to consider, that by this decisive act, we often precipitate to eternity, a brother-man, "with all his sins upon his head;" whom, by a milder law, yet of equally emphatical example, we might have restored to society, and to virtue.

happily blended, and tempered by the reflection
of the father, and the friend.
The philanthropist, and noble sentiment, in
my cruel union with my heart, would, in no
case, inflict a capital punishment. I must be-
leave, however, to think differently; and from
the very spirit of humanity, it was a law

BETTER AND ADVANTAGES
the moral law. — "Those who shed man's
blood, by man shall the blood be shed."
And murder should constantly be my only cap-

OLD AGE.

Not long ago, when one hundred and sixty
offences, were, by our laws, capital, with-
out benefit of clergy:—by this time, I suppose
that two hundred are of that description.
This summary kind of justice, ministered
in our view, completely answers the end of my
lord Erskine's persuasion of those offences;
for when the man is executed, he can offend
no more. But I request his lordship to con-
sider, that by this decisive act, we often partici-
pate in the crime, and when we see the
man restored to society, and to virtue.

A
DISCOURSE
ON THE
DUTIES, AND ADVANTAGES
OF
OLD AGE.

AN CENSES ME TANTOS LABORES SUSCEPTURUM FUISSE, SI IISDEM
FINIBUS GLORIAM MEAM QUIBUS VITAM ESSEM TERMINATURUS?

Cicero : de Senectute. Sect. 22.

ALNWICK :
1801.

TO EDWARD JENNINGS, Esq.

DISCOURSE

~~ON THE~~

OF THE

DUTIES, AND ANXIETIES

DEAR SIR,

OLD AGE.

To the following discourse you will

find it requested, with an interesting

and peculiar property. A long inter-

course without a sensible and splendid life

in an idle, and dissipated one, with a

reduced your mind from its ardent homage

to reason, and eternal objects. And you

have lately encountered, and I hope, with

some success, to transmit the lead of

to I think to the nation, and means of most of our

present. Hence, and we should be the best of us

the four classes, and in the various branches.

TO EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Esq.

Lesbury, August 25th, 1801.

DEAR SIR,

TO the following discourse your attention is requested, with an unexceptionable, and peculiar propriety. A long intercourse with fashionable, and splendid life, in an idle, and dissipated age, hath never seduced your mind from it's ardent homage to sacred, and eternal objects. And you have lately endeavoured, and I hope, with some success, to transmute the lead of*

* I allude to the matter, and manner of most of our preachers. Sacred, and unviolated be the gold of TILLOTSON, SOUTH, CLARKE, and of the unrivalled SHERLOCK.

the ENGLISH pulpit into gold ; with a zeal, and energy, which do honour to the heart of a gentleman of the laity, and to the application of his distinguished talents.

For this reason my sermon is, with propriety, dedicated to YOU ;—for it's departure from the dull, and beaten track ; not, I fear, for it's congeniality with your views.

I have yet another motive for addressing you, on this occasion ; a motive, of which, as I have long been a candidate for literary fame, and as I flatter myself that I have a grateful mind, I feel the deep impression. Ever since our first acquaintance with each other, you, with a liberal warmth, have given me more merit, as an authour, than I deserved ; while dispositions extremely different from yours, have been industrious to give me less.

Mean, and malevolent arts have been, hitherto, opposed by nature, and by friendship ; and I trust that by them, those arts will, in the end, be completely counteracted. My course hath been constantly maintained, in the field of glory. I have had my fortitude, and perseverance ; and you have always been tenacious of your generous opinion.

I am, Dear Sir,

your obliged friend,

and most obedient servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

RETIREMENT, says a poet, *leaves us leisure to be good*. Then how amply does it reward us! But if it produces not this happy effect, it certainly tends to correct, and improve our judgment. Remote from the trifles, and glare of life, we more accurately examine the faculties, and dispositions of our minds; we are more deeply interested in their use, and regulation; and we form a proper estimate of the comparative inferiority of external objects.

A retired situation, and the age to which I have lived, suggested the sentiments that are contained in the discourse which I now offer to the publick. I am far from presuming to be *confident* that they will produce their desirable effects in my own conduct: but they may be of *some* service to greater proficients in virtue.

By generous, and free minds I shall easily be pardoned for some thoughts, and remonstrances, which directly reprehend the absurd, and iniquitous tyranny of custom. When I devote my attention to the sacred cause of important truth, to prejudice, and to power, I vouchsafe not one timorous view. In this independent strain of writing I have hitherto lived; and consistently with it, I hope that I shall die.

After I had written my sermon, I carefully read CicerO's beautiful treatise on old age. I am ashamed to own that I had never read it since I was a very young man. From that treatise, I have quoted two passages, for the satisfaction of the reader, in which the thoughts exactly correspond with mine. While we both were discoursing on the same subject, I should have been mortified if I had not in *some* instances, directly met the mind of that divine orator, and philosopher. In a more general view, there must always be some analogy, or similarity, in the respective works of different men who have contemplated one common object. Half of the plagiarisms of which authours have been accused, are the mere creatures of dullness, and pedantry ; of criticks, and antiquarians ; those notorious enemies of all useful, and liberal knowledge ; of all elegant, and polite learning.

A

DISCOURSE, &c.

PSALM XXXIX. v. 15.

Oh ! spare me a little, that I may recover my strength ; before I go hence, and be no more seen.

“ **PROCRASTINATION**,” says one of the greatest of poets, “ is the thief of time.” There is an activity ; but there is likewise an indolence, in the constitution of man. Not only the idle, and the dissipated ; but the virtuous, and the diligent, will always have reason to regret, that in *some* parts of their lives, they have not properly respected their invaluable time ;—that it has glided out of their power, while they have been totally unactive ; or while they have acted on trifles. Common minds will have reason to regret, when they have sunk into the vale of years ;

when their mental as well as corporeal faculties are weakened by old age;—they will have reason to regret that they had neglected those common arrangements of life, which we make with a view to our dissolution; and which we should make while our faculties are in sufficient strength: and elevated, and great minds, whose compass, and rudder, on the perilous ocean of life, are often defeated by the storms of passion; whose fortune often depresses them to indolence, and despondency; *they*, too, have their causes of regret, and mortification; they will lament their pusillanimity (for pusillanimous they will appear, in their ardent theory of the sublime in conduct) which hath so long prevented them from continuing, and compleating their noble persuits; from fixing their monuments of glory on foundations of adamant; in spite of prejudice, envy, and malevolence; in spite of *themselves*.

As the scriptures inform us, that the psalmist *died in a good old age; full of days*, 1st. CHRON. chap: xxix. v. 28. it is probable that in the words which I have chosen for my text; when he was deep in the decline of life, he prayed for time to perform some important actions which he had too long neglected. *Oh! spare me a little,*

says he, *that I may recover my strength ; before I go hence, and be no more seen.* And there are many instances, in which, if our life is prolonged, even when it is far advanced, we may recover our strength ; the strength of the mind, to execute virtuous, and religious resolutions ;—to animate the short remainder of life with good, and generous thoughts, and with corresponding deeds : the certain, and only way to *go hence*, for ever, with ease and satisfaction ; with serenity, and decorum.

Time is, of all objects which meet the contemplation of the mind of man, one of the most inestimable, both on account of it's nature, and of it's use. If a man uses it well ; if he uses it to the most advantage, it improves, refines, and exalts his good qualities, and those faculties which distinguish him from the animal creation ; it raises him to a nearer affinity to beings of a superiour order. By exerting, and exercising his moral, and religious sentiments, and his other intellectual powers, he acquires all the graces, and honours of the mind ; and he confirms, and establishes those most glorious of acquisitions.

But time, the propitious field in which these

best achievements are performed, is a field which is continually in motion : it is perpetually advancing towards us ; and even while we enjoy it's favour, it is perpetually gliding from us. At length this important field ; exuberant, and blooming with the finest flowers, and fruits, or rank, and squalid with the most noxious weeds, and pungent thorns, as we cultivate, or neglect it ; at length this important field, and we, part for ever. It eludes our hold : and we are launched into the infinite ocean of eternity.

I said that time was one of our most inestimable possessions, on account of it's nature. I said so, because when it is once gone, it is irrevocable. What is lost of time, is lost for ever. It's neglected parts that are passed, never offer themselves again to our use, and advantage. For this reason we should be far more jealous of it's value than of the value of wealth ; we should even be more jealous of it's value than of the value of health : if we have squandered fortune away, we may recover it ; if we have foolishly impaired, if we have even almost ruined our health, it may possibly be restored : but departed time, by an adamant law of nature, is irrevocable ; it is not within the attribute of Omnipotence to recall it.

Time is likewise one of our most inestimable possessions, on account of it's use ; on account of the good, and great effects which it produces, if we employ it well, and diligently. When the hero of MACEDON was asked, by what singular arts ; by what unexampled impetuosity, he had compleated such extensive conquests in so short a time : *nihil cunctando* ; “ by never giving a moment to unnecessary delay,” was his answer. It was the sage, and emphatical expression of an italian philosopher, that “ Time was his estate.” A most fertile estate, and copiously, and gloriously productive, under the management of a true philosopher. It produces health, justice, benevolence ; the social, and tender affections ; the great emotions ; the amiable sympathies of the heart ; the persevering discipline ; the immortal monuments of the mind. These productions as much excell those of an estate in land, as the body is excelled by the soul.—The little appendages of that estate ; the titles, and the tinsel ; the ribbons, and the garters which are often annexed to it, might make us wonder, if we were not well acquainted with the absurdities of the human passions, that such baubles should excite the admiration, the ambition, of beings who were

born with capacities to cultivate the estate of the italian philosopher.

But when in the progress of our sublunary existence, we have advanced to the solemn, and awful shade of old age, to which this discourse is principally directed, the value of time rises above all calculation ; not a moment is to be lost. We have yet, commonly, much to do ; and we have now but a short space for action. My reasoning is agreeable to all human estimation in similar cases. In proportion as any valuable possession is rare ; or in proportion to our moderate share of it ; it engages the care, and economy of every provident, and prudent man.

If the reflections which I have brought before you could have a general, and proper effect on the frailty, negligence, and mutability of man, they would make us *wise unto salvation* ; they would so deeply impress us with the shortness of life, and with the importance of time ; they would *so teach us to number our days* ;—they would make us such adepts in their moral, and religious arithmetick, *that we should apply our hearts unto wisdom*. I never can mention our funeral service ; I never can allude to any of it's smallest passages, without speaking of that service in the

warmest praise. It is one of the most pathetick lectures on the vanity of human attachments ; it is one of the most forcible exhortations to virtue, that was ever composed. There you have the finest arrangement, and gradation of impressive, and solemn objects, to emancipate you from earth, and to raise you to heavenly contemplation. DAVID, St. PAUL, the inspired reformers of the church of ENGLAND ; all are united in pleading the cause of immortality ; in conjuring you to accept eternal felicity.—To enforce all the other arguments, and images ; to urge the climax of this funeral eloquence to it's utmost energy ; the corpse of the deceased ; the inanimate, cold, and corrupting mass of mortality, is placed before you.

If by our virtuous, and pious endeavours, promoted, and rendered effectual by the assistance of GOD, which on such endeavours is always bestowed, we have long formed good habits, we shall find no difficulty in acting the latter scenes of life with a moral, and christian propriety, and dignity. For thus to act will be but a continuance of the same train ; it will be but a natural uniformity of action ; of which the reverse ; from which the deviation, is incompatible with

virtue. To eradicate bad habits, is, at any stage of our existence, an arduous, and awful task. But if they have unhappily invaded the sacred period of old age (a most sacred period, in the estimate of reason, and religion) the task is doubly arduous, and awful; a most difficult, and appalling contest is to be encountered by languour, and despondency. Our philistine GOLIATH, with all the armour of GOLIATH, every moment assails us; but alas! we can no longer oppose to him the youth, and the spirit, and the energy of DAVID. Yet the *grace of God*, in the most improbable case, is *sufficient for us*: even in *this* jeopardy, we may be *more than conquerors through CHRIST who loved us*. ROM. ch. viii. v. 37. The power of the Almighty, and *his* paternal regard, if they are sincerely, and fervently implored, will, at the worst emergencies, amply supply the great deficiencies of man. Wherefore, in the strong, figurative language of the evangelical prophet, *strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees*. ISAIAH, chap. xxxv. v. 3.

Bad habits *must* be subdued, whenever we mean to acquit ourselves like men; whenever we mean to be truly happy;—if they are not

subdued, *our preaching is vain ; and your faith is also vain.* 1 Cor. chap. xv. v. 14.

What different beings have the man of good, and the man of bad habits, made themselves ! the latter knows no genuine happiness ; he is continually at war with himself ; with those low passions, and gratifications, to which he soon ignominiously yields ; and with the voice of conscience ; of that divine monitor, which severely condemns him for offending against her clear, and oracular light. His condition becomes every day more deplorable ; every day, he flounders, and sinks more deeply into the abyss of vice.

The feelings, and the fate of the two men are as different as their habits.—The whole tenour of the life of him who *hath chosen the better part*, is characterized by an equability, a serenity, and a lustre. His path is strewn with amaranths, and with roses ;—for the practice of virtue throws the whole man into a train of the most pleasurable facility ; of the most exquisite delight. For what can yield so much delight as to move in that orbit which gives the fairest, and amplest scope to the moral, to the elegant, and sublime energies of the mind ? While *this* man treads on earth, his sentiments, and his views

are in the skies. He lives up to the prayer which is prescribed to us by the poet: his practical philosophy hath attained to the arduous limit of it's progression; he sincerely * classes death among the gifts of nature. Therefore his soul doth not recoil at the crisis; no:—at that crisis he adopts the language of satisfaction, and pleasure, of good old SIMON:—*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.*—Death is to him the necessary, the acceptable completion of his christian probation; it is the accomplishment of his piety, and virtue; it is the emanation of his soul to heaven†.

The order of this discourse which I proposed to myself, now demands my descent to more sedate, and common objects; to the less trying offices, and to the humbler classes, and characters in life. I shall suppose that they are under the powerful, and salutary influence of good habits;—the idea is pleasing to me; it will, there-

* JUVENAL, sat. 10. v. 358.

† CICERO'S CATO, in the treatise on old age, anticipates the immortality of the soul, with all the confidence of a christian. Could it be in the moral economy of a benign Deity, that the most ardent hopes; that the most glorious objects, even of a good, and virtuous disciple of natural religion, should, through life, deceive him?

fore, recreate, and invigorate my speculations: connected with this idea my advice will be the more practicable; they, to whom it will be more immediately offered, will, with instantaneous conviction, meet the theory, as they will feel the ease of adopting what I shall advance, into their lives, and manners.

Such prudent, and well disciplined old men, will, with an humble, yet ardent imitation of their blessed Saviour, seriously consider the extreme brevity of the time that must now remain to them, *to work the works of him who sent them* into the world. With whatever number of talents they are entrusted, they will put them to the best, and most operative use. They will more diligently, and fervently than ever, perform their private devotions, when the eye of Omniscience alone is upon them. They will punctually, and reverently attend the holy ordinances of publick religion; not impiously to compound with the Deity; to steal an exemption from the weightier matters of the law;—but that they may be spiritually enabled the more powerfully to spread around them all the christian charities;—not that they may bribe heaven into an indulgence of their avarice; the hard, and unrelenting vice

of age ; but that they may *be rich in good works ; ready to distribute ; willing to communicate ;* 1 TIM. chap. vi. v. 18.—that they may fulfill all the duties of their station, or profession, whatever it may be, with a renovated alacrity, and application : for temperance hath *braced* their nerves ; and conscience hath given a vigorous impulse to their minds : they have not violated the birthrights of their nature.

I need not remind such men *to set their house in order ; for they shall die, and not live.* 2nd of KINGS : chap. xx. v. 1.—They will omit no prudent, just, and generous arrangement, which may befriend their posterity, and their fellow-creatures ; they will ratify their bequests by legal deeds. They will not, from a stupid indolence, dangerously delay to execute a most important transaction ; they will yet less delay to execute it, from a doting superstition : they will never absurdly imagine that they will die the sooner for acting as they ought. And in the momentous object to which I allude, as in all their other objects, they will be guided, and determined, not by prejudice, and preposterous custom, but by reason, and religion : they will, with all possible accuracy, aim their benefactions at merit, and at

distress: for the sake of the individual, the family, and the publick, they will spurn, as effectually as they can, the arrogant, and iniquitous claim of primogeniture; the rapacious creature of the insolence of human pride. For great wealth, as mankind generally act, is, by no means favourable to the true happiness of the man:—and when it is bequeathed in the way to which I refer, it is often a great injustice to far superiour worth. It likewise encourages, and promotes the vast, and horrible inequalities of human conditions; one of the greatest causes of the vices, and crimes, and especially of that monstrous tyranny over our fellow-men, which afflict this miserable world.

My thoughts must now take a higher range: I shall now address myself to the most amiable, and greatest of heroes; to intellectual heroes; to those who have devoted their talents, and their lives, probably against incredible hardships, and opposition, to the virtuous, and elegant exertions of the mind. It has been very justly observed by a late celebrated writer, “that the first glory of every people arises from it’s authours.”*

* Dr. JOHNSON: in the preface to his dictionary. While he pronounced *this* oracle, the iron controul of necessity ob-

The misfortunes, and the poverty of our most illustrious authours; the superciliousness, and the glare of external advantages, cannot disprove, cannot shake the truth of the observation.

I am now indulging my zeal for the profession of literature; not from any vain, proud, or pedantick partiality (for there are other professions very useful, and highly respectable) but for two more cogent, and liberal reasons; because of all professions it is the noblest;—and because it is peculiarly subject to fortune, and situations, which are extremely hostile to it's objects, and unworthy of it's desert.—In these times, an authour is never esteemed, respected, and rewarded, for his own sake; for the sake of his real merit; but for some extrinsick circumstances; foreign to his just pretensions, and to truth; for a thoughtless popularity, originating from despicable causes, which, while they seem to adorn, disgrace him.

But by every argument that can preserve the liged him to be a literary drudge; and he was oppressed with poverty, and with domestick distress. The ardent consciousness of a generous nature, in the worst circumstances, spurns their iniquity.

fire, and the force of a laudable ambition; by every argument that can warm the heart, and elevate the mind; let the true genius persevere in his exertions, and achievements, in spite of all difficulties, and mortifications, to the end. He is impelled by the strongest motives, indefatigably to prosecute the noblest of employments; whether he considers his present, or his future time. For what pleasure can equal that which is immediately afforded by his favourite pursuits? It is a pure; therefore it is a durable, a never-fading pleasure. It is as rapturous, and sublime, as it is pure. To mount beyond the vulgar thought, is to converse with angels. Consonant with its purity, and sublimity, is the variety, the magnificence, and the grandeur of its objects. What can show more forcibly, and splendidly, the powers of the human mind; what can do it more honour, than its calling forth, from itself, for its exercise, and entertainment, the beauty, and the energy of language; the fine moral sentiments, and sympathies; the world of description, and invention; the stupendous, and infinite system of creation? Compared with *these* faculties, and with their glorious effects, what are the little arts; what are

the restless, and painted trifles; or the larger, and more tawdry emblems of spurious greatness; what are all the fictions that have been contrived by inferiour beings, to lull their indolence, or to raise their insignificance; to cheat them of the true use of their existence; to deliver them from themselves?—Certainly, they may, comparatively, be levelled with the toys with which children are amused.

Let the men, therefore, whom I am now addressing, while they retain health of body, and animation of soul, dignify their old age with that mental activity, and aspiring, which distinguished their youthful years. Let the rays of genius warm, and irradiate the evening of their life. Let them fix their immortal monuments on impregnable foundations.

Nor let them be diverted from the ardent, and extreme continuance of their intellectual pursuits, by the coldness, and malignity of their contemporaries; nor by the disadvantages of a gloomy, and torpid situation:—they can fertilize, and people a wilderness; they may, at any time, animate, and brighten the most melancholy cave, when they reflect that it is inhabited by their God!—They have lived long enough to be tho-

roughly acquainted with one perishable sett of men ; with their little resentments, their vanities, and their miseries ; their fate depends not on *their* ignorance, or caprice, or prepossessions. They write to the unprejudiced, to the natural, and perpetual feelings of the human race. Their fame is not circumscribed by particles of time, or space.—When ALEXANDER marched forth to the conquest of the world ; in thought, as in person, he left PELLA ; he left GREECE, and it's little feuds behind him. But the christian, whose mind is occupied on exalted themes, and who humbly hopes for an eternal reward for his attachment to them, takes a range of existence, and of happiness, infinitely more extensive than that of ALEXANDER ;—the globe is the scene of his immortality, here ; and the universe hereafter.

Let me not be told that I am inculcating exploits which are only compatible with the strength, and spirit of youth. Age retains a vigour, and vivacity, capable of good, and great action, when it is not unstrung by indolence, and excess, or torne by unseasonable passions. When the coward shrinks from a manly ambition, and from glorious toils, he shelters himself under plausi-

ble, unreflected apologies. The history of man demonstrates that I am not giving way to a romantick flight, but that I am establishing a plain, and momentous truth. Illustrious examples, in arts, and arms, prove what great atchievements may be performed in old age; *that*, too frequently, desponding period. The wisdom of TIMOLEON always determined the conduct of syracusans, on great emergencies; long after he had retired from civil, and military employments: in his younger years, he had acquired, and established the liberty of their state, with the force of his arms: in his old age, he protected that liberty with the vigour of his mind. The military strength, and spirit of CAMILLUS, when he was on the verge of his eightieth year, repeatedly fought, and routed the VOLSCI; and saved his ungrateful country. AGESILAUS, when he was yet older, was victorious in EGYPT. The god-like SOCRATES, at the age of seventy, gave his tribute of a perfect eloquence to the immortality of the soul, when the hemlock was corroding his vitals; and died at the summit of moral glory. Our divine MILTON wrote the first of poems in the decline of life; and DRYDEN, in his seventieth year, wrote the famous ode in which he

excelled himself; and which eclipses all compositions of that species, of GREECE, and ROME, and ENGLAND. The illustrious author of the night-thoughts; one of the *men who are so strong that they come to fourscore years*; at that age, wrote his conjectures on original composition, with all the spirit, and fire of youth. I shall close this account of aged glory, with reviving the memory of the celebrated CORNARO, a noble venetian; who amply redeemed the irregularities of his youth, by a long, and uninterrupted course of extreme temperance; and who, in his hundredth year, chaunted his *Te Deum* with an elevation of voice, and with a fervour which he could not repress; with an involuntary, and enraptured enthusiasm.*

It must give great satisfaction to every friend

* Est—quiète, et pure, et eleganter actæ ætatis, placida, ac lenis senectus; qualem accepimus PLATONIS; qui uno et octogesimo anno scribens mortuus est: qualem ISOCRATIS; qui librum qui Panathenaicus inscribitur, quarto et nonagesimo anno scripsisse dicitur; vixitque quinquennium postea: cujus magister LEONTINUS GEORGIIAS centum et septem complevit annos; neque unquam in suo studio, atque opere cessavit: qui, cum ex eo quæreretur, “cur tamdiu vellet esse in vita?”—“Nihil habeo, inquit, quod incusem senectutem.” CICERO, DE SENECTUTE: sect: 5.

of religion, to recollect the great *cloud* of sacred *witnesses*, by whom this doctrine is authenticated. It is proved beyond a doubt, by the old apostles, and evangelists, and by many other aged heroes, in talents, and in piety, through every age of the christian church. It is demonstrated in *the army of martyrs*, as they are termed in our excellent liturgy, with a peculiar pertinence; nay, with a peculiar sublimity; *for they fought the good fight; they finished their course; they conquered the barbarity of their enemies with their intrepidity, and fortitude; and they obtained a crown of eternal glory with their blood.*

I am aware that the examples which I have now produced, though they are very pertinent to my purpose, and that *other* parts of this discourse, may be censured, as encroaching on the form, or formality of a sermon. But in preaching, as in life, I should always wish to pay more regard to what is absolutely, and eternally, than to what is relatively, and arbitrarily right. Critical as well as political shackles, check, and repell the liberal motions of the mind. One of the best rules of writing that I know, is, to avail ourselves, without a fastidious choice, of every topick, of every illustration, that can en-

force the subject in which we are engaged; to introduce every auxiliary that may give strength, and success to the cause of truth. When we have *such* a victory, and such instruments of our victory, in view, let us despise, and spurn precedent; that enemy to the common sense of mankind; that patron of every trivial, and ridiculous, of every tyrannical, and oppressive act.

But though men who have long been strenuous, who have devoted their lives, to cultivate the noblest endowments of their nature, should set a proper, and high value on the objects which have employed their time; should maintain a manly, and exalted spirit, lest they should be crushed by the lumber of the world; let that spirit be tempered, and regulated, by reason, and religion; *let them not think more highly of themselves than they ought to think; but let them think soberly.* Rom. chap. xii. v. 3. For instance, let not the warrantable, the commendable literary pride;*—let not the virtuous

* Vulgar souls, who set a preposterous value on their imagined personal excellences, or on their still more external, and contemptible circumstances; from the cloud which perpetually darkens their understanding, are ever apt to confound *their* mean, dwarfish pride, with the exalted pride of elevated, and great minds. Therefore, to remark,

enthusiasm of the soul ;—the bright and purple colouring of ideas ;—the necessary, the pleasing, the consoling consciousness of superiour endowments ;—the fervent, yet humble gratitude to heaven for a preeminence in nature, degenerate to a *selfish*, and *overbearing* pride. The mind that is properly trained by intellectual pursuits, while it is sometimes obliged to repell the insolence of wealth, and power, mixes, far more agreeably to it's constitution, and habits, in an easy, and spontaneous intercourse with the innocent, and industrious peasant ;—knows how to extract from him useful, and important instruction ; feels towards him the sentiments of a brother, and a friend ; respects him as his equal ; equal to him in the favour of the King of kings ; and co-heir with him to life eternal. Consistently

and ascertain a proper distinction of ideas ; to do justice to the *liberal* signification of the term which I have applied to the *literary* spirit ; and to justify my use of it ; I shall here transcribe Dr. JOHNSON's fourth definition of the word, *pride*, and the great, and unexceptionable authority, by which that definition is supported.

4. Generous elation of heart.

“ The honest PRIDE of conscious virtue.”

SOUTH.

with this disposition, and with these sentiments, he gives their proper value to the honest, and the humble arts; he deems them as essential to the use, and to the happiness of mankind, and as expressive of the greatness of the Creator, as the splendid attainments, and exploits which animate, and heat the world with the light of glory. He respects men of all the professions, and callings which contribute to the real, and durable comforts, or to the rational, and elegant entertainment of society; for the diligent, and ingenious prosecution of all those professions, and callings, make a substantial part of christian virtue.

Therefore my exhortations have been directed unaffectedly, and from the heart, to a jealous, and unremitting reverence for time; and to a sedulous, and persevering use of it, in every department of old age. And once more let me intreat you to assert the rights; to assert the honours, and the powers of old age. Leave inert procrastination; leave groundless apprehensions; leave trite, and flimsy excuses, to the cowardly, and the desponding.—Have you to struggle with bad habits; have you to struggle with a constitution debilitated by intemperance? You have a miracle to work; but it may be

atchieved by heroick resolution; and by the assistance of God. Have you none of these formidable obstructions to encounter, in the path of virtue? Then all is equable, smooth, blooming, and fragrant, before you. As you approach the gates of paradise, your course will be accelerated by the laws of pious attraction. The heaven-instructed, and purified, will supersede the uninformed, and original man: you will feel yourselves superior to the affections of untutored nature; you will *have a desire to depart, and to be with CHRIST.* Philip. chap. 1. v. 23. You enter his elysium, and enjoy his society for ever.

Much has been said of the weaknesses, and miseries of old age: let me say something of it's advantages. After a long, and well-regulated life, the devotee to virtue is freed from the rude, and formidable interruptions, which embittered the years of his youth, and manhood. His passions have subsided; therefore his reason the more easily emerges from a conflict with them; acts, with more vigour, and effect, it's noble part; and vindicates all it's honours.* It

* At illa quanti sunt, animum tanquam emeritis stipendiis libidinis, ambitionis, contentionis, inimicitiarum, cupidita-

is now that the rational, and immortal being is in the youth of his sublunary existence; at the apex of his glory. The banditti of besiegers are for ever driven from the holy citadel; it for ever enjoys it's tranquil state: it's serene atmosphere; and from it's lofty summit streams the unviolated standard of the cross.

I shall now mention another signal advantage of old age; which, if we use it properly, will greatly conduce to preserve the moral serenity, and to actuate the moral exercise of the mind. By time, and long experience, we must be perfectly acquainted with the general, and prevailing characteristicks of the human species; unless we are destitute of sagacity, and observation; or unless we shut our eyes, with a fictitious, and foolish candour. Consequently this knowledge, more important than pleasing; if we throw it prudently, and magnanimously, into our plan of life, will, to a great degree, exempt us from the malevolence, and perfidy of mankind; and it will enable us to dispense with their society, and

tum omnium, secum esse, secumque, ut dicitur, vivere? Si vero habet aliquid tanquam pabulum studii, atque doctrinae nihil est otiosa senectute jucundius.

DE SENECTIONE: sect. 14.

applause. For their society is too often debased with guarded, but anxious endeavours to deceive, to depreciate, and to mortify; and their applause is too often, by no means the discerning, manly, and independent tribute to distinguished desert; but the merely capricious, wanton, and temporary breath, of popular air. As to their personal respect, it is not generally bestowed on the man; on what is intimately connected with himself: it is prostituted to the mere gifts of fortune: which make no real part of ourselves; therefore the homage which is payed to *them*, should impress their possessors rather with humility than with pride.—Seasonably, and happily delivered from the levity, and from the load of life, we shall have it in our power to devote far more time, which, before, was thrown away, to the practice of the generous, and humane virtues.

Permit me to repeat some ideas: the importance of the doctrine which they contain, or suggest, warrants the repetition. There are circumstances, and impressions, which, if we turn them to their proper use, must always be extremely favourable to the composure, and tranquillity of the mind, in old age; and to it's

practical benevolence, upon principle. Thoroughly acquainted with the predominant character of man, if we have observed him with attention (and thus to observe him requires no very acute penetration) from our superiours in power we shall not, *then*, warmly expect any unprejudiced, and eminent acts of generosity: they will not *wound*, for they cannot *disappoint* us. And to those who are weaker, and more unfortunate than ourselves, we shall do all possible good; because it is our christian *duty*, because it is our christian *pleasure*, to befriend them:—without a selfish view to any worldly recompence: on the contrary, rather disinterestedly, and calmly anticipating their ingratitude; not as an alarming, and provoking effect; but as a consequence which almost *naturally* flows from *our* benefactions.

They who cynically despise a social intercourse with the ingenuous, the instructive, and the elegant, neither deserve their company, nor their approbation. But we have made a most desirable progress in salutary wisdom, when it hath taught us to avoid a painful familiarity with deceit, and dullness, with impertinence, and folly; to which, when we entertained an indis-

criminate, and mean regard for the attention of the world, we lavishly sacrificed our time, and our satisfaction. We now can join with the great, and religious poet, in lamenting the weakness of those “who think it solitude to be alone.” We are convinced that they are “lost to virtue; “to manly thought; and to the noble sallies of “the soul* ;” which may now, range, unrestrained, and unencumbered, through infinitely extended, fertile, and aromatick regions, of it’s own creating.

The progress of the life of man has, in different respects, often been compared, and not unaptly, with the course of the sun through the firmament. Let me endeavour to adapt this object of comparison to my present purpose. Let me view this beautiful, and majestick luminary, in his best character; in one of his purest, and most benignant days. He rises alert, jocund, and resplendent; he promises the charms, and the glories of his march. As he advances in his ethereal progress, as he “runs his longitude “through heaven’s high road;” † his flame grows

* Night-Thoughts :—Night 3d.

† MILTON.

more vigorous, and effulgent; he strikes, and dazzles the world: the light clouds, of fantastick shape, and colour, evaporate by his ardour; or keep their form, and station, to show their insignificance.* His course is as operative, and efficient, as it is rapid, and persevering: in every moment of that course, he recreates, and strengthens: he expands, and matures; he aggrandizes, and beautifies the objects of creation. In his descent, he retains his power, his beauty, and his grandeur; but his power is, then, of more gentle exertion; his beauty is more amiable; and his grandeur is more easy of access, and

* It is probable that in this passage of my discourse, my complete meaning may be invidiously, or innocently misunderstood. I therefore sincerely assure the reader, that when I wrote my simile, my mind applied it, as earnestly, nay more earnestly, to those who eminently excell the generality of mankind in the amiable, generous, and exalted pursuit of moral, and christian rectitude, than to those who surpass them by the powers of genius. Of our insignificance in virtue we ought to be ashamed; it is a degradation to which we have shrunk *ourselves*: to our insignificance in talents we should be resigned; it is not an object of self disapprobation; for it is unimprovable, by the insurmountable laws of nature. Nay we should be content with it; for contentment is the state which is most congenial with minds of feeble motion.

communication. He draws around his horizon, around the evening of his sublime march, his bright companions, and worthy of their lord; clad in rich, and magnificent attire; but, like himself, of a mild, and sedate gaiety. He benignly salutes the delighted landscape; and as he gradually descends; as he sinks into the bed of ocean; the feeling, the elegant, the pious part of mankind; the constant adorers of the God of nature; eye, with a fine devotion, his expiring rays; and send after him, a sigh, rather of love, and admiration, than of sorrow, and regret.—Go, and do thou likewise, in the evening of christian morality; mellow, soften, and yet dignify the human picture;—give it the tints, and the keeping of CLAUDE LORRAINE.

Thou mayest easily (especially, if heaven is indulgent to thy honest prayer) thou mayest easily *recover thy strength before thou goest hence*: but remember *one* great difference between the fate of the sun, and of thee. *He* always sets, to rise again;—if he sets in gloom, to-day, he may set in glory, to-morrow; he may atone for his obscured honours. But when *thou goest hence, thou shalt be no more seen!*—when thy *vital* sun is set, thou canst not change

the character of thy departed life ; it's unseasonable gusts, and it's melancholy vapours ;—a calmer, a serener evening, is not to succeed ; it is precluded by an everlasting night.*

Oh ! then, how careful should we be to fill the last scene of life with active, and honourable conduct !—to descend to the grave with ease, and dignity ;—to take an affectionate, and en-

* When I had written this discourse, I recollected the thought of it's concluding paragraph, in an italian dramatick poem, which I translated thirty years ago ; and which, since that time, I have not read, either in the original, or in my translation ; which, I hope that judicious, and elegant english readers will, hereafter, honour with their attention. To such readers it may not be unacceptable to quote the passage to which I refer.

Each evening PHŒBUS quits the sky, and laves

His golden tresses in the western waves :

He sets, to beam again, with orient ray ;

With new-born vigour to restore the day.

But at the fatal close of life's career,

We leave, for ever, the terrestrial sphere ;

Sink to a dark, irremeable shore ;

We set on STYX's strand, and rise no more.

STOCKDALE's translation of TASSO's AMINTA :

Chorus to the first act.

gaging leave of the world ;—instructed, and adorned by the best educators of youth, and accomplisners of age ; by the moral, and religious graces.

P. S.

Lesbury, August 13, 1801.

AN
EXAMINATION
OF THE
IMPORTANT QUESTION,
WHETHER
EDUCATION AT A GREAT SCHOOL,
OR
BY PRIVATE TUITION,
IS PREFERABLE?

WITH
REMARKS ON MR. KNOX'S BOOK, ENTITLED
"LIBERAL EDUCATION."

Plurimum ENIM intererit quibus artibus et quibus hunc tu
Moribus instituas.

JUVENAL. Sat. XIV. v. 73.

LONDON :
1782.

TO THE
EXAMINATION
RIGHT REVEREND DR. SHIPLEY
OF THE
LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH
IMPORTANT QUESTION
FROM A HIGH ESTEEM OF HIS LEARNING AND

EDUCATION AT A GREAT SCHOOL
FROM EQUAL RESPECT AND VENERATION OF
BY HIS PRIVATE AND PUBLIC PUPILS
AND AS A MOST RESPECTFUL TRIBUTE

TO HIS SINGULAR APPROBATION
OF THE
EDUCATION
OF THE
LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH

THE FOLLOWING THEATRE IS INSCRIBED
BY
LONDON: 1714

HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT
LONDON:
THE AUTHOR

TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND DR. SHIPLEY;
LORD BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH;

FROM A HIGH ESTEEM OF HIS LEARNING AND
TALENTS;

FROM EQUAL RESPECT AND VENERATION OF
HIS PRIVATE AND PUBLIC VIRTUE;

AND AS A JUST AND GRATEFUL TRIBUTE

TO HIS SINGULAR APPROBATION

OF INGENUOUS FREEDOM,

EVEN FROM THE INFERIOR CLERGY;

THE FOLLOWING TREATISE IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

2, BATEMAN'S-BUILDINGS, SOHO-SQUARE,
Feb. 23d, 1809.

I wrote the following treatise on education twenty-seven years ago. I have read it over again with great care; and my sentiments on that most important subject are exactly the same that they were when I first wrote it. I entertain a very high respect for several masters of our great publick schools; I meant merely to compare the two forms of education; and to give the absolute preference to that, which, on my own certain conviction, I thought most favourable to liberal learning; to the free and manly exertion of talents; and to private, and publick virtue. The strain of this treatise will convince every generous reader that I felt myself devoted to a good, and glorious cause;—to have prosecuted the defence of that cause, without all that bold sincerity, ardour, and expansion of argument, and sentiment, which it required, would have been unworthy of me.

schools is preferable. The inquiry shall be made, and I flatter myself it will be completely solved, by a comparison of the advantages and disadvantages which attend each mode of training a boy to the

EXAMINATION

OF THE

IMPORTANT QUESTION,

&c.

PART THE FIRST.

THE education of youth is an object of such great importance to individuals, to families, and to communities, that we need not wonder that it has engaged the severest attention of the most celebrated legislators and philosophers. Should I propose to view it both extensively and comprehensively in a short treatise, I might justly be charged with a most palpable absurdity. I intend only to consider whether education by private tuition, or in one of our great publick

schools, is preferable. The inquiry shall be made, and I flatter myself it will be completely solved, by a comparison of the advantages and disadvantages which attend each mode of training a boy to learning and to virtue. Nor shall I be discouraged from stating the comparison fully and accurately, either by the triteness of my subject, or by the tyranny of prejudice.

With regard to intellectual improvement, which is, rather inconsiderately, the ruling motive, from which parents transfer the care of their sons from themselves to a tutor, or schoolmaster, it must undoubtedly be more effectually obtained under the former than under the latter instructor. For the master of a publick school, however deservedly great may be his reputation, cannot adapt the substance of his literature, and the mode of conveying it, to the great variety of human tempers and capacities. Time will not allow a distinct and proper attention to the numerous pupils of a great school. Hence different, hence opposite dispositions and talents are tortured and depressed, or emboldened and made abandoned by a sameness of discipline, which is really melancholy to humane and philosophical reflexion. The susceptible and tender, and the cold and

obdurate heart, are punished with the same severity for accidents, as for deliberate and wilful crimes. The pedagogue applies to rational beings an unfeeling and invariable controul, by which machines only should be actuated, and which a merciful man would be loth to impress on the animal creation. The youthful, the opening, and the flexible mind is not expanded, strengthened, and adorned by liberal learning, communicated with judgment, and powerfully enforced by affection: it is unnaturally and violently impelled with the indiscriminating rigour of prussian discipline. He, whose verses, at his maturer years, will only be characterised with the flowing nonsense of a LANGHORNE, must dispute the laurel with OVID; and he who was born with the senatorial faculties of a JENKINSON, must emulate the thunder of DEMOSTHENES.

When I speak of emulation, I must not forget how confidently it is asserted, that this noble spring, by which we are most forcibly actuated in the acquisition of all human excellence, can only be excited, and can only continue it's vigorous impulse in youthful minds, in public seminaries of learning. We judge from appearances; and we are the bold echos of precipitate decision. The

liberal tutor of a boy, he who hath so much philosophy and eloquence as to be able to win and attach the heart to objects worthy of it's pursuit (a far more valuable art than that of teaching him greek and latin) may kindle and direct the flame of generous ambition more strongly, and effectually, than it is raised and kept in action at a school. He may easily convince him, that the culture of our mental faculties is the best ambition of a rational being; he may fire his susceptible, and lively imagination, by representing to him the importance that we acquire, and our internal triumphs, after we have conquered those difficulties which are necessarily to be surmounted in our way to eminence, and to fame. And he may exemplify to him the indeprivable consequence which a man derives from learning, and from genius, in spite of the inflexible adversity with which they are often persecuted; in spite of the dulness, and vanity of the world. He may inform him, that Louis the fourteenth, an illiterate, and arrogant monarch, thought that the laurels of the conqueror would want brightness, and duration, unless he signalized himself as a protector of literature;—and that thus, the power of intellectual honour was so great,

that it converted ostentation into virtue. He may acquaint him with the veneration in which men of learning and talents are held by a CHESTERFIELD;—who, though he was childishly enamoured with a brilliant superficiality, and with the appendages of a peer, thought it his first social honour to converse with an ADDISON or a POPE.

By similar instruction he may excite, and train him to the practice of virtue. He may inflame him with the love of it's beauty, of it's dignity, of it's great, and almost certain advantages in *this* world; of it's inestimable and eternal blessings in a better state. Like the worthy father of HORACE*, he may, by referring him to living

* ————— Insuevit pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.

Cum me hortaretur, parcè, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo quod mî ipse parasset;

Nonne vides Albî ut malè vivat filius, atque

Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore

Cum deterreret; Sectani dissimilis sis;

Ne sequerer mœchas, concessâ cum venere uti

Possem; deprensi non bella est fama Trebonî,

Aiebat: sapiens vitatu, quidque petitu

Sit melius, causas reddet tibi; mî satis est, si

examples, impress his mind with an operative, and indelible sense of the miseries which are entailed on vice; and of the immediate and subsequent rewards which are bestowed on virtue, during our sublunary existence, by the wise and benevolent Authour of our nature.

But what regular and effectual attention is paid at our public schools to literary emulation and the habits of virtue? No proper method is persued to give emulation * all it's force and

Traditum ab antiquis morem servare, tuamque,
 Dum custodis eges, vitam, famamque tueri
 Incolumem possim; simul ac duraverit ætas
 Membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice;—sic me
 Formabat puerum dictis; et sive jubebat
 Ut facerem quid; habes auctorem, quo facias hoc,
 Unum ex judicibus selectis objiciebat;
 Sive vetabat; an hoc inhonestum, et inutile factu,
 Nec ne sit, addubites; flagret rumore malo cum
 Hic, atque ille? Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros
 Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit;
 Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
 Absterrent vitiis.—————

Hor. Sat. IV. Lib. 1.

* I do not mean to say, that honours are not at all conferred on literary merit at a publick school: but they cer-

perseverance. No persuasive, and inflaming eloquence is used to rouse and invigorate the noble passion; the juvenile hero is rewarded with no cheap mark of distinction, with no wreath of laurel, which impelled even a FABRICIUS, and a SCIPIO, in their career of glory. If the boy completely performs his task, he is encouraged to perform it so again, by a sullen—" *Very well.*"—If he does not perform it, when, perhaps, it was impossible for him to succeed, he is inhumanly chastised. As little regard is paid to his improvement in virtue and piety, as to his generous improvement in learning. If he

certainly should be conferred with more attention, and with a greater variety of distinction. Boys of eminent talents, and who apply those talents diligently, should be rewarded with visible and personal marks of intellectual excellence. In admiring the trappings, and the tinsel of life, in an implicit acquiescence in the verdict of the senses, mankind have always been materialists. We certainly take a fair advantage of their weakness when we make it a powerful assistant of merit, when we make it an active promoter of vigour and exertion of mind. But what enemies to every virtuous enterprize are those modern, and impious philosophers, who have carried their materialism so far, as to ascribe to the existence and force of matter, the very essence and operations of the human soul!

goes not to church he is corrected, without, probably, ever hearing a remonstrance from his masters on the happiness of a religious life. He is punished with equal rigour for scanning a line of JUVENAL wrong, and for being detected in a lie; and thus he is most emphatically taught to confound his objects, to affix the same degree of guilt to a false quantity, and a false assertion. A blind, and severe animadversion is inflicted on the fault, or on the error of the moment, without regard to the past, and without provision for the future. An expanded, and accurate system of government, adapted to the various constitutions of individuals, never is, and never can be, practised in a great school; the pupils of which are almost universally ruled by the irrational and odious *fiat* of arbitrary power. And as I wish to make these thoughts, which I shall offer to the publick, more useful than splendid, I hope I am saying nothing new, nothing that can be controverted, when I observe, that despotism, of whatever kind, is equally destructive of genius and virtue; that it represses every ingenuous effort, every bright and amiable emanation of the soul.

Among the other lavish encomiums bestowed

on a publick school, it hath been often asserted, with equal confidence, and absurdity, that a boy, there, most happily acquires a proper, an easy, and collected behaviour, and a knowledge of the world. A hundred boys associate every day near, or in, our great and profligate metropolis. I have already shown, that the attention which is given by their masters to their morals, as well as to their learning, is momentary and insignificant. They are soon actuated by those baleful passions which are fatal to reputation, and to peace. External incentives conspire with our degenerate, and ill-regulated nature, to make them wicked and miserable. The practice rapidly succeeds to the theory of vice; and as they are more numerous, they become more profligate. I see a great deal of mischief in this society; but I shall thank the penetration of *him* who will discover to me what useful acquaintance with life, what polite and moral firmness, what elegant propriety, what decorum of behaviour, are it's natural consequences, and concomitants. Are impudence and violence a manly and desirable confidence? Are bold, and familiar, and various perpetrations of vice, a large, comprehensive, and most useful knowledge of the world?

If the tutor of a youth is conversant with men as well as books; if he is not only a scholar, but an enlightened and practical philosopher; and if that unrestrained power is delegated to him which he should possess; his pupil will, by his precepts and example, better than he could by any other means, acquire an agreeable and engaging deportment and behaviour, and that preparatory wisdom which will best direct his conduct when he begins his dangerous commerce with a treacherous and profligate world. The oral instructions of his master will be of more importance to him than an acquaintance with the languages, and elegance of classical learning; for they will conduce more to his happiness. That master will introduce him, at proper times, into company of different ranks, professions, and conduct. He will make his private conversations with his pupil pertinent, conspicuous, and forcible commentaries on what passed in society. He will make useful remarks on the *manner*, but still more useful remarks on the *manners* of those with whom they have associated. He will observe to him the absence, and the melancholy, which appeared on the aspect of *one* visitant, from that distraction and torment, with which

the mind is harassed by some predominant, and licentious passion; or by reflecting on the ruins of a fortune that hath been destroyed by extravagance, and debauchery. He will observe to him the unaffected and humane politeness of another, the equability; the vivacity; the luminous and benevolent strain of his conversation; how it attracted the attention, and the hearts of the company; from a consciousness of virtue in the speaker; from his consciousness that he devoted every day to some liberal, and beneficent pursuit. He will remark to him the concise perspicuity, the significant language, the gentle, and unassuming tone of those who select authours, and go to the depth of thought: and this amiable, and respectable style and manner, he will contrast with their reverse, with the confident pertness, and unideal loquacity of ignorance, fashion, and presumption.

Such seasonable, short, and salutary lectures on the lineaments and habits of the human mind, will far more morally and usefully adorn, and prepare him for his future intercourse with mankind, than the mechanical, and undistinguishing discipline of a publick school. They will certainly more substantially promote his lasting

welfare than the promiscuous society of a great number of his own age, who are principally attached to play, to folly, and to vice. They will certainly more enrich, and befriend his mind, than playing at cricket, or swimming in the THAMES (for ablution, even in the TIBER, will not purify internally, nor give us knowledge and prudence) they will certainly more improve, and embellish his nature, than the wanton barbarities with which animals are often persecuted by our young scholars; or than the no less wanton, and atrocious barbarities, with which they often assail, and almost murder the unsuspecting *human* passenger.

By thus associating with people older than himself; and by being thus taught to reflect on the manners of the world, he will be formed to a more accurate judgment on important objects; to more propriety of behaviour; to a more calm, and equal firmness, than they who are trained by the publick mode of education. We must not, indeed, expect to see in *him* that blunt, and stupid boldness, which too often characterizes the scholar of a great school. By one of the genuine, and excellent effects of his education, his manners will be chastised with diffidence: for he

will deem it a degree of infamy to pronounce where he is ignorant, or to act with confidence, when he knows not how to act aright. But his diffidence will be one of his greatest ornaments, in the eye of those who have a taste for the moral, and beautiful in manners. And though at first sight it may seem a negative and dead quality, in ingenuous minds it acts very positively, and operatively; and is absolutely productive of the most valuable, and extensive knowledge. I never thought any monster of *nature* so horrible as that *factitious* one, a *premature man*.

But this diffidence is by no means inconsistent with true and virtuous courage, which always harmonizes with rational and prudent conduct. With such courage, our attentive and eloquent preceptor will habitually inform the soul of his pupil, by warmly recommending to him, as occasions may suggest, that intrepidity in every *good* cause with which christianity, sincerely believed, and strenuously practised, ought to inspire it's votaries:—by reminding him of the brevity of life; how contemptible it is when compared with immortality, and when merely considered as a short prolongation of our existence;—and by demonstrating to him how miserably good

and evil are calculated by *him* who purchases his transient safety, and ease, and enjoyment of riches, at the expence of honour.

To this doctrine our MENTOR gives life and substance and action, through the whole frame of his TELEMACHUS; by that manly corporeal discipline which keeps health and spirits in a lively, and pleasurable tone; which makes blood and nerves conspire with philosophy to invigorate and exalt the mind. He habituates him to converse with the muses at the mattins of the lark; to rise early even in the rigour of winter; patiently to endure hunger and cold; to use athletick, but innoxious exercise: for *he* who hath his mind replete with ingenuous and fair ideas, will never wake the torpor of his being by a ferocious persuit of the animal creation.

He will thus indubitably acquire, not only strength and firmness in his material frame, but the analogous properties of the mind on intellectual principle. These arguments to the mind, and this exertion of the body, will be much more conducive to health and valour, than the indiscreet and violent exercises, and the wild and desperate exploits of a son of EATON or WESTMINSTER. The courage of a public scholar is

that of a duelist or a ruffian; the courage of *my* scholar is that of a hero.

But I propose that these wholesome severities; this education in *some* respects lacedæmonian, which begins in us with temporary mortification, but terminates in indeprivable pleasure; shall not merely be taught by advice and urged by authority, but that it shall be enforced by the decisive influence of constant and uniform example. After all that I have advanced, I need not add that my aim is not to be effected by an ordinary tutor. *Private* education, as it is in general conducted, is, perhaps, worse than *public*. You may as well leave your son to himself, and to the seduction of the devil, as to pretend to educate him under the auspices of a *fashionable* priest*. What principles, and what practice are we to expect from *him* who has had many

* Perhaps no man venerates the learned and worthy part of our clergy, more than the author of this pamphlet; of whom, he is far from being so uncharitable as to think, that there are very few in this kingdom. No good man, however, no friend to virtue will be offended at my severity of language against a high priest, a hunting priest, or an ecclesiastical coxcomb.

years for his guardian and companion, a hypocrite, an epicure, and an effeminate coward?

By the tutor's moral and pertinent observations on the objects of luxury and splendor, which attract the eye and the fancy in a wealthy family, and which are thought unfavourable to the acquisition of good habits; he may change the usual tendency of those objects; he may make them his auxiliaries to complete a virtuous and noble education. The truly fortunate youth will learn from his respectable guide, that the elegance and magnificence of elevated life are in themselves neither good nor evil; that if they are profanely and ungratefully abused, they upbraid and stigmatize and torment their possessors; but that to a good, active, and fertile imagination, they reflect an almost animated dignity and grandeur, when the superior and celestial lustre of virtue throws it's rays around them.

I have made it an article in this little treatise on education, that unlimited power shall be given to the tutor over his pupil. If this article is not fulfilled, while he is forming his young mind to simplicity and virtue, the rising moral fabrick may be demolished by the fashionable prejudices, and

destructive indulgence of his parents. He who is intimately conversant with polite literature, and who is endowed with a liberal and expanded mind, will make a youth an excellent private man, and an excellent citizen : a scholastic tutor, a man of mere erudition, will make him a pedant : a vain and dissipated mother, will make him a profligate and a tyrant.

But as hope and fear must operate on the human mind to produce it's best dispositions, powers, and habitudes, the effects of the tutor's good instructions and advice, will be promoted by seasonable and well-proportioned rewards and punishments. He will invert the species and effects of the retributions, by which our young scholars are awed and stimulated to a progress in learning and virtue. Among his highest rewards he will count those which immediately strike the senses : his severest and most salutary punishments will be directly addressed to sentiment. All wise legislators have assigned to conspicuous merit, some external and personal marks of honourable distinction. With such incentives, they have excited manhood as well as youth, to the atchievement of generous and celebrated deeds. We are strongly attracted and captivated by the senses.

Their objects produce active and important operations in the fancy of philosophers, as well as of the vulgar. The soul of a CINCINNATUS, which was charmed with simplicity of life and manners, with dwelling in a cottage, and holding a plough, was not insensible to the dignity and magnificence of the dictator's robe. Since then, the outward and visible signs of mental eminence, inflamed the laudable ambition of the grave and virtuous heroes of antiquity; would they not, if they were judiciously bestowed, greatly strengthen the moral and literary efforts of juvenile minds, who are yet fonder of external ornaments than men? But these momentous rewards are either totally neglected, or very partially and insignificantly conferred at our publick schools.—Yet such is their fascinating action on human nature, that when they are merely hereditary or contingent, they give a splendour and consequence to the man. Where they have been long *deserted* by that transcendent worth which they were instituted to distinguish, they assume the power of *creating* it for a moment. Since the private and public virtues, which characterised and adorned the reign of an EDWARD, are now almost extinct in ENGLAND, whence do we pay a

particular and involuntary respect and homage, to a modern knight of the garter, when he is decorated with the insignia of his order, but from the magical conspiracy of the eye, and the imagination?

The punishments inflicted on the pupil by the tutor whom I am describing, are not adapted to an irrational and untractable animal, but to a reasoning and feeling mind. They do not give pain to sensation, but they wound reflection:—they do not deaden with servile fear, instead of repressing the dissipation of youth; they do not extinguish, instead of governing the fire of his soul; but they make a severe appeal to his heart; to his affection for the guardian of his welfare; to his delicate and ardent sense of honour. If this tutor frowns on him for a day, or if he prohibits him from joining respectable and agreeable company, for any very reprehensible neglect or misdemeanour, he will suffer an almost inquisitorial torment. It is better, however, to confine a refractory boy, or to make him fast, than to correct him with the infamous punishments of our public schools, which, in their natural tendency, make a good heart bad, and a bad heart abandoned. If we rule *boys* with the discipline

of *slaves* should we wonder that they are never men?

I forgot to mention some circumstances attending the public mode of education, which people, with the usual inconsiderate, and confident repetition of traditional sentiments, pronounce a very great advantage; I mean, the opportunities of forming respectable and useful acquaintance, connections, and friendships. On this trite and futile remark, I shall beg leave to make the following observations. As the great advantage proposed in this remark, is principally addressed to the parents of our young gentlemen, who are to inherit* inferiour fortunes; or to the parents

* It may be said, that these observations on the powerful and useful connections that may be formed at a great school, cannot possibly be of any material service to the public; as they seem principally addressed to parents of very inferior fortune, or who have but a narrow income; and who, as they cannot afford to educate their sons by private tuition, think themselves very fortunate, if they can send them, on the foundation, to EATON or WESTMINSTER. To this objection, I reply, that these observations are intended for the serious reflection of gentlemen of one, two, or three thousand pounds a-year, as well as for those who have but very small estates or incomes. A nobleman who enjoys ten thousand a-year, will be apt to think

of those who must be adventurers in life; I imagine the grandees of our realm, if they give it their serious reflection, will think it a strong objection to a public school; and that, to *their* sons, it will be a considerable *disadvantage*. It will give them no pleasure to find, that they will be so situated as to be apt to make many humble friends and dependents, at an unsuspecting and imprudent age. Nay, the idea will suggest to them much future prejudice to the interest and pride of their family.

But I am sure, if parents of less wealth and power, reflected judiciously on this imaginary advantage, they would view it with contempt and detestation. Young men of small fortunes, or young men without fortune, at our great public schools, are industrious, are meanly and des-
 a commoner, who possesses three thousand pounds per annum, very much his inferior. Perhaps the presumption of the one, will not be more absurd and contemptible than the humility of the other; who will fancy that his family would draw considerable honour and advantage from the society and protection of the peer. And surely it is indisputable, that a man of two or three thousand a-year, may educate his son by private tuition; and if he is an economist and generous, he may give a genteel appointment to the tutor.

picably ambitious, to be admitted into the social train of the sons of noble families. The honour is obtained by an assiduous and submissive perseverance. They soon suffer their accidental and artificial superiours to be their perpetual dictators. They become the idolaters of power, and the slaves of insolence. It would, indeed, be ungenerous, it would be unjust, promiscuously to stigmatize our english youth with this passive and crouching character. Liberty is, by long hereditary right, our tutelary goddess; therefore, with reluctant and slow steps, will she quit our island. Many young gentlemen of EATON and WESTMINSTER, are eager* to make a young

* The good effects, however, of this ardour, soon wear off. Repeated and thorough drubbings, without the walls of the school, will never make one of our young nobility behave like a man for life. In his mature years, he will always treat an inferior as if he was a being of a different species. The friends of a young Duke, who, I suppose, in wealth, is the first nobleman of this kingdom, seemed determined to rivet in his mind, this blind and detestable partiality to rank! They took him from WESTMINSTER school, because his insolence was well and deservedly chastised by one of his school-fellows; but I am happy to be informed, that this youth rises superior to the misconduct of his guardians.

lord know that he is their equal by nature. They are as jealous of their privileges, as our ancestors in the house of commons were, when they repelled the infringements and the insults of arbitrary power. However, in all civilized and polished countries, many boys, as well as men, will be dupes to external grandeur; will image to themselves much consequence and happiness from associating with the great. But the worst, the most fatal consequences ensue, both to the spirited, and servile youth of humbler expectations, from being the companions of their superiors. They are initiated into extravagance and debauchery; they contract habits which are destructive to interest, health, and morals. And pray what advantage can your son derive from the patronage of the most powerful peer, if he has adopted those prejudices which degrade human nature, and enslave the mind; or if he is abandoned to dissipation and sensuality? A profligate will find himself a weak and helpless being, though he enjoys the most benign smiles, and the first favours of kings and ministers: A virtuous man hath a better footing in the world, than if he was protected by all the coronets in Europe.

The peer, however, needs not apprehend any inconvenience from his son's permanent regard for any of his school-fellows of inferior rank ; nor should the father, of lower station, anticipate any solid advantage to his family from such connections. Establishments for life, from these origins, are as rare as the great prizes in the lottery. It is on the tongue of every body, *that early intimacies last long*. The observation is as false as it is common ; it is almost universally contradicted by experience. They who, at school, are daily companions, and warm friends, go off to different professions and acquaintance, and think little more of each other. But disparity of rank is particularly unfavourable to lasting intimacy ; and, perhaps, no friendly impression is more fugitive than *noble* remembrance. No good and durable effects are to be expected from sentiment, however generous, if it is unsupported by principle ; nor from a society in pleasures unauthorized by virtue. You have lived in the greatest intimacy with a young nobleman for several years at school ; by your different destiny, you are separated from each other. You correspond punctually ; perhaps affectionately, for a twelve month. He drops the correspondence from the multipli-

city of his new connexions ; from the full employment which is given to his mind, by his attention to his interest ; by the splendour and dissipation of high life ; by his vanity ; and by his more importunate passions : these objects soon steel the heart against the puerile impressions of affection and friendship, and, in two or three years, he could hear that you were *hanged*, with indifference.

I proposed, at first, to compare the advantages of a publick and private education. I think it will now be found, that the advantages of the former are, absolutely, and in themselves, very few ; but that, when we oppose to them, the far superior and more numerous good effects of the latter mode of education, they are superseded and annihilated. It will appear that virtue can hardly be formed at a great school ; or, rather, it is destroyed there in it's infancy ; that the young mind is very faintly impelled by emulation (that boasted intellectual spring of our publick seminaries of learning) where it is habituated to dissipation and vice ; and where it is sunk and debased by fear :—that it generally wishes to have its task over, but gives it not that ardent application which produces excellence and praise. But if

your son could be made a master of all the fine arts, at one of our great publick schools, ought you not to despise those elegant attainments, if, while he is accomplished in *them*, his morals are in imminent danger?

I am sorry that my theory is corroborated, is evinced by facts. What figure is made in life by those who have had the advantage of a publick education? It's effects are so unfortunate (I should have said, they are so natural and so necessary) that when they are at liberty to judge and act for themselves, they seem to abjure books and reflection for the rest of their lives. In a few years they become illiterate, in the estimation of those who are really learned. It is disagreeable; it is painful; it is invidious to dwell on the follies and vices of my countrymen; but I must now bring them into view, for *vitam impendere vero* is engraven on my heart. It is well known that our nobility, and that most of our gentry, prostitute their time to trifles, or to more injurious objects; to dissipation; to fashion; to vice. In the clergy, indeed, we should expect to see a fraternity eminent for liberal and profound learning, and for an exemplary gravity of manners. But we do not find that a priest is commonly

more devoted than a layman, in a genteel station, to intellectual pursuits, or to the practice of christian morality. He has, indeed, a more collected mind than the latter; but it is the collected mind of policy, not of virtue. But when he is with his sympathising brethren, in whom he can confide, and when he is under the influence of *convivial inspiration*, his nature and his habitual ideas,—the language of the man comes forth. He then displays his eloquence on the pleasures of the chace; on his great success in making votes for a young nobleman at a late election, from whose interest he soon expects a prebendal stall; and he completes the climax of his triumph, by informing the company, that he has engaged a curate for thirty pounds a year.

The tutor of a young gentleman must have a disposition and character diametrically opposite to those of the wretch whom I have now described. He must have a susceptible and feeling heart; for very respectable men who act well, but coldly, on the principles of moral rectitude, want half of what is valuable in the human composition. We perform nothing truly splendid; nothing truly great, unless we are animated and ardent in our pursuit of virtue; unless we are

borne along to disinterested and noble conduct, by the propitious gale of the generous passions. He must be disposed and accustomed to conciliate human nature by love, rather than to subdue it by fear. As he must have a fine imagination and acquaintance with the world, his manners will be easy and graceful; they will be truly, they will be socially and morally polite. As he must be a liberal and complete scholar, his learning will be unshackled by pedantry; he will only value words, in whatever language, as the vehicles of important truth.

He must be satisfied of the divine origin of christianity; and he must diligently practise it's precepts, as it was left us by CHRIST; unadulterated by the selfishness and fraud and ambition of priests. He must be able and ready to support and demonstrate his religion by reason; at whose impartial tribunal he must teach his pupil to try, and to approve or reject every important proposition that may be offered to his consideration. He must likewise teach and convince him, that the simple, yet sublime religion, which conducts us to heaven, most effectually procures (in the general order of events) our ease and well-being upon earth:—that all the works and laws

of God are consistent and harmonious ; and that their effects for ever flow in an unbroken and beautiful tenor. Therefore, the energies and pleasures of mind, which are to constitute our felicity in the *next* world, must be analogous and congenial with the thoughts and employments which make us happy in *this*.

Consonant with his exalted system will be his conduct on every critical occasion ; conscious of the sufficiency of virtue to protect her votaries, and to secure to them their best enjoyments ; he will assert his social, his civil, and his religious independence, when any of them is infringed, with a comparative and just contempt of whatever resentment he may incur from fashion, from wealth, or from power.

But where (may it be objected) is such a tutor to be found ? The imaginary beauty of his character precludes my favourite mode of education. If the search is judicious, diligent, and accurate, it will not prove romantick and ineffectual. I am far from thinking that we live in the republic of PLATO ; but I know that there are *good and great men left in England*. A nobleman will find a proper guide for the youthful years of his son, if he prosecutes his object with the anxiety

which a southern adventurer would feel to bring home from OTAHEITE, an useless plant, or as useless a human being ; or if, in his endeavours to have the mind of his heir adorned with knowledge and with virtue, he is actuated with the zeal with which our people, of rank and fortune, contributed to make a VESTRIS* one of the most interesting persons in the most enlightened capital in the world.

When ALEXANDER THE GREAT was born, PHILIP of MACEDON wrote a letter to ARISTOTLE, inviting him to his court, and requesting him to educate his son. “ I am not so glad,” adds the monarch, (in that singular letter from a king) “ that OLYMPIAS has given me a son, as “ that he has come into the world while *you* “ adorn it.”

Let the potentates of a state take a salutary hint from this memorable example. Let it teach them to give their high esteem and their effectual protection to learning, to genius, and to virtue ; and the union of these properties, in one man, will not long be a phenomenon. Let them

* PICQ has renewed our fashionable rage for agility and dexterity of feet.

emulate the illustrious macedonian; and they shall not, in vain, enquire for a stagyrite.*

The improper private education of a youth of rank and fortune, is not so much the consequence of a want of learned and good and liberal men in this country, as of the absurd manner in which a tutor is sought. My lord shows less foresight and care, in engaging this most important person, than in hiring a valet de chambre. He writes to

* The great veneration, and the solemn and publick honours which were paid to the memory of ARISTOTLE, by his countrymen, in the fourteenth century (which we are apt, inconsiderately, and peremptorily, to pronounce a barbarous age, comparatively with our own) are certainly a severe satire on that neglect of talents, of literature, and philosophy, which is notorious in the present times. Sir John MANDEVILLE, in travelling through MACEDONIA gives us the following fact: "In this country was ARISTOTLE born, in a city that men called STRAGEIRIS, a little from the city of TRAGIE or TRAKYS; and at STRAGEIRIS is ARISTOTLE buried; and there is an altar at his tomb, where they make a great feast every year, as though he was a saint. Upon the altar, the lords or rulers hold their great councils and assemblies; for they hope, that through the inspiration of GOD, and of him, they shall have the better counsel."

MANDEVILLE'S voyages, chap. ii.

a fellow, or to the head of a college, desiring him to choose the man ; and the business is done. It is soon completed, though it is completed by a sluggard :—one drone recommends another.

London, Nov. 14, 1781.

PART THE SECOND.

SINCE I wrote this treatise, I have read a book entitled, *liberal education*, written by Mr. KNOX, master of TUNBRIDGE school. After an impartial, and attentive perusal of that book, I have found no reason to alter any of my sentiments, on the two comparative objects of my enquiry. Mr. KNOX, I doubt not, is a most respectable member of society; but it is impossible that the strain of his writings should attract my particular regard; it is impossible that I should think them worthy of a regular, and elaborate refutation; as he is weakly attached to mere precedent and custom; as he seems to be only a good school-master; as he is a great adept in the routine and detail of his profession; but never animates his

pages with the free and expanded spirit of philosophy; never dignifies them with a survey of the nature, and generous progress of the human mind. His love, however, of private and publick virtue, and his zeal for english liberty, demand our highest esteem.

Mr. KNOX, and his admirers, must pardon me for thus openly giving my opinion of him as an authour. I am sure it is unmixed with acrimony, or envy. I have long, to my best judgment, been faithful (and much, I am sensible, to my external disadvantage) to literary justice; and I will be so to the end. When important truth is in question, undeserved and idle compliment is criminal to the world. I shall now, without any unnecessary reserve, and without the least inclination to cavil, concisely offer my thoughts on some passages of his treatise on education.

He tells us in his introduction, that “when
 “MILTON, LOCKE, and ROUSSEAU have writ-
 “ten on education, they have fallen into the
 “common errour of those who attend to specu-
 “lation more than to practice. In the warmth
 “of the *innovating* and *reforming spirit*, they
 “censure modes of treatment in themselves
 “right; they recommend methods which really

“ cannot be reduced to practice, and which, if
 “ they could, would be useless, or pernicious.
 “ It is, indeed, easy to censure present establish-
 “ ments, and to project new ones. The world
 “ is commonly tired of that to which it has been
 “ long accustomed, and is fondly attached to no-
 “ velty. It is then no wonder that visionary
 “ writers on education are greatly admired,
 “ though their directions can seldom be per-
 “ sued.

“ Innovation is, indeed, found to be so agree-
 “ able to the human mind, and is received by
 “ the unexperienced, and injudicious, with such
 “ avidity, that it becomes expedient to stand up
 “ in defence of those established practices,
 “ which, besides that they were originally rea-
 “ sonable, have been countenanced and sup-
 “ ported by the uniform decisions of long expe-
 “ rience.”

This passage appears to me to be the result of
 a very erroneous theory of mankind, and rather
 inconsistent with the professions of one “ who
 “ had learned the folly of presumptuous confi-
 “ dence;”—and who was “ ready to acknow-
 “ ledge his mistakes upon conviction.”—The
 names of MILTON, LOCKE, and ROUSSEAU,

ought always to be mentioned, even by distinguished genius, with respect and veneration; not with a servile regard to the blind tyrant, *prescription*; but from the real, and indeprivable greatness of those immortal authours. Mr. KNOX, in his book on education, often declaims against *innovators*, and against *the innovating, and reforming spirit*; but he merely declaims against them; instead of fair, and decisive argument, he only throws out trite and invidious terms; which are evidently meant to convey reproach, and contempt. I believe it would require all his penetration and ingenuity to show, that any methods of education proposed by MILTON, LOCKE, and ROUSSEAU, could not absolutely be reduced to practice; and more penetration and ingenuity than he possesses, to prove, that if they *could* be reduced to practice, they would be useless, or pernicious. However fond Mr. KNOX may think the world of innovation, I think it so hostile to almost every salutary innovation, that I am sure I shall be thought romantick, for declaring my conviction, that ROUSSEAU'S EMILE is a most admirable system of education; a system not only animated, and adorned with the finest imagery and eloquence,

but clearly founded on nature and on reason;— a system, which, if reduced to practice, would render it's pupil independent, virtuous, and happy.—To assert that ROUSSEAU's method of education cannot absolutely be reduced to practice, is precipitate, and false. It is, indeed, much to be regretted that it cannot be reduced to *general* practice.

Loosely, and indefinitely to insist, that innovation is agreeable to mankind, proceeds from a very superficial, and fallacious view of human nature; with regard to many objects of the utmost importance, the contrary assertion would be true. The subjects of a country, which hath not yet emerged from a state of barbarism, resent every innovation on their long-established and hereditary customs, with almost as much rage, as they would repel an attack on their existence.—While men are in that state, they cling to habit with a most jealous fondness and superstition; they feel it a part of themselves;— it exercises all it's force and dominion on the indolent and unreflecting mind. The great czar of Muscovy found it a more arduous and dangerous enterprize, to change the external appearance of his barbarians, than to subject them to more

important and salutary laws. They thought their beards should be as sacred from the touch of any fingers but their own, as a modern gentleman thinks his nose. Their vindictive spirit against the *personal* reformation, which their master boldly and inflexibly introduced, threatened even a revolution; and indignant slaves, in uncouth lampoons, inveighed against the tyranny of the despot of all the RUSSIAS.

The human mind, whether we consider it's operations in the individual, or collectively in societies, is a capricious, and inconsistent being. When a civilized nation hath contracted that insatiable love of variety, which is a necessary consequence, or to speak more properly, a concomitant, or a part of extreme luxury, and false refinement, it will probably every year change it's amusements, and superficial appendages, it's dress, and it's publick entertainments. But even a nation, in this fluctuating and volatile state, will very slowly, reluctantly, and sullenly admit the most rational and beneficial improvements in *some* of it's establishments. They will at *least* treat a generous and enlightened mind, who disinterestedly and laudably shows them their errors in matters of religion, govern-

ment, or education, with the resentment and contempt which they think due to a *presumptuous* innovator. Even Mr. KNOX's own antipathy against all literary innovation tends to evince the futility of his doctrine.

Human institutions are in general so strongly marked with selfishness, with prejudice, and with error; and several institutions, which may have been well adapted to the age in which they were fixed, are so blindly suffered to continue in force in later times; in times which are incongruous with their complexion and effects; from the fondness of mankind (not certainly of novelty in the objects to which I refer, but of old establishment)—that one might pronounce, by anticipation, of any material publick innovation, that should be proposed by an honest citizen, who had thought from himself, and from a large fund of reason and of knowledge;—one might safely pronounce that an innovation from *him*, if it was thrown into action by the sanction of the state, would far more probably be of service than of detriment to his country. Should he even compose a system of education and morality, too fair and beautiful for modern and corrupted times;—a system unhappily calculated only to spread and circulate in

theory;—only to be admired by men of expanded sentiment and thought; a system fitter for the virtuous republick of PLATO than for the totally degenerate sons of ROMULUS;—should he throw out such an object of wonder to the sage, of cavil and envy to inferiour spirits, surely, instead of being neglected and despised, he should be honoured and rewarded by a flourishing and polished community; for his angelick dreams (if you will not give his book a more substantial title) for his glorious enthusiasm for virtue. Therefore I always thought that ROUSSEAU well deserved the eulogy which he gave to himself, in his admirable letter to the hypocritical, and intolerant archbishop of PARIS. Laconick self-praise, when it is extorted from an ardent and great mind, while it is the victim of stupidity, insolence, and tyranny, is so far from being no commendation, that it seems to me, to be the voice of the Deity.—Statues, says that great man to his obdurate excommunicator, would, in a well-regulated commonwealth, have been erected to the author of EMILIUS.

Mr. KNOX tells us, that “it is easy to censure present establishments, and to project new ones.”—As MILTON, LOCKE, and ROUS-

SEAU are particularly mentioned in the passage from which I have taken this quotation, he will allow me to be convinced that he had these writers in his eye, when he made this observation; and to talk so lightly of such men is as little consistent with that modesty, which he would persuade us he so often feels, as such modesty is compatible with often *advising* the world in direct terms. If Mr. KNOX thinks that it is really easy to *censure* present establishments, and to project new ones, as both these tasks have been atchieved by MILTON; by LOCKE; but especially by ROUSSEAU; he must possess a degree of vanity, for which the epithet *visionary* may be affixed to him with infinitely more propriety than he applies it to those illustrious men.

I shall take leave of Mr. KNOX's implicit homage to old forms and precedents, with the words in which the honest irish GRATTAN celebrates the meeting at DUNGANNON. They should reconcile Mr. KNOX to innovation, as an englishman, a christian, and a clergyman. If Mr. GRATTAN's climax is somewhat hyperbolical, and lofty, it's height should be pardoned, from our respect to the exalted soul from which it rose.—“ I consider (says that generous pa-

“triot) the meeting of DUNGANNON as an ori-
 “ginal transaction; as such only it was matter
 “of surprize. What more extraordinary transac-
 “tion, than the attainment of magna charta? It
 “was not attained in parliament, but by the
 “barons armed, and in the field. A great ori-
 “ginal transaction is not founded in precedent.
 “It contains in itself both reason and precedent.
 “The revolution had no preeedent; the christian
 “religion had no precedent.—The apostles had
 “no precedent.”

Mr. KNOX's third section is expressly on *my*
 subject, viz. on the question, whether a publick or
 a private education is to be preferred?—I think
 my little treatise is already sufficiently guarded
 against any injury from that section.—QUINTI-
 LIAN prefers publick education. As I hope I
 may, without presumption declare, that I am no
 dupe to precedent, I shall only observe, with
 regard to this authority, that QUINTILIAN,
 though he is a very respectable authour, and an
old latin authour, was a man, and therefore fal-
 lible. It is extremely possible for a tutor to
 keep a boy in a great family, out of the company
 of servants.—“But supposing him to be re-
 “strained from such communication (says Mr.

“ KNOX, page 34) the examples he will see in the
 “ world, and the temptations he will meet with
 “ in an intercourse with various company, at an
 “ early age, will affect his heart, and cause it to
 “ beat with impatience for his emancipation from
 “ that restraint which must be taken off at the
 “ approach of manhood.”

A tutor, who knows his duty, and pays proper attention to it, will not suffer his pupil to keep company in that promiscuous and dangerous way which is represented in the period I have now quoted. Nor will such a tutor as I have described, make him feel any mortifying length of restraint and confinement, unless he deserves them as a punishment. He will associate with him himself, as his cheerful and amiable friend : he will often bring him into virtuous and accomplished company, who will at once inform and entertain him ; and he will procure for him (at proper times) select companions of his own age, who will be infinitely safer, indeed, more agreeable society for him, than the mixed rabble of a school.

I have strongly inculcated vigorous exercises to the tutor and pupil. It will certainly be practicable to both, either when *they* only are toge-

ther, or when they are of a party, though Mr. KNOX thinks it impracticable, but at a publick school. *My* tutor is not a gloomy, lazy, dozing priest, but a lively, active, thinking man.

But Mr. KNOX *will* have the ideas of solitude and severity connected with that of a private education. The tutor too, must undistinguishingly and shamefully let the boy mix with a variety of company; in which variety he must often, it seems, converse with persons of profligate manners; hence he must regret the restraints with which *his* conduct is limited, and long for licentious freedom. After he is sent to the university, he is to feel himself awkward, because he is not debauched; and he is to rid himself of virtue and moral decorum as fast as he can, that he may be a companion for gentlemen; and that he may atone to himself for the time he hath past under the pains of domestick tyranny.

This is really a most inaccurate and vague manner of opposing any theory. I flatter myself, I have proved, that private education may be made as easy and agreeable as the cultivation of human nature will admit; I have likewise repeatedly urged, that the tutor should be recommending,

with every seasonable opportunity, the true, the benevolent, the social virtues, by affectionate precept, and by the more decisive influence of example. If these objects, according to *my* plan can be obtained, why will the young gentleman, when he goes to the university, that he may be an easy and agreeable companion to his fellow-student, and from an eager impulse of his own mind, exchange a life of temperance and virtue for irregularity and riot?—Unless Mr. KNOX, by some new mode of reasoning, can prove, that virtuous principles and habits are apt to bring embarrassment on our conversation and manners;—that they are extremely disagreeable even to our well-regulated nature;—and that the longer we retain those principles and manners, the more impatient we are to throw off their mild and beneficent dominion.

“ I would banish all nomenclators, parsing indexes, synopses, the clavis homerica, and the clavis virgiliana. The dictionary, the grammar, the living instructor, constantly near, are the only allowable auxiliaries. The other contrivances generally serve either to confuse the student, or to increase, by encouraging, his idleness. The revivers of learning, who had none of

“ these assistances, have never been excelled in
 “ the knowledge of the ancient languages.” Mr.
 KNOX, pages 55, 56.

I feel a disinterested and ingenuous resentment against those, who endeavour to make the avenues of learning more steep and rugged than they must necessarily be, after all our care and industry to make their ascent easy. I am sorry to remark, that in this passage from Mr. KNOX, the pedagogue is prominent where the philosopher should have prevailed. The human mind, on it's first exertions, always feels a great aversion from close application; especially in the tenderness and vivacity of it's early youth. He, therefore, who invents or persues any method, by which liberal knowledge is communicated to young scholars with the most possible ease, is a friend of considerable consequence to the community. Mr. KNOX, in one part of his book on education, gives us BUSBY's authority for debarring youth from the use of translations, clavisers, and commentators. But what benevolent man would wish to imitate; what benevolent man ought to cite, as exemplary, the rigour of a sanguinary tyrant! These absurd and barbarous restrictions are some of the causes why most of our

modern gentlemen, who were educated in Mr. KNOX's old and venerable way, never read ten books in their lives (so disgusted are they with it's asperities) of true and durable merit, after they have left school or the university. If I should admit that the difficulty of acquiring knowledge, contributes to fix knowledge in the mind, a boy will find sufficient difficulty for that excellent purpose, in making himself master of the sense of an authour, who writes in a foreign and dead language ; whatever pains may have been taken by others to introduce him to an acquaintance with that authour. The more arduous the task that is imposed on the student, the more probably he will be confused ; agreeably to all that is palpable in the theory of human nature. That a judicious and perspicuous commentator, that a *clavis homerica*, or *virgiliana*, in which the words are faithfully explained, and arranged in a proper order should confuse him, is a mystery which I most readily acknowledge I have not ingenuity enough to solve. Mr. KNOX's unwarrantable auxiliaries, "are apt" (he says) "to increase, by encouraging the idleness of the student," page 56.—To this assertion I reply, that the young scholar, if he ever obtains these auxi-

liaries, will find sufficient employment in acquiring the real objects of knowledge ; in exerting his mind on language and ideas ; on history, reason, and imagery. I farther observe, that in proportion as the tasks imposed on a boy are uninteresting or painful, he will be anxious to seize and avail himself of opportunities to avoid them ; or, in other words, to be idle. The GOD of NATURE hath wisely interposed difficulties between us, and every laudable, every noble achievement ; then why should presumptuous man, impertinently, insolently, and profanely obtrude *his* artificial difficulties in the path of virtue and of fame ?—As soon as we know and feel, that excellence in literature and science, are to give us personal consequence ; are to reward us with honour and with laurels ; our conflicts with necessary difficulties make our intellectual progress more animated, and eager ; because a *certain* degree of restraint naturally invigorates a physical as well as mental flame ; and because we are ambitious to be entitled to the meed of strenuous, ardent, and unconquerable souls. The remembrance too, that we have bestowed intense application on objects of dignity, brings a most sensible pleasure, brings a manly triumph

to the human mind ; because the consciousness of such application is the consciousness of virtue. But I must beg leave to deny that any difficulties in our studies, tend to impress those studies on the mind. The difficulties (such is the imperfection of our rational substance) must precede our rational improvement : but, of themselves, they are no part of the ideas which we are to receive ; they have nothing homogeneous, they have no connection with the truths which we are to learn ; and as no truth can begin to make it's impression before it be known, it is impossible, in nature, that any previous difficulties or labour can tend to rivet in the memory, the language, or the facts, and beauties of an ancient authour. I suppose it will not be denied, that young NEWTON made himself master of EUCLID's elements with infinitely more ease than a mathematician of common abilities ; and I suppose it will as little be denied that the geometrical forms of that author (I here use the word *forms* in the sense of PLATO) resided in their perfection, in the mind of our stupendous philosopher, to the extremity of a long life. The supreme being is omniscient, but his omniscience is intuitive and momentaneous in the act of

knowing; eternal in duration. Thou wilt pardon me, O father of spirits, for the most distant comparison of the operations of thy awful mind with those of the mind of man: Thou wilt pardon me, for thy oracles have told me that thou didst create man in thine own image!

If nature hath been so propitious to a youth, as to form in him an elegant and classical mind; a mind congenial with the immortal authors of GREECE and ROME; their interesting narratives, their oratory, their poetry, will be interwoven with that mind, in it's very act of apprehending and receiving them. And the dark and mysterious veils, drawn by the hand of a pedagogue, between him and them, will but retard his acquaintance with them, and dim their lustre. If nature hath been a stepmother to him in his intellectual endowments; if she hath only given him a jejune and frigid soul, he will gain no useful knowledge; he will gain no bright reputation by being *tortured* into learned memory. The plain and rustick mind will make but a grotesque and motley figure in the trappings of literature; and the blockhead will be but more conspicuous, by being seated in the pedantick chair. Peace, then, and elysium be to the manes of those who

have written lexicons and dictionaries ! Peace and elysium be to the manes of JOHN CLARKE of HULL, of the LA RUES, the PATRICKS, and the GORDONS ; of all those who have facilitated our access to the temple of MINERVA !

It must be owned, that if all possible aids were used to accelerate the progress of young scholars, the school-master would lose much of that credit which is given him, for wisdom and importance, by his scholars and the world ; while he pursues the old, slow, gothick modes of education. By the use of those aids, his profits would likewise be less ; as the youth under his care would far sooner acquire a competent store of polite learning, than they attain by the plan which Mr. KNOX recommends. But I am persuaded, that he is of too generous a disposition, and too sincere a friend to society, to have been actuated by these selfish considerations, when he wrote his treatise on education,

“ The revivers of learning, who had none of
 “ these assistances, have never been excelled in
 “ the knowledge of the ancient languages.”—
 Liberal education, page 56.

“ It appears, from the observation of real
 “ facts, that there is no reason to suppose the

“ long established method of publick schools,
 “ incapable to produce, as they have produced,
 “ the most accomplished characters. Indeed
 “ when I see many among the great, and among
 “ others, who have been educated according to
 “ the schemes of innovators, exhibiting an igno-
 “ rance of ancient learning, and scarcely retain-
 “ ing even the superficial qualifications which
 “ they acquired under *innovating instructors*:
 “ I am inclined to attribute much of the levity of
 “ the present age, to a preference which has
 “ been given, by those whose example is seducing,
 “ to an education totally unclassical.” Ibid. p. 71.

To attempt to prove the utility and success of
 a publick education, by the literary efforts and
 atchievements of a few great minds, shows a
 strange inattention to what passes in the world.
 A love of learning, true genius, and true ambi-
 tion, will surmount every impediment to excel-
 lence, and to glory. Of this truth I might give a
 thousand proofs. The revivers of learning, whom
 Mr. KNOX mentions, corroborate my assertion.
 Their light had to make it's way through a bœo-
 tian atmosphere ; through the barbarism and pre-
 judices of a monkish age. Their formidable
 province was, at once, to teach and to inspire ;

and while they were the great luminaries, they were obliged to be the pioneers of literature. *The genius* (as the late illustrious and unfortunate Dr. BROWN asserts) *is self-taught*. Did not all the lightning of the muse dart from the breast of BUTLER, of OTWAY, and of DRYDEN, while they were environed with all those dreadful circumstances that are hostile to knowledge, and that sink the spirit—while famine stared them in the face; and while a ruthless tyrant, who was entertained with their numbers, jested on their miseries? Was SHAKESPEARE indebted for his thorough knowledge of human nature, for his original and creative fancy, to EATON and WESTMINSTER? No, he was indebted for those excellent endowments only to GOD, and to himself. POPE's education was private; so excellent, so elegant; so adorned a mind, never owed less to instruction. His intimate acquaintance with the human heart; his polite literature, his extensive moral knowledge, his beautiful and energetic numbers, were all the effects of his own exertion; and whoever reads the works of POPE, must be convinced that he had all that spirit of independence, of emulation, and ambition, which, it hath been so often boasted, are

the noble properties that are peculiarly acquired by a publick education.—If a great and most accomplished poet was formed under the domestic auspices, what character might not those auspices produce ?

After our english theatres had long echoed a whining and a ranting strain of elocution, GARRICK arose, and new-modelled his profession by the force of his own genius ; he brought reason, natural sentiment, passion, and taste, upon the stage.

I hope it is now evident, that it is extremely absurd to draw general inferences in favour of *any* scheme of education, from the originality, ardour, and inflexible perseverance of a few great minds. I will here ask Mr. KNOX, if, since the revival of letters, to the present time, the number of those who were educated at publick schools, and who were, afterwards, a disgrace to all moral and literary seminaries, is not infinite, when opposed to that number, who, after they had received the same education, became eminent for learning and virtue ?

“ I have observed” (says Mr. KNOX, page 253) “ that private tuition seems lately to have prevailed in this country more than ever.” I

am afraid this opinion is not true ; but admitting the fact, thousands are yet educated at publick schools, for one fifty who are educated by private tuition. If, then, the method of education principally determines the character and accomplishments of the man, our publick schools must be responsible for the general manners and acquirements of our present nobility and gentry.

Nothing can be more futile, I might venture to add, more childish (see a note at pages 255, 256) than his introducing of Mr. LOCKE, who was educated at WESTMINSTER, to prove the inestimable advantages of a publick school. Nothing can be more childish than this introduction, except his asserting, in the same note, that “ the exercise of Mr. LOCKE’s mind, while a boy, in latin versification, even if he had no poetical ideas, tended to increase that acumen for which he afterwards became illustrious.”—The exercise of his mind in latin versification, no more tended to prepare him for writing his admirable essay on the human understanding, it had no more connexion with that, or any other of his works, than if he had more usefully given those hours to playing at nine-pins, which he unfortunately devoted to the fabrication of latin verses.

Mr. KNOX says, in that note (page 256) “ that
 “ the nostrums of educating quackery often su-
 “ percede greek and latin.” They, indeed, who
 pretend to write on education, and who make
 those great authors that wrote in the two strongest,
 and most beautiful languages that we know, ob-
 jects of little moment, are too despicable to de-
 serve the notice of any liberal scholar. The
 contemptuous and supercilious expressions, how-
 ever, of *educating quackery*, to which, I imagine,
 he assigned a very extensive application, are
 most descriptively adapted to the mode of educa-
 tion, for which *he* so strenuously contends.—
 He, who impartially and carefully watches the
 operations and suggestions of nature, and gives
 plain and easy prescriptions, seems to me to be
 the truly learned and regular physician of the
 mind. And him who orders a harsh regimen ;
 who administers violent and tormenting medi-
 cines ; who presumes to effect his purpose by
 shocks, and by pain, I shall not scruple to de-
 nominate *an educating quack*.

I shall now close this part of my observations
 almost in the words (though with a very different
 opinion) with which Mr. KNOX supplies me, and
 which I have already quoted.

It appears from the observation of real facts, that there is no reason to suppose that PRIVATE EDUCATION cannot produce, as it has produced, the most accomplished characters. Indeed, when I see many among the great, and among others, WHO HAVE HAD A PUBLIC EDUCATION, exhibiting an ignorance of ancient learning, and scarcely retaining even the superficial qualifications which they acquired UNDER VERY CELEBRATED SCHOOLMASTERS; I am inclined to attribute much of the levity of the present age, to a preference which has been given by those, whose example is seducing, TO A MOST PEDANTIC, ABSURD, AND TYRANNICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. KNOX is a zealous advocate for latin composition, in prose and verse. For my part, I heartily wish that it was totally abrogated; provided it was substituted by a diligent attention to the cultivation of the english language; a language of considerable elegance, but of very great strength; a language in which the talents of an englishman will certainly always be most expansively and forcibly displayed. He could not have cited the authority of the revivers of learning, to enforce this object, if he had not been unaccountably inattentive to the different literary complexions, and

characters of their age and our own. Their schemes for intellectual improvement, *when they* formed them, could not be exempt from pedantry, unless we suppose that they were more than men: besides, so rude was the state of modern languages when *they* wrote, and so far were intellectual pursuits from being popular, that they were under a necessity of addressing their information to EUROPE, in the language of old ROME. But modern languages, are, in these times, highly cultivated and polished; the natives of one enlightened country of EUROPE understand the mother tongue of another; the communication of our ideas is diffused and unbounded.

To be well acquainted with the greek and roman languages; by being conversant with their best authors, will answer all the valuable purposes of erudition; and consequently, among the rest, will have all the good effects that can be obtained from dead languages, towards our improvement in the english tongue. It will give us the etymology, and therefore, the pure and precise signification of many english words; though several words, transplanted from the greek and latin languages into the english tongue, take a meaning very different from, nay, sometimes contrary to their acceptation in their pri-

mitive state. This appears to me to be the principal advantage that an englishman can derive from his knowledge of the learned languages, towards attaining an accuracy and elegance in his own tongue; though Mr. KNOX attributes other important advantages to the study of the ancient authors, and to the habitude of writing latin. The sources, however, of these advantages, seem totally undefinable, and of magical influence.

He insists, that by studying the graces of the augustan writers, we shall improve and adorn our english style. The assertion is just to a certain degree: for true beauty, and true taste of every kind, are analogous. But surely, to study the most celebrated english authors, is the direct way to acquire perfection as an english writer; Mr. KNOX's is, at best, a round about road. This opinion will appear stronger, if we consider that the idiom of the latin; the use and force of it's particles, the proper application of which is a delicate, and significant art in every language; if we consider that the structure and inflexions of it's words and their combination, or arrangement in it's periods, are very different from the respective constituents of english eloquence.

“ The practice of the *Romans*, and of our
 “ schools and universities, of exacting latin themes,
 “ and declamations on subjects of morality and
 “ history, is then replete with useful conse-
 “ quences ; and I hope it will be more generally
 “ admitted into places of truly liberal education.”

Mr. KNOX, page 86.

The practice to which Mr. KNOX here alludes, that prevailed among the romans, is indeed replete with an eminent and most useful example, which we have always shamefully neglected to follow ; their diligent and accurate cultivation of their own language. So sensible were they of the innumerable advantages resulting from a facility and elegance in their native tongue, that their exercises in speaking and writing it with all possible correctness, were frequent and indefatigable ; their accuracy in ascertaining it's most exact and beautiful propriety, was persued to an incredible minuteness ; * they did not, like the

* POMPEY was preparing an inscription this summer (a. urb. 701) for the front of the new temple, which he had lately built to VENUS the conqueress, containing, as usual, the recital of all his titles : but in drawing it up, a question happened to be started about the manner of expressing his *third* consulship, whether it should be by *consul tertium*, or

injudicious moderns, prostitute much of their time to acquire a useless and ostentatious knowledge of a variety of languages; they did not sacrifice important things to trivial words; the essence and the spirit to the instruments of thought. An acquaintance with the greek was, indeed, a part of the education of old ROME; that most copious, most vigorous, and most beautiful of *languages, was studied by the ingenuous roman youth of both sexes. But, excepting a few very learned men, the romans did not unnecessarily write in greek. To cultivate their own tongue with the utmost assiduity and care, was almost a daily employment of the most learned men of

tertio. This was referred to the principal criticks of ROME, who could not, it seems, agree about it; some of them contending for the one, some for the other, so that POMPEY left it to CICERO to decide the matter, and to inscribe what he thought best. But CICERO being unwilling to give judgment on either side, when there were great authorities on both, and VARRO among them, advised POMPEY to abbreviate the word in question, and order TERT. only to be inscribed, which fully declared the thing, without determining the dispute. From this fact we may observe, how nicely exact they were in this age in preserving a propriety of language.—MIDDLETON's life of CICERO. vol I. page 550. Quarto edition.

* I now give my preference to the latin,

that illustrious republick : it was a ruling object of their lives. Hence the simplicity, the ease, the dignity of their historians : hence, the copious, harmonious, splendid, and captivating periods of their orators ; and hence, the chaste, the flowing, the irresistible, the transporting strains of their poets. Hence, in short, their minds, their souls came forth with an ethereal freedom ; in all the majesty of reason ; in all the exuberance of ideas.

I am happy, here, to have an opportunity of paying my tribute of eulogy to the fair sex ; an eulogy antigallican, because sincere. Elaborately to evince the power of women, would be superfluous and ridiculous.—If my fair countrywomen of distinction would adopt from old ROME, or even from modern FRANCE, a literary pride, instead of taking a poor and momentary consequence from literary vanity ;—if they would effectually patronize true genius instead of courting homage from it's empty, but presumptuous, and arrogant phantoms ; they might work a metamorphosis almost miraculous ; they might transform fops into men : they might redeem the character of the times.

From some roman anecdotes we shall see

what were the talents and accomplishments of the roman ladies ; and how interesting to the sovereigns of the world, was a perfect excellence in their own tongue. We have all heard of, and many of us have read, the commentaries of CÆSAR ; the attic XENOPHON of ROME. Now it is faithfully recorded by history, that the latin of JULIA was equal to that of her august brother ; that the latin of AURELIA was equal to that of her son. CICERO declares, that he owes much of his style to his conversation with women, and to his study of female compositions. He deems it one of his literary auxiliaries and honours, to have read the letters of CORNELIA, the mother of the GRACCHI. While CERELLIA inspired him with the flame of love, she improved the flame and elegance of the orator. He was as eager to polish his roman diction by the society of LÆLIA, as to hear the graver lectures of SCÆVOLA, the augur, who was her husband. The CORNELIAS, the CERELLIAS, the LÆLIAS, the MUCIAS, and the LICINIAS, enriched the imagination, and harmonized the tongue of the first orator in the world. They heightened the talents of him, who was so powerful an advocate for virtue, and for mankind ; of him, whose elo-

quence as powerfully protected the ARCHÆ, and the MARCELLI, as it appalled and convicted the VERRESES of his time. The instructions of female genius invigorated the thunder of the patriot, and statesman, who made ANTONY tremble in the arms of victory; who quelled the catilinarian conspiracy, and prolonged the existence of roman freedom.

Mr. KNOX seems to think that we may gain a masterly knowledge of our vernacular tongue, without much direct and careful attention to it's genius, it's proprieties, and beauties; without an earnest, and persevering application. We find, however, that the romans were of a very different opinion; and their judgment on this important subject is confirmed, both by past, and present experience. I attribute the violations of grammar, and the solecisms that we meet with, even in the works of a BOLINGBROKE and an ADDISON, a POPE and a SWIFT, to two causes; to the neglect of english learning in our great schools, and to the want of respectable guardians of the english tongue, when those celebrated authours wrote; from a want of the ingenious and successful endeavours of a LOWTH, a HARRIS, and a JOHNSON, to improve and fix our english, as

far as permanence can be given to a living language. To the same pedantick neglect of school-masters to make the english a serious and momentous object of study to the youth under their care, may we ascribe the faults in language and style, even of the best and most popular of our present writers. If a fluency of writing, and an attention to grammatical accuracy, are more common than they were eighty years ago; our style is in other respects far more vitiated than it was at that time. *Artis est celare artem*, is a comprehensive and elegant rule, which our most celebrated living authours seem totally to have forgotten: some meretricious, and glaring ornaments; and an affected imitation of the abrupt brevity of TACITUS, rather load with cumbrous ornaments the excellent learning, sense, and spirit, of that admirable writer, who by his most judicious and animated account of the decline and fall of the roman empire, has done himself and his countrymen the * honour to show, that the english historical empire towers far above the boasted supremacy of that of SCOTLAND. His

* 1809. I now think more humbly of Mr. GIBBON as a historian than I did when I wrote the period above.

lustre too, is sometimes obscured by that quaint antithesis, by that studied and scrupulous equipoise of periods, which darken the luminous and splendid diction of our venerable veteran in learning and in genius, of our great perpetual dictator.

The style of some of our best authours, hath of late years, been corrupted with an unnecessary and unnatural adoption of the french idiom, and of french words and phrases. This corruption is particularly frequent in the flimsy narratives of our superficial and prating travellers, and in the ablest scotch writers ; who, though *DAVID HUME was among them, should never be models of style to those who aspire to write the english language with purity and elegance.

I suppose it is now evident, that to be a master of the english language ; to write it with accuracy, spirit, and beauty, is an excellence that we shall not acquire with ease ; that it will not, as it were, spontaneously incorporate with our mind, as Mr. KNOX's *advice* on this important subject seems to insinuate. It should be the object of our severest studies, while we are at

* I now think far more highly of DAVID HUME's style than I did *then*.

school and at the university; it should often be the object of our minute observation, and of our careful practice, after we are men. Let the common, slovenly, and blundering style of a letter, written in the course of an ordinary correspondence, by a man of liberal education; let the inaccurate or stiff periods of a pamphlet, or a book, written by a professed scholar, who is, likewise, a man of parts, but not habituated to english composition, evince the truth of what I have been industrious to prove.

All attention, therefore, to latin composition, which is not absolutely necessary, I shall venture to pronounce a monkish prejudice. To oblige a boy to *put together* latin verses, who has no genius for poetry, or who would never rise above mediocrity in that divine art, is not only a gross absurdity, but a barbarous tyranny, which fatigues and stupifies the mind. If the young student shows a conspicuous talent for poetry, in the name of reason, of *common sense*, let him exert that talent in his native language, in which his genius will, undoubtedly, have the fairest and the freest play.* He who can believe that Mr.

* The young poet will find himself sufficiently limited by

LOCKE, who had not the smallest vein of poetry, was, in *any* degree, prepared to be a great metaphysical and political writer, by being compelled to make latin verses at WESTMINSTER school, may, with equal reason believe, that the trees, the rocks, and the mountains, were absolutely, and literally, animated by the verses of ORPHEUS.

“ Boys learn much of what they are taught by
 “ rote, often without any ideas at all ; and al-
 “ most always with confused and imperfect ideas,”
 page 157. There never was a remark more justly applicable to the difficulties and asperities which schoolmasters throw in the way between boys and knowledge, and to the undistinguishing routine of a publick school.

“ To speak well, depends more on the corpo-
 “ real endowments, than many other accomplish-
 “ ments,” page 181. To speak well, depends infinitely less on the corporeal endowments than on those of the mind. It principally originates from excellent sense ; from a fine imagination, and taste.

the established and general laws of poetry ; it is most unreasonable to confine him with foreign and oppressive restrictions.

“The classics are entirely the objects of taste,” page 185. I am sorry for that; I thought they had been the objects of the understanding too.

He says, page 190, “that we must place “taste in a subordinate rank to good sense.” Those whom GOD hath joined together, let no man put asunder. All true taste is founded on and interwoven with good sense. True taste is good sense enriched, and refined by imagination.

“I know of no book which can be more properly recommended at first than the spectator,” liberal education, page 211. The spectator should be recommended to the perusal of young persons with large exceptions. The spectator, if we except the beautiful papers of ADDISON, and of one or two more eminent men, is very ill and very feebly written.

“If the boy is to recur to his dictionary very “often, and to struggle with obscurity in every “page, he will not long adhere to the desirable “plan of *private application* to the latin language,” page 205.—Will not the same most disagreeable constant recurrence to his dictionary, and to the same continual and painful conflicts

with obscurity, terribly disgust him against *publick* application to the same language?

“All sensible people agree in thinking, that
 “large seminaries of young ladies, though managed with all the vigilance and caution which
 “human abilities can exert, are in danger of
 “great corruption.” page 236.—Mr. KNOX must not be so unpolite, he must not be so unjust to the fair sex; he must not be so poor a moral observer, as not to allow that large seminaries of boys, though managed with the same vigilance and caution, are equally in danger of great corruption.—Mr. KNOX is not a school-*mistress*.—In the course of my observations on this gentleman’s book, he has obliged me to fear, that when he wrote it, his own emoluments from his seminary, were not out of his mind.

“The elder boys, at the age of seventeen or
 “eighteen, should be indulged, even FOR A
 “MORAL PURPOSE, in fishing, shooting, hunting,
 “ing,” &c. page 264.

This period is as void of sense, as of humanity. What moral purpose under heaven can it effect, to encourage boys, wantonly, to torment and kill innocent animals; to habituate them to those sports, which, when we make them the principal

pleasure, or rather employment of our lives, render us as savage and obdurate to our own species, as we are to those unfortunate beings which we persecute and destroy ?

“ It is to be regretted, that at places where
 “ intellectual accomplishments have been taught,
 “ very little attention has been paid to moral in-
 “ struction.” page 307. This neglect is indeed most severely to be regretted ; and the school-master who pays much proper attention to moral instruction, is a most egregious *innovator*.

“ Religion appears to me to be rather an ob-
 “ ject of sentiment and feeling, than of the un-
 “ derstanding,” page 317. This opinion is absurd and shocking. Then *your* religion, sir, is the religion of methodists, of ignorant and wild enthusiasts ;—the religion of Dr. MADEN and of ROWLAND HILL. The belief of the being, and attributes of GOD ; our worship of him in spirit and in truth ; our universal moral conduct ; in short, the substance and life of all true religion, are, *at least, as much* the objects of reason or understanding, as of sentiment.

“ I advise that a pupil shall not be sent to
 “ travel, till he has passed through a capital
 “ school, and arrived at the age of nineteen.”

page 333.—So he must travel even before he has completed his academical education ! Before one youth in ten thousand has acquired a store of manly knowledge, or habituated his mind to thought and reflection. Before we travel for proper improvement, the mind should be in it's natural state of maturity. We should be adepts in geography, in the natural history of the countries which we are to visit ; we should be very conversant with civil history, and with political knowledge ; and we should be established on rational principles in the christian religion. For travel should be made the finishing, the truly accomplishing part of the education of an ingenuous mind ; for every ingenuous mind ought to aspire, ought to endeavour to be a philosopher. If you had proposed the age of nine and twenty, instead of that of nineteen, for the commencement of travel, I should not have animadverted on this passage.

The reader will perceive that I have paid a more particular attention to Mr. KNOX's treatise on education, than I at first proposed. My observations on his book, have been more and larger than I intended, only because they led me to arguments and topicks, by which I enforced

my plan of education, and recommended some important objects of education, which have been supinely or selfishly neglected. If I had been solicitous to refute many of Mr. KNOX's propositions, from a regard to their strength, I should have thought myself as wretchedly employed, as if I had sat down deliberately, and anxiously to expose the miserable political sophistry of a TUCKER, or a JENYNS.

I am not so invidiously attentive to the errors of the most reputable authours, as not to be sensible that there are many faults in my own writings. I shall only hope, that my unaffected zeal for the cultivation of private and publick virtue, above that of every other object of education, will atone for them all. If these promoters, these ensurers of human happiness, were, in general, as sincerely and ardently revered by the masters and tutors of youth, as they are by my learned and worthy friend, Dr. DUNBAR, of ABERDEEN, at least as much respect would be shown them in our schools and universities, as are given to literature and the sciences. I shall here beg leave to quote a passage or two from one of his learned, ingenious, and spirited essays on the history of man-

kind. The quotation has immediate reference to education, and must be interesting to the ingenuous and virtuous reader.

“ A late publication, much read and admired
 “ in our fashionable world, is more dangerous
 “ than any speculative theory to the morals of
 “ the rising generation. As patrons of licen-
 “ tiousness, EPICURUS, and HOBBS, and even
 “ MACHIAVEL and MANDEVILLE must bow to
 “ the * noble authour.”

“ It is in the spirit of his performance, to
 “ separate the *honestum* from the decorum of
 “ life ; to insult whatever is venerable in do-
 “ mestick alliance ; to substitute artificial man-
 “ ners in the room of the natural ; to raise su-
 “ perficial above solid accomplishment ; and to
 “ hold up dissimulation and imposture as the
 “ essentials of characters.”

“ This is a species of refinement avowed in
 “ no former age. It contains a solecism in edu-
 “ cation, and in the economy of civil affairs.”

“ To exalt the *graces* above virtue is, if I
 “ may say so, to exalt creatures above their
 “ creator. The graces are chiefly amiable, as
 “ emblems of virtue. Break this alliance and

* Lord CHESTERFIELD.

“ they are no more. Unite them with the op-
 “ posite character, and this fantastical conjunc-
 “ tion renders a monster still more deformed.
 “ For my own part, I had as soon behold the
 “ monster itself in all the horrors of it's native
 “ deformity, as in such insolent attire.”

“ The graces are the handmaids of virtue,
 “ not the sovereigns; and all their honours are
 “ derived. But virtue, though naked and un-
 “ adorned, were virtue still.”

“ Quam ardentes amores non excitaret sui, si videretur !”

“ How different was the conduct of a roman
 “ statesman, when, in the person of a father, he
 “ delivered instructions to youth ! The instruc-
 “ tions of the roman fill the young with rapture.
 “ Those of the briton excite indignation in the
 “ aged. But I ask pardon of the reader, when I
 “ name the british authour in the same breath
 “ with CICERO; and if the system of the noble
 “ lord was designed merely for the courtier,
 “ with the courtier let it rest. Without the for-
 “ mality of system, the strict observance of
 “ moral rules is dispensed with in the negocia-
 “ tions of courts.”

“ Let it be numbered, then, among courtly

“privileges, to patronize deceit. When perfidy
 “and dissimulation are declared by patent, to
 “belong to the members of the diplomattick
 “body, they will become, perhaps, more empha-
 “tically, the representatives of kings.”

“But while things are thus adjusted to the
 “meridian of courts; while the *civil code*, in
 “many countries is no more than the breath of
 “kings, and in all countries may be dissolved by
 “legislative power; the *moral code*, which is
 “paramount to all civil authority, and from
 “which all civil obligations arise, remains eter-
 “nally in force.”

“It was delivered from heaven to the people;
 “and to maintain it’s authority, is the *jus divi-*
 “*num* of nations.”

“With these sentiments I close the essay:
 “and such sentiments are addressed more parti-
 “cularly to the british youth by one of their
 “publick guardians, who then only feels the
 “full importance of his station, when he ani-
 “mates the rising generation in the persuits of
 “honour.”——Essay on the primeval form of
 society*.

* The work from which I have extracted this noble pas-
 sage, is an important, and eloquent acquisition to caledonian
 literature.

This gentleman, whom I have the honour to call my friend ; for his learning and his talents ; —for his ease, and spirit, and elegance in english composition ;—but, above all, for his generous and virtuous qualities ; for his disinterested, benevolent, and independent mind ;—for his love of CAMDEN, of freedom, and of mankind ; for this various and aggregated merit ; he deserves the high esteem, and admiration of his cotemporaries ; and I have no doubt that his name will be transmitted, with honour to posterity.

This gentleman, whom I have the honour to
 call my friend; for his learning and his talents;
 — for his energy and spirit, and elegance in eng-
 lish composition; — but above all, for his gene-
 rous and virtuous qualities; for his disinterested,
 benevolent, and independent mind; — for his
 love of Candour, of freedom, and of mankind;
 for this various and aggregated merit, he deserves
 the high esteem and admiration of his country-
 men; and I have no doubt that his name will
 be transmitted, with honour to posterity.

APPENDIX

TO MY

TREATISE ON EDUCATION.

SINCE I wrote this little treatise on education, the question which I have discussed in it, has been agitated in several pamphlets on that interesting subject. The mode of publick education has been strenuously maintained; and it has generally met with approbation. At this we need not wonder; if we consider the difficulty of removing inveterate prejudices, however unreasonable they may be; and the jealousy that must be natural to school-masters, on objects of their essential interest.

Most of what the writers of those tracts have

urged, in favour of their profession, appears to *me* so trifling, and futile, in the view of fair and conclusive argument; that I shall only take notice of two of their positions, which, indeed, have little force; and therefore they may easily be defeated.

They tell us of the prodigious number of great men who have been educated at EATON, and WESTMINSTER; and who have been the splendid ornaments of their country; and the vigorous patrons of it's constitution. The number has *not* been *prodigious*;—but it would be illiberal, and base in me, not gratefully, and warmly to acknowledge, that many very great men, both in publick, and private life, have been educated at those illustrious seminaries. There have been many, in *absolute* number; but very few *relatively* to the *immense* number who have had their education at our great schools. Therefore the nation would have been honoured with far more men, celebrated for their talents, and intellectual acquirements; if a publick education had been the best manner of training our youth.

I admit this consequence, only from a transient complaisance to the opinion, and prejudices of the gentlemen, against whom I am now

arguing;—for the idea, that the mode of instruction either from a school-master, or from a private tutor, has the most powerful, and decisive effects, in producing transcendent intellectual excellence, is not strongly founded on truth;—it is, indeed, in a great degree, imaginary.

Let us take a view of our senate. The house of commons will afford a sufficient scope to warrant my observations. Of the six hundred members who compose that assembly, two or three, indeed, are gloriously eminent. It would be difficult to find a considerable number who have made themselves, to a respectable degree, conspicuous, by their knowledge, or their eloquence. If our senators are, in general, extremely deficient in the latter most important, and luminous excellence, they may thank, for their defect, their publick schools; where the liberal cultivation of the english language is, with a pedantick preference to greek, and latin, so absurdly, and shamefully neglected. Yet *he* who stands on parliamentary ground, has continually before him, some of the objects which most powerfully stimulate the heart of man; his interest; his vanity; and his ambition. Now, by far the greater number of these honourable

gentlemen have been educated at EATON, or WESTMINSTER; or at some other great, or reputable school. Therefore it must be evident that publick education has given us but a very few great statesmen, and orators, in comparison with the infinite number of the scholars whom it has instructed; it must be evident that this mode of education, which has been defended with great pertinacity, and sometimes with not a little insolence, cannot, with a peculiar felicity, advantageously, and completely cultivate *moderate* abilities; nor can it's magick, with any exclusive charm, enliven and animate *dullness*; and give it distinct, and bright ideas.

I may farther observe, that if boys of a rare and ethereal nature, who were afterwards to be renowned, and immortal, in the annals of their country, had not necessarily, from time to time, been sent forth, from those numerous academies of youth; the high, and unbounded course; the aspirations; the enterprizes; the atchievements of the human mind, would have been unnaturally, and miraculously restrained, in a free, civilized, and polished community.

This favourite topick, then, of the boasted number of great men; the pupils of a publick

education ; which has been so repeatedly pressed upon us, by the stern, and pedagogical champions of the schools ; when it is judiciously, and vigorously resisted, will be found to be an unfriendly weapon of disputation, which recoils on themselves.

The other position on which I proposed to animadvert, was, their frivolous, but confident assertion, that our celebrated authours had formed their style ; had acquired an elegant, and spirited manner of writing, by their early education at a great publick school. In some of my other productions I have so largely expressed my sentiments on style ; and on the foolish blunder of severing it from thought, that I will not be diffuse, and minute, on that subject, here. But I shall again observe, that style, or an elegant, and forcible manner of writing, is, in great minds, analogous, and proportionable, to the beauty, and vigour of their thoughts. They never took it from EATON or WESTMINSTER ; or from any school upon earth. It was made ; it was formed ; it was created by themselves ; by the natural heat, and energy ; by the irresistible activity ; by the glowing current of the soul. Some of our mighty men, whose intellectual

powers did the greatest honour to human nature, had no education at a classical school. It ill becomes those whom I am now explicitly opposing, to pretend that our celebrated english authours have been formed in *their* schools; in which, as I have observed, the proper cultivation of the english language, makes no part of their education*.

The greek, and roman languages are the noblest in the world. But the english, likewise, is a noble language. And if we consider it's inesti-

* In this note I shall beg leave to extend and diversify my observations on this elegant and interesting subject.—The characterisk style of a man of genius is not the effect of his deliberate, and cold imitation of any favourite authour; but of the strain, and manner of his own thoughts.—From being largely, and intimately acquainted with our best writers, he is a master of the *general* propriety, and elegance of our language; he has it always at his command; but there is a particular combined propriety, and elegance of this language, which is of his own formation;—which is eminently peculiar to himself. When the thoughts of a man of genius, naturally, necessarily produce, and are united with their own words, and manner; when he is absorbed; when his very existence is actuated by those thoughts; can he be so absurd, and cold as to desert them, that he may recollect, and imitate the expressions and the style of any other authour?

mable advantages to englishmen, it is of far more importance to *them* than the other two; and therefore they should study it with more attention and ardour. It is only by *this* language, if, from the force of genius, they have a generous, and imperial command of it, that they shall shine among their cotemporaries, with an expanded, and divine splendour; and it is only by *this* language that they shall transmit their names with glory to posterity.

I shall close this appendix by observing, that private education is almost indispensably requisite, to form the *good* man; to inculcate, and to preserve, the morals of our youth; which are of infinitely greater consequence than any other object. To evince the truth of what I now advance, I appeal to the general and prevailing conduct, and character, in private, and in public life, of those men who have been bred in the crowds, and tumults, of juvenile companions. Most of them, in their maturer years, totally neglect the prosecution of literature; and how weak, and inefficient (to speak in the most candid terms) is the moral strain of *their* lives; when we compare it with genuine, manly, and persevering virtue!

But the truly *great* man ; the illustrious orator, or authour, is principally formed, and accomplished by *himself*. The mechanical instructions of the scholastick pedant ; even the elegant, and animated education of the liberal tutor, comparatively contribute little to the improvement, and perfection of his genius ; and to the acquisition of his fame. From his judicious choice of books, and men ; from his excellent taste ; from his inextinguishable ardour for literary, or for political glory ; and from his indefatigable application, to secure these objects ; he gains far more useful, extensive, and important knowledge than could have been impressed on his mind by any extraneous aid ; and he displays it with a happy combination of ease, and vigour ; and in all the splendour of sublime talents. Thus he does infinitely more for himself ; by his own original energies, than could have been effected by all the schools, and tutors, and universities in the world.

While I was writing this appendix, I had very severe conflicts with a dreadful nervous disorder ; but the pleasing testimony of conscience assured me that I was well employed. And I now consecrate this last intellectual effort of my old age

to the cause of literature and virtue. And I affectionately dedicate it to the ingenuous youth of our celebrated island ; who have my sincere, and ardent wishes for their constant improvement in learning, and in all the christian graces ; for their happiness temporal, and eternal.

Lesbury, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1805.

THE END.

ERRORS IN VOL II.

Page

- 10 for *saviour's* read *saviour*
- 76 for *opas* read *opus*
- 291 for *Swan's fields* read *Swan's field*
- 298 for *Orford* read *Oxford*
- 319 for *Catuach* read *Catnach*
- 331 for *dami* read *domi*
- 376 for *Syracusans* read *the Syracusians*

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